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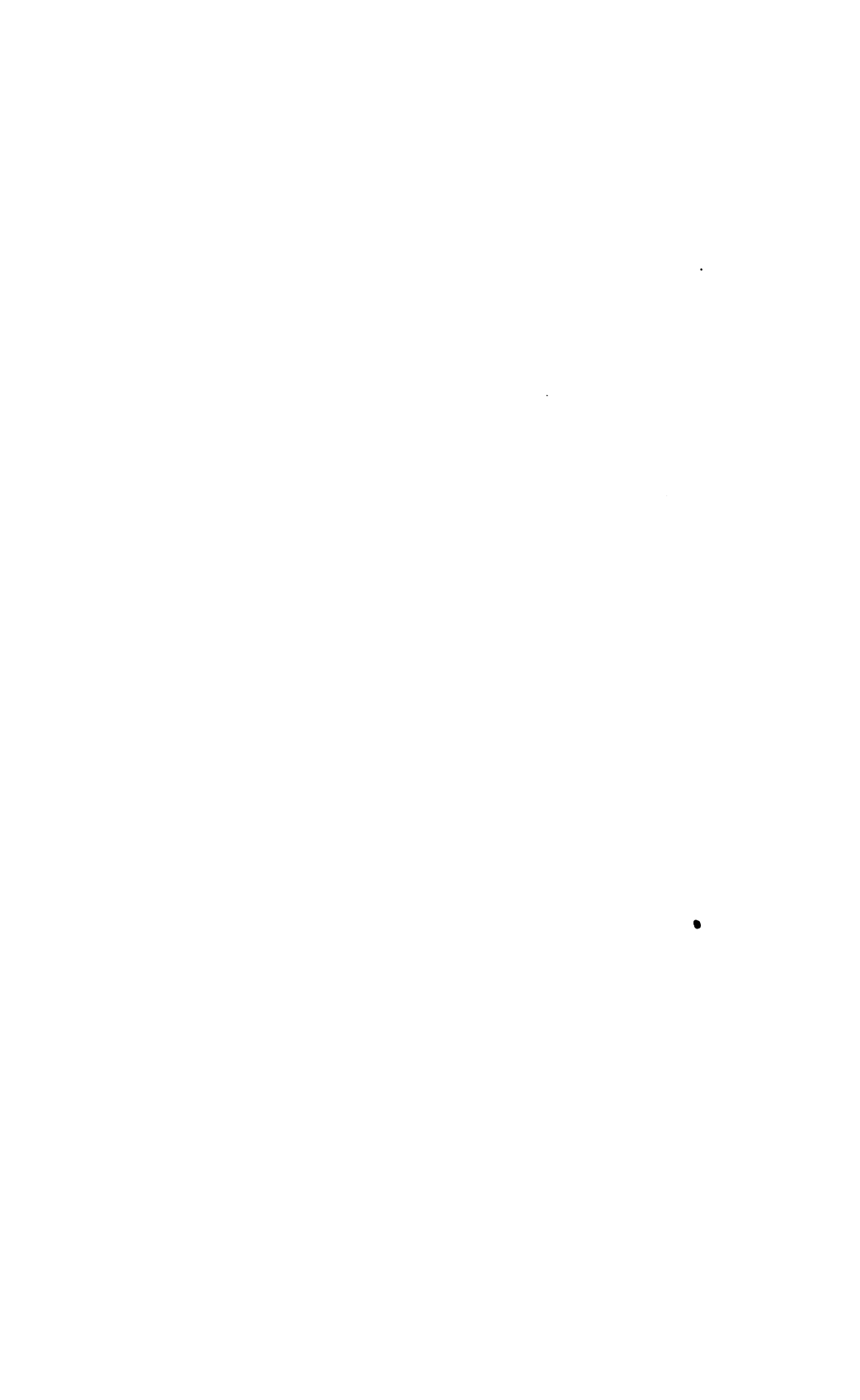
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BY
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TO THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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1827.

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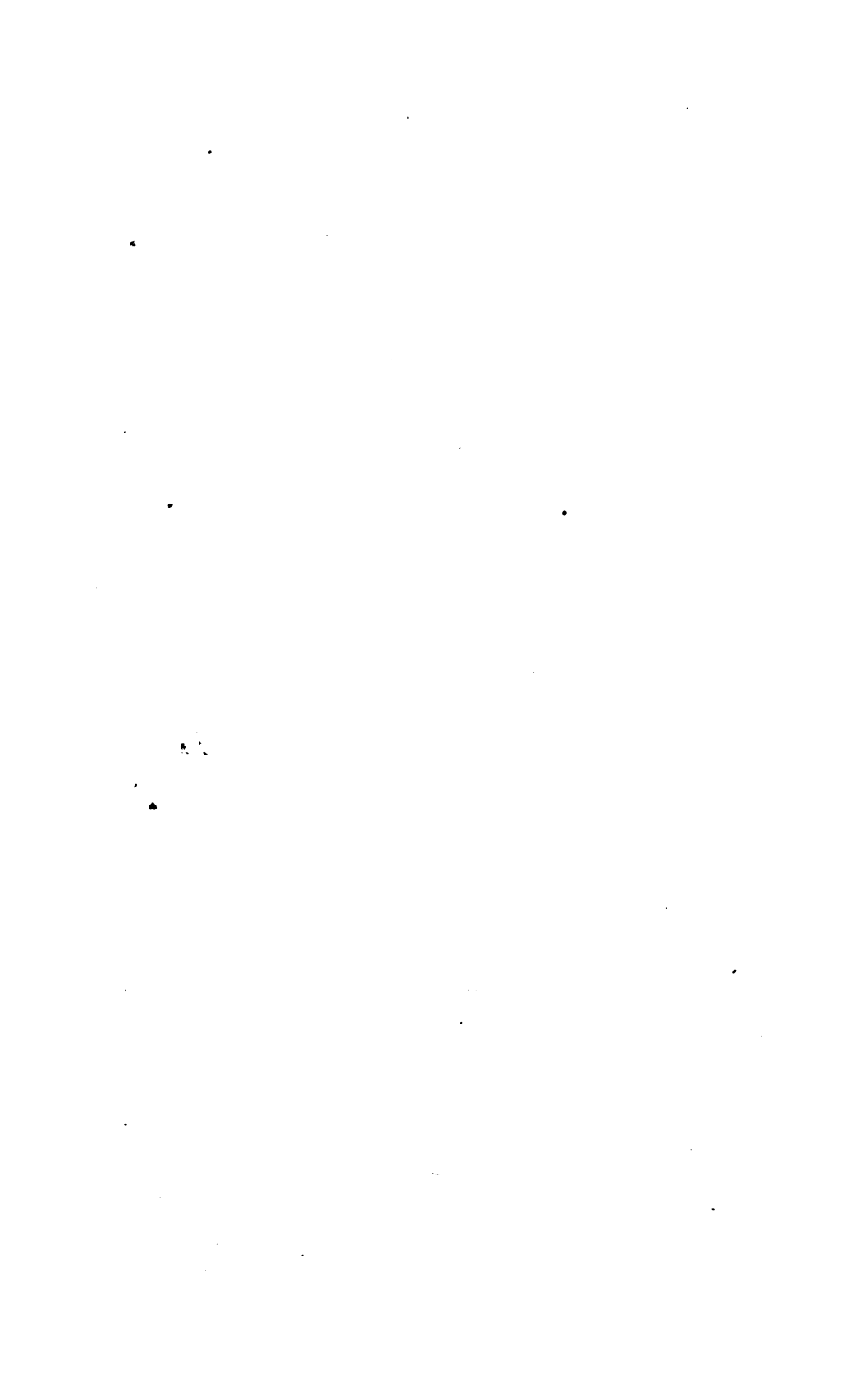
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THE STAGE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem, entitled THE STAGE, was originally published in the year 1795. All the performers whose names are mentioned, except QUIN, Mrs. PRITCHARD, and Mrs. CIBBER, who died in the infancy of the Author, he saw, and though he was young at the time, yet a constant opportunity of attending the Theatre, enabled him to form such an estimate of their several merits as his memory faithfully retains. In compliance with the request of many of his friends, he includes the Poem in the present Volume, and ventures to hope, that an account of talents which formerly adorned the Stage, will not be unacceptable to the rising generation of Theatrical Amateurs.

1826.



THE STAGE.

WHEN CHURCHILL's daring muse, a hardy dame,
With judgement clear and true poetic flame,
First sung the merits of the scenic throng,
The "well-trod Stage" was worthy of her song.
O'er rival bards the tow'ring genius rose,
And lash'd with equal rigour friends and foes.
A GARRICK's excellence engag'd his lays,
And claim'd the fairest wreath of critic praise ;
A QUIN sustain'd the spirit of the Stage
With flowing humour or heroic rage ;
A melting BARRY, in each tender part,
Sent ev'ry accent to the trembling heart ;
A PRITCHARD and a CIBBER charm'd the town,
Or with the comic wile or lofty frown ;
And long for all shall bloom the laurels of renown.

If now the Theatre has lost the name
Once proudly sounded by the trump of Fame,
Actors there are who still deserve her care,
And still her verdant honours justly wear ;
Who move in "sceptr'd pall" with tragic pride,
Or laughter force to "hold her aching side" ;

And whose united pow'rs still form the Stage
 A clear and faithful mirror of the age.
 These let us view, and leave the meaner throng,
 Unhurt by notice, still to creep along.

High on the comic roll, see KING appear,
 To Nature constant, and to critics dear ;
 He, led by reason, with a steady gaze
 Observes mankind, and, as he sees, he plays.
 No wanton whim e'er tempts his mind astray,
 More than his author's meaning to convey,
 But with the text the faithful actor moves,
 And the best comment on the poet proves.

The testy moods that mark declining life,
 The froward jealousy, and peevish strife,
 How well he shews, his TEAZLE may proclaim,
 Where bard and actor share a mingled fame.

How joys the bosom, when we chance to find
 True force of genius with a worthy mind ;
 A gen'rous transport o'er the fancy glows—
 The ready verse with honest ardour flows.
 Then KING ! accept this tribute, from a muse
 Lur'd by no partial ends or sordid views,
 Who, pleas'd to greet thee on thy public art,
 Turns with a nobler zeal to note thy heart,
 That heart which all the manlier virtues claim,
 And baffled malice knows not how to blame.

Loose as the wind, and feebler than the sand,
 Are all the fairy fabrics Hope has plann'd,
 When, on the favour of a changeful town,
 She fondly seeks for permanent renown.

When HENDERSON first sought this critic ground,
 His talents rais'd deserv'd applause around ;
 Stern judgement, satisfied, decreed the bays,
 And sympathy bestow'd its noblest praise.
 But lo ! transferr'd to awful Drury's* soil,
 Where once true merit could not vainly toil,
 The public mark of ev'ry puny wight
 Who in these letter'd times aspires to write,
 He feels the ranc'rous stroke—in fame decays,
 And, strange reverse ! to empty benches plays.
 Though truth must own, since, sunk in endless night,
 The great theatric orb withdrew its light,
 None various life like HENDERSON has view'd,
 And GARRICK's radiant track like him pursu'd.

But though, in justice to a slighted name,
 The town's absurd caprice we freely blame,
 Too well we know, perfection's tow'ring height
 Has ne'er since GARRICK charm'd the wond'ring sight,
 And every living candidate for praise,
 Would dimly gleam by his effulgent blaze.

Here with thy gossip-tale Digression rest,
 And hence comparison's unfriendly test;
 The Muse with candour shall maintain her state,
 And judge each cause by its own proper weight.

Of HENDERSON it fairly may be said,
 Th' heroic canvas he should seldom spread,
 For though his judgement, uniformly true,
 Draws a chaste outline to the critic view,

* Mr. HENDERSON's first appearance in London was at the Haymarket Theatre, during the summer season, in the time of the elder COLMAN.

Too oft is wanting, to complete the part,
That vivid col'ring which secures the heart.

In injur'd LEAR, when he attempts to shew
The manly workings of majestic woe,
The driv'ling monarch whimpers o'er the stage
In dotard weakness or in childish rage.

Yet though in tragedy we sometimes find
But a faint sketch of what the bard design'd,
None should behold his HAMLET, and delay
The honest meed of warm applause to pay.
But when he joins Thalia's cheerful band,
The heart at once impels the applauding hand ;
FALSTAFF and BENEDICK alone must raise,
And amply justify, the loudest praise.

Though justice should alone direct the lays,
The muse with pleasure tunes her voice to praise,
Invok'd by genius, she delighted sings,
And strikes with eager joy the trembling strings.
But when stern truth his awful brow displays,
And bids her quit the flow'ry path of praise,
The cold injunction damps her sprightly song,
And the slow verse reluctant drags along.

SMITH, held so long a fav'rite with the town,
May smile securely at the critic's frown :
Though on this ground must rest his claim to praise—
He seems the gentleman whate'er he plays :
In every character, we always find
The genuine traces of a cultur'd mind.

His attitudes are always form'd with grace,
While every limb assumes its proper place ;

But yet, if candour may her thoughts declare,
 They seem too much the objects of his care.
 Oft, when a striking gesture he can find,
 The stream of passion dully creeps behind,
 And slighting all that feeling should bestow,
 He tries his form in happiest lights to shew.

Then SMITH, though judgement always he displays,
 Should chiefly build on comedy for praise,
 For the gay elegance of polish'd life
 Needs fewer tones than passion's mingled strife.
 And if the muse, who means not to offend,
 May speak her honest dictates like a friend,
 Still should he revel with the sprightly train,
 And seldom venture on the tragic plain.

The just demand of vet'ran worth to pay,
 On YATES with friendly eye we turn the lay.
 A favor'd vot'ry of the laughing Fair,
 Blest with true humour in no common share,
 His talents, known and valu'd by the town,
 Bear the just stamp of merited renown.

In parts where nature unrestrain'd is seen,
 Which ask no striking form or polish'd mien,
 Where the blunt rustic, or the wealthy cit,
 A waggish ribaldry obtrudes for wit,
 Where'er the poet leans to vulgar life—
 The saucy freedom and the drunken strife—
 The powers of YATES appear in boldest view,
 With varying skill to varying humours true.

Free from those paltry tricks applause to raise,
 By which low minds obtain disgraceful praise,

His acting, built on judgement's solid plan,
Presents a just similitude of man.

Early by GARRICK tutor'd for the stage,
And form'd for pathos, dignity and rage,
As his great master said, in Ross we find,
Some of the "good old stuff" still left behind.

When old SCIOLTO, anxious to repair
His honour, stain'd by the repentant fair,
Gives the dread poniard to his daughter's hand,
Yet feels too much to speak his dire command ;
Shews how the rigid judge dissolves away
With the warm force of the parental ray,
Ross strikes each finer fibre of the heart
With native force beyond the poet's art.

When grief-torn LEAR, with sharpest anger wild,
Calls Heaven's dread vengeance on his thankless child,
The hapless father's rage so well he draws,
That pity, fear, and horror, speak applause.

When the poor injur'd King regains his state,
Turns to old KENT, the tidings to relate,
And, wild with joy, proclaims CORDELIA Queen,
Such happy energy pervades his mien,
Such mingled transport, fondness and surprise,
That ev'ry eye the lucid praise supplies.

DIGGES, the fam'd Roscius of a sister-soil,
Destin'd for humbler honors here to toil,
By long experience has been taught the art
To rouse the stronger feelings of the heart ;
Though some quaint manners of the older school,
With uncouth stiffness, o'er his acting rule ;

Though oft a local dialect we hear,
And tones that harshly greet the nicer ear.

In moral parts of the severer kind,
Which scorn each common weakness of the mind,
And act on stubborn reason's strictest plan,
DIGGES, with stern dignity, appears the man.

His CATO seems with Roman force to feel
The awful energy of patriot zeal,
And, in his CARATACH, we still behold
All the rough virtue of our sires of old ;
That rugged majesty, sublimely rude,
Which once distinguish'd British fortitude.

But WOLSEY is his master-piece—he there
Displays his author with the happiest care :
The prosp'rous prelate's elevated crest,
The fawning rev'rence with his royal guest,
And meek submission in his abject state,
He shews with skill pre-eminently great.

But why should Man at proud precedence aim,
When Female Worth can boast an equal claim ?
The Muse shall here the partial law disdain,
Impos'd by Custom, arrogant and vain.

Now must the heart a tender terror feel,
Lest from the rigid road it softly steal,
Prove the sweet influence female charms can raise,
And only wanton in the path of praise.
Yet may we nobly spurn the idle fear,
Lest partial eulogy alone appear,
If the fair suitors candid truth surveys,
The equitable verdict must be praise.

See then where YATES majestic soars along,
 A theme that claims the muse's noblest song.
 By Nature fashion'd in a lavish hour,
 The peerless produce of her wond'rous pow'r,
 Though time has touch'd her beauties with decay,
 Yet who can still unmov'd her form survey ;
 Still must the eager eye delighted gaze
 On the decline of that transcendant blaze.

And yet, whate'er her matchless form can boast,
 Th' impressive actress claims our praises most ;
 For who like her, in pathos or in rage,
 With equal pow'r can realize the Stage ?

When her torn bosom with repentance swells,
 As wretched SHORE's unhappy tale she tells,
 The glist'ning anguish starts in ev'ry eye,
 And the rapt crowd re-echo every sigh.

Or when MEDEA's wrongs employ the scene,
 And the mind speaks through her disorder'd mien,
 Her hearers catch at once congenial pain,
 Whilst ev'ry accent fires the madd'ning brain,
 And all, in unison with her despair,
 See not the actress, but the woman there.

Envy, who sickens at her tow'ring fame,
 Says 'tis her greatest merit to *declaim* ;
 But view her, sland'rer, with unjaundic'd sight,
 And thy own breast shall soon refute the spite.

NOW CRAWFORD comes, once partner of a name
 With rapture sounded by enamour'd fame—
 Melodious BARRY, whose seducing strain
 Could touch the sternest breast with tend'rest pain :

Still faithful mem'ry hears th' entrancing flow
 That sweetly warbled ROMEO's melting woe ;
 Beholds e'en now his agonizing LEAR,
 And fondly drops the tribute of a tear :
 The idol of the Fair—the Stage's pride—
 With his mellifluous notes the lover died.

But let the Muse restrain her wand'ring flight,
 And CRAWFORD'S worth impartially recite.

In sudden bursts of animated grief,
 Where the sharp anguish seems to scorn relief,
 At once she rushes on the trembling heart,
 And rivals Nature with resistless art.

Thus when, with RANDOLPH'S keen maternal pain,
 She listens wildly to the hoary swain,
 Whose artless feelings tenderly relate
 The wat'ry dangers of the infant's fate—
 " Was he alive ? " transpierces ev'ry soul—
 From ev'ry eye the gushing plaudits roll.

But in the lengthen'd tale of plaintive woe,
 Or declamation's calm and equal flow,
 Her native excellence but faintly gleams—
 Too rapid now, and now too faint she seems.

In patient SHORE she cramps her potent art,
 And seldom finds a passage to the heart ;
 But when ALICIA'S phrensy she displays,
 And her eyes, wild, on fancied spectres gaze,
 A kindred horror tears the lab'ring mind,
 And the whole breast is to her pow'r resign'd.

In parts of gentle anguish though she fails,
 Yet where tumultuous energy prevails,
 Where wrongs inflame, or madness storms, the mind,
 Superior skill we must not hope to find.

Should we confine to tragedy her praise,
 The niggard eulogy would stain the lays,
 Since in her comic parts she still must please,
 With nature, spirit, elegance and ease.
 But as her potent force we chiefly find
 In scenes that fire and agonize the mind,
 The tragic muse may boast the highest claim,
 And in her train enroll her CRAWFORD's name.

With various requisites the Stage to grace,
 A striking figure and a marking face,
 A mien commanding, spirited, and free,
 See POPE * to fame assert a solid plea,
 And fairly claim, in these declining days
 Of scenic worth, the tributary praise.

Her pow'rs though strong, but rarely should aspire
 Beyond the sphere of haughtiness and fire ;
 Where Love appears without his gentle train,
 And join'd with pride, resentment, and disdain.

Thus in HERMIONE her efforts show
 A bold conception of heroic woe ;
 While various passions in her breast engage,
 Hope with despair contending, love with rage,
 She ably draws from Passion's genuine source,
 Expressing all with dignity and force.

A mirthful mischief sporting in her air,
 Lo ! ABINGTON, Thalia's fav'rite care,
 Design'd the path of higher life to tread,
 To nature faithful, and by genius led, .

* The first Mrs. POPE.

With arch vivacity, the comic throne
She claims, and shines with lustre all her own.

Where affectation's flippant airs are seen—
The mincing accent and the studied mien ;
Where art prevails o'er Nature's simple grace,
And fashion's whims preside in reason's place,
The coldest critic must with pleasure view,
And own each portrait spirited and true.

In scenes where sharp sarcastic strokes appear,
With satire's keenest barb she points the sneer ;
Thus when gay MILLAMANT, with bant'ring vein
MARWOOD insults in pity's galling strain,
Th' ironic tone such stinging force conveys,
That CONGREVE scarcely merits higher praise.

But though she thus can charm the critic sight
In parts affected, sprightly and polite,
The wild simplicity of hoyden youth
She paints with all the glowing tints of truth.

The Muse who knows that HARTLEY could control
And sooth to sympathy the sternest soul,
Can ne'er forgetful of her worth remain,
But seeks her name to decorate the strain.

In ROWE's fine portrait of submissive woe,
That contrite yields to fate's relentless blow,
The wretched victim of a lawless flame,
By pow'rs harsh mandate doom'd to public shame,
What eye to HARTLEY could a tear deny ?
What breast so hard that could refuse a sigh ?

Urg'd by the noblest glow of filial fire,
When poor CORDELIA seeks her injur'd sire—

Or warm with conscious honor's purest aim,
 When *DESDEMONA* vindicates her fame,
 Her plaintive strains would make a stoic feel,
 Such magic graces o'er the bosom steal.

Again, sweet exile, grace a drooping Stage,
 Again with Nature's loveliest charms engage.
 Lo ! *CRAWFORD* wanders to another clime,
 And *YATES* too soon must feel the stealth of time ;
 Then shall we own the triumph only thine,
 Where dignity and tenderness combine,
 In ev'ry gentle and impressive part,
 With pow'r resistless to enchain the heart.

To thee, when *YATES* shall court the private shade,
 The sorrowing muse must fondly seek for aid,
 By thee alone, dear wand'rer, then display
 The melting force of her pathetic lay.

With ev'ry careless grace of sprightly ease,
 Secure, while Nature can delight, to please,
 The sportive *CARGILL* revels o'er the scene,
 Love in her eye and frolic in her mien.
 By no ambitious impulse e'er betray'd,
 And scorning affectation's vain parade,
 She skims along where Genius points the way,
 Simple at once and arch, correct and gay.

Where'er the bard a character supplies,
 Which no stiff airs of high-bred art disguise,
 Where the quick graces spring from feelings warm,
 That fire the eyes and animate the form,
 The lovely Siren soars beyond his art,
 And speaks the vivid language of the heart.

Though Nature starts at that fantastic rage,
The vile transform of sexes on the Stage,
Such varying excellence in her we meet,
As almost sanctions the absurd conceit.

Yet CARGILL throw this dang'rous skill aside,
And let thy sway o'er man content thy pride ;
Oh ! turn not such delusive pow'rs to vex,
With love's resistless snares, thy hapless sex.

FARREN, with talents that have rais'd her name
High on the records of theatric fame,
Of affectation fatally the slave,
Too oft perverts what bounteous Nature gave.
E'en where a bard has this lov'd folly tried
With some *outré* resemblance to deride,
Too oft her manners far transcend the part,
And mock the feeblér effort of his art.
Yet was she form'd each softer care to move,
To image tender truth and gen'rous love,
To bid the sympathizing sorrows flow
With plaintive charm of mild domestic woe,
Though from the serious muse she long has stray'd,
And fondly revels with the comic maid.

'Tis hers to sport with airy ease along,
And hold the glass to fashion's giddy throng,
Reflect each foible of the flutt'ring race,
And paint their virtues with an heighten'd grace.

Next POPE *, a vot'ry of the sportive maid,
From Nature's source deriving potent aid,

* Miss POPE.

Comes laughing forward, conscious of renown,
And sure of favour from a partial town.

For humour's sprightly province though design'd,
Her pow'rs to narrow limits are confin'd ;
Unblest with requisites for polish'd scenes,
To lower life her genius chiefly leans.
Where city-pride with upstart pertness tries,
In sprightly ease its coarseness to disguise,
All the mock elegance in POPE we meet
Of fine Cheapside, or solid Lombard-street.
Thus in Miss STERLING, she presents to view
A finish'd proof of what the author drew.

But when she fondly labours to appear
With the nice breeding of a higher sphere,
In HOADLEY's lively scenes aspires to please,
With all the polish'd grace of genuine ease,
CLARINDA's manners lost, she seems no more
Than ABIGAIL in what her mistress wore ;
The vain attempt with pity we survey,
And grieve that pride should talents thus betray.

Here let the Muse repress th' unfriendly aim,
Nor dwell on so much worth with churlish blame—
POPE copies life with truth, if not with grace,
And rears her fame on merit's solid base.

But where, alas! can gentle KEMBLE* stray,
Whose modest worth may well adorn the lay,
She who must critic spleen at once disarm,
With sweet simplicity's resistless charm ?
Ah! why thus doom'd to wander from the place
That best can feel her soft and touching grace ;

* Mrs. STEPHEN KEMBLE.

Why from that scene thus strangely forc'd to roam,
Where genius fondly seeks a fav'rite home?

Not form'd to wield the terrors of the Stage,
To burn with proud ALICIA's madd'ning rage,
Or with MACBETH's ambitious partner swell,
Invoking horrors from the pow'rs of hell ;
Hers is the gentle empire o'er the mind,
The pensive, the pathetic, and the kind :—
'Tis hers with softest charms the breast to move
In drooping anguish and in plaintive love :
Where sweet OPHELIA meets with wild disdain,
Or senseless wanders for a father slain ;
Where DESDEMONA meekly would assuage
The poor abus'd OTHELLO's causeless rage ;
Or JULIET fondly tempts her love to stay,
And doubts the tuneful harbinger of day.

Ask we the spell by which she wakes the sigh,
And calls the flowing sorrow to the eye ?—
'Tis pow'rful Nature's all-prevailing sway,
And KEMBLE acts as feeling points the way :
When, through the finer workings of the soul,
A temper'd fervour animates the whole,
We Nature's strong presiding influence find,
And trace the virtues of a kindred mind ;
'Tis Nature prompts her looks, her tones, her tears,
And tells the heart she is what she appears.

If sprightly MATTOCKS was not formed to trace
The finish'd elegance of comic grace,
What humour means she ably can express,
And put on manners as she puts on dress.

With skill she shews the vulgar city wife,
 Whose test of spirit is incessant strife ;
 Or sportive females of a higher race,
 Whose boist'rous airs their rank and sex disgrace ;
 Or where the widow, with a mournful eye,
 Her recent loss would prudently supply,
 And, while she whimpers for her *poor dead dear*,
 The smile of hope illumines the labour'd tear.

Sometimes, perchance, too stately and too prim,
 When she should seem all merriment and whim ;
 Sometimes, too anxious to express with force,
 Her col'ring, we allow, is hard and coarse :
 But all her characters are well design'd,
 Form'd on the certain ground-work of the mind.
 Beneath the veil of manners she can pry,
 And trace the passions with a thinking eye :
 She takes her portraits from the passing throng,
 With judgement solid, and with humour strong.

JORDAN advances with so proud a name,
 That censure sinks beneath th' o'erwhelming fame.
 To truth and reason we shall always bow,
 But fashion's edicts dare to disallow,
 And though we own her merit, still decline
 With boundless homage to approach her shrine.

Nor shall we rashly join a partial crowd,
 Who in their worship arrogantly loud,
 And, caught by novelty's bewild'ring blaze,
 Abandon those who well deserve their praise.

But here with candour shall we briefly try
 To hold her portrait to the public eye ;

And JORDAN, sure, with nobler pride would feel
Appropriate praise, than shouts of blund'ring zeal.

Possessing tones mellifluous and clear,
That sooth the passions as they please the ear,
In VIOLA she sweetly "told her love",
And with the charm of tenderness could move ;
Yet then perversely the insensate crowd
Her genuine merit sparingly allow'd.

Had JORDAN still retain'd the plaintive part,
The ready Muse would fondly hail her art,
Nor court less eagerly the pensive hour
Than all her happiest wiles of comic pow'r.

The wanton hoyden, and intriguing wife,
She copies with a faithful eye to life :
The abigail, familiar, pert and sly,
A quick contrivance in her roguish eye ;
The lively damsel, taking male attire,
A harmless waggery her chief desire ;
And in a lower walk—as JOBSON'S dame—
In all on solid grounds she rear'd her fame ;
In all a sterling excellence displays,
And gladly we accord with gen'ral praise.
Her talents thus, in fairest light appear,
And JORDAN stands without a rival here.

But though for comedy so well design'd
Not aptly train'd for gaiety refin'd ;
And hence in ROSALIND she fail'd to trace
The intellectual mirth and courtly grace.
True, she is arch, but in her archness coarse,
Too oft 'tis blended with a vulgar force ;
And for simplicity's ingenuous heart,
Too free her aspect, and too rough her art.

Thus thinks the Muse, and what she thinks she tells,
 Her bosom with no hostile passion swells ;
 With pleasure she attends at merit's call,
 And her fond wish is to be just to all.

Candour might well the partial Muse arraign,
 Were MACKLIN left unnotic'd by her strain,
 Who on our ancestors for sanction draws,
 To urge prescriptive title to applause,
 And like an oak, yet unsubdu'd by age,
 Seems to stand forth the father of the Stage.

Whate'er by ripen'd judgement can be taught,
 And from the stores of long experience brought,
 In his laborious acting we may trace,
 Where stern precision shuts out ev'ry grace ;
 He seems to move, to speak, to think, by rule,
 The rigid pedagogue of system's school.
 No native fire e'er rushes to his eyes,
 And passions seem by precept to arise.
 Severe his plan, which awes, not wins the heart,
 For all appears the cold effect of art:—
 All but the matchless Jew—that rais'd his name
 High o'er the critic's feeble praise or blame.

Whate'er he draws displays a master's force,
 But all his col'ring's in a style too coarse,
 And though the scheme may strike th' approving mind,
 The breast to sluggish languor is resign'd.
 Yet MACKLIN's outlines might an actor teach
 The noblest heights of excellence to reach,
 For sense matur'd affords a solid skill,
 And, though he roughly draws, 'tis nature still.

In comic parts the same hard truth appears ;
 Though to the text with judgement he adheres,
 And in essential features seldom fails,
 A rugged energy through all prevails.

When worth like MACKLIN's claims the critic lay—
 An orb bright beaming in departing day—
 Fain would the heart on all his merits dwell ;
 With fond reluctance ev'ry blemish tell ;
 But Truth aloft th' impartial scales suspends,
 And at her shrine the Muse submissive bends.

For sprightly scenes of higher life design'd,
 Where fashion's airy whims delude the mind,
 Where homely reason yields to polish'd pride,
 And Nature's vulgar feelings are decried,
 LEWIS, with lively taste and easy mien,
 Gives gay precision to the comic scene.

When wounded pride with quick resentment glows,
 The flippant fury he politely shews,
 And, to whate'er excess the passion reigns,
 A well-bred anger through the whole sustains.

But LEWIS chiefly shines in parts that aim
 With noise and frolic to secure a name,
 By darling notoriety to rise,
 And all the rules of sober life despise ;
 Here laughter's loudest roar he justly draws,
 And WOODWARD might with envy hear th' applause.

Among the various vot'ries of the Stage,
 Who shine in comic ease or tragic rage,
 Few, though of nobler requisites possess,
 Can boast, like BENSLEY, influence o'er the breast.

By nature fashion'd in an hour of spleen,
 Blest with few outward powers to grace the scene;
 No marking eyes to image forth the soul,
 When struggling tides of various passions roll;
 No voice to dignify the poet's sense,
 Or melting strains of pathos to dispense;
 Yet, maugre these defects, we always find
 A true conception of his author's mind;
 A manly fervour, and a judgement clear,
 That force from coldest critics praise sincere.

In tragedy, his proper sphere is age,
 The patriot-warrior and the solemn sage.
 In comic scenes his efforts best appear
 When snarling truths sententious and severe:
 Hence we behold his talents ably fit
 VANBURGH's shrewd sense, and CONGREVE's manly wit.

Where travell'd fops, too nice for nature grown,
 Are sway'd by affectation's whims alone;
 Where the sly knave, usurping honour's guise,
 By secret villainy attempts to rise;
 Or where the footman, negligently gay,
 His master's modish airs would fain display;
 But chiefly where the rake, in higher life,
 Cajoles the husband to seduce the wife,
 And, fraught with art, but plausible to sight,
 The libertine and hypocrite unite—
 PALMER from life the faithful portrait draws,
 And calls unrivall'd for our warm applause.

In WROUGHTON's acting, though we rarely find
 The vig'rous traces that denote a mind

Form'd for the high achievements of the Stage,
His efforts always our respect engage.

In scenes of injur'd virtue, that require
A bold exertion of ingenuous fire,
With honest energy the part he feels,
And with true pathos to the breast appeals.

When BUCKINGHAM, betray'd by WOLSEY's pow'r
To shameful death in manhood's blooming hour,
Without one friend to stem the adverse tide,
Falls a sad sacrifice to priestly pride,
There WROUGHTON's skill excites th' applauding sigh,
And pity's gems illumine ev'ry eye.

Still in his proper sphere would he remain,
A warm protection he must justly gain ;
But if ambition spread her fatal fire,
And bid his mind at daring heights aspire,
The giddy summit will his pow'rs confound,
And critic fury drag him to the ground.
Lest in forbidden paths he still should roam,
The friendly Muse thus kindly calls him home.
The weight of LEAR, unable to sustain,
Beneath the weighty load he sunk with pain ;
And wak'd in JAFFIER a regret more keen,
That BARRY's pow'rs no more shall grace the scene.

When Nature fashion'd DODD, severely kind,
She those peculiar requisites combin'd
Which ne'er can image manhood's vig'rous bloom,
But shine in insects of the drawing-room.
None on the stage, so well as he, can shew
The various traces of that thing, *the beau*.

Whether in MEGGOT'S *gusto* it appear,
 In TATTLE'S levity or BACKBITE'S sneer,
 In all, he acts upon so nice a plan,
 He seems in life to be the very man
 But that, in life, he acts without offence,
 And boasts with plain good humour, plain good sense.

No scanty praise should be to DODD assign'd,
 Were he to foppish parts alone confin'd ;
 And yet his pow'rs, not limited to these,
 In quaint simplicity can justly please :
 No equal Master STEPHEN has been found
 Since SHUTER spread resistless mirth around ;
 And AGUE-CHEEK, drawn with unborrow'd art,
 Presents the matchless bard's embodied part.

But his chief excellence in fops is seen,
 There, happy union ! figure, voice, and mien,
 This honest verdict must for DODD engage—
 That he 's the greatest coxcomb on the Stage.

Disdaining imitation's servile plan,
 Vers'd in the various whims of changeful man,
 As long as genuine humour can invite,
 PARSONS will still be welcom'd with delight.

His chief success is seen in lower life,
 In noisy drunkenness and rustic strife ;
 And in the envious petulance of age,
 With happiest skill he props the comic Stage.

Perhaps the common passion for applause,
 Sometimes aside his better judgement draws ;
 Perhaps extravagance and wild grimace
 Too oft are seen usurping humour's place ;

But in the scenes our living CONGREVE drew *,
Where Spite her image may in CRABTREE view,
Or where Sir FRETFUL struggles with the smart
Of rankling passions that disgrace the heart,
Malice herself must own he 's rarely found
To pass o'er modest Nature's simple bound.
Ah ! PARSONS, keep to Nature's simple style,
Let not the roar of vulgar praise beguile,
And sternest critics shall confess thy claim
To join the highest rank in comic fame.

AICKIN, in characters of rugged mould,
Is always justly strong, and chastely bold ;
Untouch'd by pride, he always seems intent
To be exactly what the author meant.
Where blunt integrity, undaunted, shews
The roughest feeling that the bosom knows,
Dares flippant folly openly despise,
And view the vicious with indignant eyes,
The part with native vigour he pourtrays,
And to the heart with sense and feeling plays.

At MOODY's call the Muse resumes her strain,
MOODY, a vet'ran on the comic plain,
Whose talents might our warmest praise engage,
In low-bred humour and in rustic age,
But that, too conscious of his former name,
He yields to sluggish indolence his frame,
Glares with a vacant visage on the throng,
And idly drags his torpid limbs along.

* It need hardly be observed that this passage refers to the late Mr. SHERIDAN.

Candour herself must own, he oft is seen
 As if his mind were sunk in stupid spleen.
 Critics who ne'er his former merit knew,
 With cold contempt the lifeless lumber view,
 And scarce believe, that one unhurt by age
 Can thus obscure a genius for the Stage.

Strange ! that an actor who could once excite
 With humour's genuine force, no mean delight,
 Who drew from Nature ev'ry simple clown,
 And in HIBERNIA's sons rais'd just renown,
 Should, by so vile a negligence betray'd,
 His public character thus far degrade.

MOODY, for shame ! bring all thy talents forth,
 Let rising critics know thy native worth,
 That worth, to careless indolence a prey,
 Which else would brightly deck thy closing day.

Though HULL from Nature few externals owns,
 No striking features, no expressive tones,
 Yet has she giv'n an ample recompense,
 In firm integrity and manly sense.

Where cautious age, from long experience wise,
 To check wild youth's impetuous ardour tries,
 The rev'rend monitor he justly plays,
 And boasts substantial claim to critic praise.
 But with most force he strikes upon the heart
 Whene'er he personates a worthy part ;
 Warm with congenial fire, we always find
 The genuine workings of an honest mind ;
 The virtuous fervour mounts into his face,
 And the man's worth we in the actor trace.
 When from these kindred characters he flies,
 To wear the hoary villain's base disguise,

His gen'rous feelings counteract the part,
And Nature triumphs o'er his baffled art.

The honest Muse at first may only mean
To paint the worth that decks the public scene ;
But when, among the Stage's careless train,
She finds a character exempt from stain,
Pleas'd she deserts the critic's nicer plan,
And leaves the actor to applaud the man.

With comic pow'rs abundantly supplied,
QUICK draws from feeling, and makes life his guide.
While parts from Nature caught, with artless ease,
Of crabbed age or rustic youth can please ;
While the quaint characters in various life,
Of noisy humour and of vulgar strife,
Display'd with spirit as with skill design'd,
Receive the welcome they deserve to find,
QUICK must a fav'rite with the public stand,
And rank conspicuous 'mid the comic band.

Now should deep awe the modest strains indite,
For great LEE-LEWES meets the marv'ling sight.
Lo ! here 's the man who boasts the wond'rous skill
To mend the poet's brightest thoughts at will ;
Whose fertile mind, whate'er dull critics say,
At once can elevate the noblest lay.
SHAKSPEARE, indeed, instructed once the clown
Not to say more than what the bard set down ;
But SHAKSPEARE was not able to presage
The genius form'd to grace this happy age,
And in a moment raise his matchless page.

Yet say, what grounds support this bold pretence
 At will to wanton with the poet's sense ?
 What talents has the great LEE-LEWES shewn ?
 Holds he just title to the critic throne ?
 Is he the noblest poet of the age ?
 Or brightest planet that illumines the Stage ?—
 No more, dull spleen, these surly questions ask,
 For know he shines, in *jumping through a cask* !
 Oh ! mighty man ! confine this active flame
 That thus impels thee in pursuit of fame :
 Remain, with pantomimic fancies stor'd,
 The motley hero of the wooden sword.
 Or if ambition prompts thee to aspire
 At characters that speech and sense require,
 No more presume, with sacrilegious rage,
 To mar the poet's consecrated page ;
 Deign to the simple meaning to submit,
 And let dull duty check thy eager wit.

Once more Digression, rambling fool, adieu,
 The actor's merit let us briefly view :
 LEE-LEWES here is in his proper light,
 And with true humour, pleasure can excite.
 In comic pow'rs, though Nature has been kind,
 Yet to few scenes his talents are confin'd :
 Too flippant for the sphere of well-bred ease,
 And yet too coarse in airy fops to please,
 Warm, but too rough, he chiefly seems design'd
 * For sprightly parts, nor rugged nor refin'd ;
 Where taste and fashion fire the buckish Cit,
 Who fondly deems his noise and nonsense wit ;
 Or where the easy valet, pert and vain,
 Salutes his master in familiar strain,

Dares at each modish folly to pretend,
And, being pandar, is receiv'd as friend.

With crest erect, and with impetuous force,
See vent'rous HOLMAN urge his fiery course ;
Like the bold steed, just starting from the rein,
That rears, that bounds, that flies along the plain :
Amplly endow'd with figure, voice, and face,
And fashion'd well for the heroic race.

Next POPE advances, with a milder mien,
A graver step, and passions more serene :
Their mutual pow'rs, like mingling light and shade,
With spirit, force and truth, the Drama aid.
This sweetly plains CASTALIO's tender woe,
That nobly vents CHAMONT's indignant glow ;
One well supports HORATIO's moral strain,
The other proud LOTHARIO's taunting vein ;
Or, higher to enrol each diff'rent plea,
HOLMAN an ANTHONY, a BRUTUS he.

The junior BANNISTER, a lively wight,
To public favour boasts a solid right.
O'er EDWIN's track, by kindred genius led,
Yet in his steps he nobly scorns to tread ;
Acts from himself, in native humour bold,
And if at times too free, in nothing cold.

Whate'er eccentric humour may require,
When coxcomb follies pass for wit and fire ;
Where rustic vassals, strongly urg'd by fear,
Would yet heroical and gay appear ;

Or where the Cit, half blockhead and half beau,
 In higher circles would his whimsies shew—
 'There pealing laughter testifies his worth,
 And spleen herself must own the kindling mirth.

To worthier scenes too, will his talents bend—
 The sportive lover and the active friend ;
 Yet when Thalia on the infant smil'd,
 She mark'd him for the ludicrous and wild.

Close follows SUET, whimsical and quaint,
 A waggish coward, or a canting saint ;
 An aged miser, or a sportive clown ;
 In all, a pleasant fav'rite of the town.

JOHNSTONE to praise maintains a fair pretence,
 Who strengthens music with the charm of sense.
 'Tis his to vindicate his native race
 With easy humour or with manly grace,
 And, man or master, his Hibernians shew
 They melt with kindness, as with honour glow.

'Tis MUNDEN's praise to heed his author's aim,
 And ev'ry fond ambitious impulse tame ;
 Hence we behold him wear, with careful art,
 Not more the dress than manners of the part.
 His clowns, his coxcombs, and his peevish age,
 He takes from life, as well as from the page,
 And hence a faithful portrait holds to view—
 If dry the col'ring, yet the outline true.

See KELLY next, and beautiful CROUCH appear,
 With mutual aim to grace the vocal sphere,

And hence their pow'rs in happy union move,
To aid the scenes of harmony and love.

Fain would the Muse, ere yet she ends the lay,
To other pow'rs the debt of justice pay,
But fears her idle comments to prolong,
Lest the tir'd reader loathe the lengthen'd song.
On these we haply may renew the plan,
And their respective merits fairly scan ;
But lo ! the SCENIC SUN displays its beam,
And hence we hasten to a prouder theme.

When first the Muse preferr'd her humble bay
To deck the fav'rites of a former day,
Scarce could she deem an orb would claim her song,
Form'd to transcend the brightest of the throng.

At SIDDONS' call, glad she resumes her lays,
To blend her tribute with the gen'ral praise,
And though too sure, alas ! her feeble strain
Must, on such matchless pow'rs, essay in vain,
Yet may the Muse, howe'er in numbers faint,
Prove she can feel what she despairs to paint.
But SIDDONS' name can raise a potent spell,
And mem'ry with her stores must fondly swell,
Recall at once her voice, her eye, her mien,
And all the wonders of the mimic scene ;
Nor dazzled critics heed th' unequal lay,
Lost in the blaze of recollected day.

Blest with a form for happy sculpture's hand,
To fix the lines of graceful and of grand ;
A harmony of face, and pow'r of eye,
To image all that feeling can supply ;

A voice, each change of passion to engage,
 From tend'rest pathos to the wildest rage ;
 Soft as the breeze that wantons with the flow'r,
 When on the heart she tries her gentler pow'r ;
 Strong as the storm, when fury takes its course,
 And madness strains it to the utmost force ;
 Beyond all sense of fiction she can soar,
 And real horrors scarce could overwhelm us more.

Whether her ZARA's proud disastrous love,
 Or SHORE's mild woes, the kindred feelings move—
 Whether her genius tempt a bolder flight,
 The frail MACBETH to murd'rous deeds incite,
 Terrific spurn at Nature's softest laws,
 Or playful plead misguided CASSIO's cause :
 Whether she seeks to make our sorrows flow
 Through unambitious scenes of home-felt woe,
 Where 'mid the wreck of fortune, fame, and life,
 The GAMESTER leaves his fond, though ruin'd wife :
 In all, sublime, endearing, or refin'd,
 The great pervading energy is MIND ;
 In all, the passions to her potent art
 By turns resign the subjugated heart.

But though she thus the tragic heights can gain,
 And pour the plaintive or heroic strain,
 With graceful ease the " learned sock " she wears—
 Thus ROSALIND her comic skill declares,
 Whose sportive elegance can sweetly move
 With happiest charm of gaiety and love.

Oh ! thou whose pow'r can sooth or storm the soul,
 With magic touch the fiercest to controul ;
 Who, born the drama's noblest paths to trace,
 Canst e'en to SHAKSPEARE's muse impart new grace,

Let scandal rave, let sick'ning envy try
 To blast thy laurels and thy worth decry,
 While 'tis thy noble triumph, only those,
 Sure test of genius, are thy hopeless foes :
 The feeling still thy merit shall attest,
 Give thee fond credit for a kindred breast,
 Swell with thy rage, and with thy anguish mourn,
 As vice shall tow'r, or virtue droop forlorn,
 And while less grateful plaudits stun thine ear,
 Bestow a nobler meed—the silent tear.

To close in order due, our long career,
 See **KEMBLE** march majestic and severe ;
 Fraught with uncommon pow'rs of form and face,
 He comes the pomp of tragedy to grace.

Fertile in genius, and matur'd by art,
 Not soft to steal, but stern to seize, the heart,
 In mould of figure, and in frame of mind,
 To him th' heroic sphere must be assign'd.

August or daring, he adorns the Stage—
 The gloomy subtlety, the savage rage,
 The scornful menace, and the cynic ire,
 The hardy valour, and the patriot fire—
 These shew the vigour of a master's hand,
 And o'er the feelings give him firm command :
 As **RICHARD**, **TIMON**, and **MACBETH** proclaim,
 Or stern **CORIOLANUS**' nobler aim.

Nor fierce alone, for well his pow'rs can shew
 Calm declamation and attemper'd woe ;—
 The virtuous **DUKE** who sway a while declines,
 Yet checks the deputy's abhorr'd designs,

And, in the Sov'reign or the saintly guise,
 Benevolently just, and meekly wise :
 The Dane, bewailing now a father's fate,
 Now deeply pond'ring man's mysterious state ;
 Tender and dignified, alike are seen,
 The philosophic mind and princely mien.

When merely tender, he appears too cold ;
 Or rather fashion'd in too rough a mould ;
 Nor fitted love in softer form to wear,
 But stung with pride, or madd'ning with despair—
 As when the lost OCTAVIAN's murmurs flow
 In full luxuriance of romantic woe.
 Yet where ORLANDO cheers desponding age,
 Or the sweet wiles of ROSALIND engage,
 We own that manly graces finely blend
 The tender lover and the soothing friend.

Though Nature was so prodigally kind
 In the bold lineaments of form and mind,
 As if to check a fond excess of pride,
 The pow'rs of voice she scantily supplied :
 Oft, when the hurricanes of passion rise,
 For correspondent tones he vainly tries ;
 To aid the storm, no tow'ring note combines,
 And the spent breath th' unequal task declines.
 Yet, spite of Nature, he compels us still
 To own the potent triumph of his skill,
 While, with dread pauses, deepen'd accents roll,
 Whose awful energies arrest the soul.

At times, perchance, the spirit of the scene,
 Th' empassion'd accent, and impressive mien,
 May lose their wonted force, while, too refin'd,
 He strives by niceties to strike the mind ;

For action too precise, inclin'd to pore,
 And labour for a point unknown before :
 Untimely playing thus the critic's part,
 To gain the head, when he should smite the heart.

Yet still must candour, on reflection, own
 Some useful comment has been shrewdly shewn ;
 Nor here let puny malice vent its gall,
 And texts with skill restor'd, " new readings " * call.
 KEMBLE for actors nobly led the way,
 And prompted them to think as well as play.

With cultur'd sense, and with experience sage,
 Patient he cons the time-disfigur'd page,
 Hence oft we see him with success explore,
 And clear the dross from rich poetic ore,
 Trace, through the maze of diction, passion's clue,
 And open latent character to view.

Though for the Muse of tragedy design'd,
 In form, in features, passions, and in mind,
 Yet would he fain the comic nymph embrace,
 Who seldom without awe beholds his face.
 Whene'er he tries the airy and the gay,
 Judgement, not genius, marks the cold essay ;
 But in a graver province he can please,
 With well-bred spirit, and with manly ease.
 When genuine wit, with satire's active force,
 And faithful love pursues its gen'rous course,
 There, in his VALENTINE, might CONGREVE view
 Th' embodied portrait, vig'rous, warm, and true.

Nor let us, with unhallow'd touch, presume
 To pluck one sprig of laurel from the tomb ;

* The cant term by which useful researches have been discouraged.

Yet, with due rev'rence for the mighty dead,
 'Tis just the fame of living worth to spread :
 And could the noblest vet'rans now appear,
KEMBLE might keep his state, devoid of fear ;
 Still, while observant of his proper line,
 With native lustre as a rival shine.

Thus has the Muse, in artless numbers, tried
 The claims of Genius fairly to decide ;
 Averse to censure, anxious to commend,
 And to the moral Stage a zealous friend.

If the known merits of the scenic band
 Demand the tribute of a nobler hand,
 Yet may she boast, nor partial nor severe,
 Her strains the dictates of a mind sincere ;
 And should the vent'rous boast be deem'd too high,
 That all is seen with an impartial eye,
 The Muse at least can feel with honest pride,
 Her bias must be charg'd on candour's side.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. STEPHEN KEMBLE,

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

So oft has PEGASUS been doomed to trail
O'er many a lofty hill and humble vale,
That, ransack as we please Parnassian ground,
Scarce one unbeaten place can now be found.
Critics inform us that on epic soil
Old HOMER knew the country *ev'ry mile* ;
And VIRGIL's servile foot but travers'd o'er
Regions his mighty master trod before ;
That, through the Drama, mountain, lawn or stream,
Immortal SHAKSPEARE was the lord supreme ;
And ev'ry bard who rashly stray'd from thence,
O'erleap'd the verge of modest Nature's fence.
Can I then think the fiery steed will stray
At my weak call o'er some untravell'd way,

Take me to tracks beyond all former view,
 And bear me safely here with *something new*?
 No—such proud hopes can ne'er my breast invade,
 I, a mere novice in the tuneful trade,
 Just come to speak of what a thousand more,
 In nobler lays have told you long before;
 To speak indeed of what must ever last—
 The dear remembrance of your kindness past—
 And though my voice is weak, my numbers rude,
 Yet as they spring from genuine gratitude,
 The incense kindled by that sacred flame
 The heart must love, the judgement scorn to blame;
 Nay, such an offering more delighted choose
 Than sweetest warblings of the raptured Muse.
 Take then the language of a heart sincere,
 Take the fond tribute of this grateful tear.
 And though by fortune doomed to distant scenes,
 To that lov'd spot still anxious mem'ry leans
 Where first your favour cheer'd my feeble pow'r,
 Nurtur'd the bud, and propt the rising flow'r.
 Nor has my tongue, through all its mimic part,
 Through all the treasures of poetic art—
 Nor has my tongue one glowing passage tried,
 Though SHAKSPEARE'S self the wond'rous strain
 supplied,
 That lent a fervour to my thrilling breast
 Warm as the sense your kindness has imprest.

PROLOGUE
TO
"THE DIVERTISEMENT,
A MUSICAL PASTICCIO,

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

SPOKEN BY MR. FARREN.

THAT critics may not carp, nor malice grumble,
We fairly own this drama is a jumble ;
A thing indeed scarce worthy hostile spleen,
Of various colours, a mere patchwork scene ;
Yet as you oft have view'd with partial eye,
If rumour errs not, ev'ry single die,
Sure we may hope that blameless they will pass,
Now we present them mingled in a mass.
Our friends above there, many a merry time,
Have rapt'rous seen the changeful pantomime ;—
Ask we on what so eagerly they doat ?
What but the hero of the motley coat.
E'en those below, of fashion's glitt'ring train,
Who fondly crowd her ever-varying fane,
Think they this goddess of the transient hue
Yields always to her vot'ries *something new* !
Alas ! she is but Nature's servile ape,
Works with her substance, and but courts her shape,
And when she dares the great exemplar slight,
Some crude distortion but offends the sight.

This for our piece to soften your decree—
 Now for your kindness on a diff'rent plea.
 Long has it been our pride to hold the Stage
 The moral mirror of the passing age;
 To shew the *form* and *pressure* of the time,
 And character reflect of ev'ry clime :
 What if we deviate from the gen'ral plan,
 And quit, for once, the species for the man :
 Our mimic brothers of the brush, we find,
 Draw individuals rather than the kind ;
 Like them, let us the scenic canvas spread,
 Not for whole man, but any single head.
 Tonight a vocal painter enters here,
 Tend'ring his harmless sketches to the ear,
 Nor fears your candour will his efforts blame,
 Since not burlesque, but portrait, is his aim.

PROLOGUE

TO

"MODERN BREAKFAST,"

A FARCE, BY MR. SIDDONS, JUN.

SPOKEN BY MRS. STEPHEN KEMBLE.

TICS, for once your dread decrees suspend,
 I strive to prove, hard task, a poet's friend;
 I timid, trembling, inexperienced wight
 Do for your favour humbly sue to-night,
 I urge one plea that should disarm your spleen,
 I know, dread censors, he is scarce *fifteen*.
 I awful sages of the law, we find,
 I always to the youthful culprits kind,
 I rather charge the first offences still
 Erring judgement, than corrupted will.
 With pity then, behold this early crime,
 I doom him dead e'er yet he reach his prime,
 I nobly leave him to reforming time.
 Ladies, you're bound to judge by gentle laws,
 I own the fault is sanctioned by the cause:
 I love, alas! has led the stripling wrong—
 I arm'd by the Muse and her enchanting song.

The Muse, with all her sex's magic sway,
 Too oft has drawn the youthful heart astray.
 Ah ! since so soon allur'd by female wiles,
 Here should his hopes be cheer'd by female smiles ;
 Oh ! then ye fair, your soft protection give,
 And our young bard shall spite of critics live.

Forgive him, beaux, if he, like other fools,
 Vulgar, should swerve from fashion's nicer rules,
 Sporting no tassell'd knee, no swoll'n cravat,
 No booted ancle, and no chimney hat ;
 Yet in the Muse he loves a *charming jade*,
 And *gallantry's* at least a modish trade.

But, if the dragons, breathing hostile flame,
 Who watch th' Hesperian fruit of letter'd fame,
 Denied themselves the tempting food to taste,
 Would envious keep him from the rich repast ;
 If females too his tender plea should slight,
 Or, harder still, with critics foes unite,
 Because, neglecting each terrestrial fair,
 He madly woos a beauty of the air ;
 If beaux should rashly hiss, ere yet they know
 Whether his cape 's too high, or skirt too low ;
 Whether in gross expansion glares his face,
 Or well-bred whiskers spread a grisly grace,
 And scarce allow th' imprison'd nose a place ;
 Let gen'rous sympathy his cause defend—
 Th' attempt was kindly made to serve a friend :
 Sure then a British audience will assign
 One sprig of bays to bloom on friendship's shrine.
 So may that sprig, placed by your partial care,
 Not with'ring drop, but rise and flourish there,

spreading strong, with life's advancing morn,
moral Stage it shelter and adorn.

1 while the Muse imparts her plastic aid,
virtue consecrates the votive shade,
exulting bard shall own with grateful pride,
: fost'ring zeal the genial force supplied.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. MERRY'S TRAGEDY OF

"LORENZO."

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

'Tis held that pleasure rules this laughing age,
 And mirth has so monopoliz'd the stage,
 That poer Melpomene in vain may swell
 With rending woes, and direful stories tell :
 No drops of kindred grief resistless start,
 No sob responsive soothes her bursting heart ;
 Her sportive sister reigns despotic here,
 And, if ye weep, joy claims th' ecstatic tear.
 If so, our bard, alas ! in luckless hour
 Has rashly tried the scene's pathetic pow'r.
 Critics perchance will scowl with fierce disdain,
 Or giddy fashion mock the tender strain.

But sure 'tis slander—BRITONS STILL CAN FEEL,
 Still foster genius with impartial zeal,
 Whether it frolic with the jocund muse,
 Or nobler strains of sacred sorrow choose.
 Let kindling genius spread its magic beam,
 Or on the sprightly or the mournful theme,
 And British sympathy shall still supply
 Mirth's loudest roar, or pity's tend'rest sigh.

Whether one spark of this transcendent fire
 Has touch'd our timid poet's trembling lyre ;
 Whether he faintly gleam with borrow'd rays,
 Or burst effulgent forth with native blaze,
 From your august award will soon appear,
 Which he, alas ! awaits with boding fear.—
 Yet sure no harsh decree he need presage
 From taunting fashion, or from critic rage ;
 For since his cause by Englishmen is tried,
 The sentence must incline to mercy's side.

And if the drooping minstrel of to-night
 Has struck the melancholy chords aright,
 If, while he fondly pours the plaintive line,
 He aims to sadden only to refine ;
 If true to Nature, Nature must prevail,
 Each heart will soften at the melting tale,
 And own, as once the sage enthusiast * sung,
 Whose moral harp the raptur'd Muses strung,
 “ The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.”

* POPE.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE,

ON OPENING A PROVINCIAL THEATRE.

CUSTOM, a potentate whose specious sway
 Mankind so oft implicitly obey,
 Proud in pretension of prescriptive right,
 Expects perhaps a prologue here to-night.
 But though we scorn to yield with slavish awe
 A blind respect to that old tyrant's law,
 Yet for the kind protection you impart,
 'The grateful tribute rushes from the heart.

The scenic Muse, unlike her sister train,
 Too long has struggled with a galling chain,
 Forc'd a precarious residence to seek,
 Or think by license, and by patent speak :
 What though the potent terror of her Stage
 Can torpid conscience rouse to scorpion rage—
 E'en those who slight religion's voice divine,
 Have wept repentant at the Muse's shrine,
 While the mild grace of her pathetic scene,
 Her soften'd accents, and her gentler mien,
 The selfish passions can at once disarm
 By the sweet force of pity's melting charm :
 What though with equal pow'r her comic strain
 The sacred cause of virtue still maintain,
 While her arch satire, sportive and yet warm,
 Can headstrong folly with a laugh reform ;

Yet least protected is she doom'd to pine,
 Though the first Muse of all the tuneful Nine ;
 Though, whereso'er the bless'd enthusiast stray,
 A moral radiance brightens all the way.
 'Tis yours to mitigate a lot severe :
 'Tis yours the drooping, wand'ring, nymph to cheer ;
 Oh ! may she find a lasting shelter here.
 Then while we pour her various treasures forth,
 And fondly strive to vindicate her worth,
 If all unequal to the bold design
 Where her own SHAKESPEARE'S matchless glories shine,
 Oh ! if we rudely sweep his wond'rous lyre,
 May the 'rapt strain at least your minds inspire ;
 Till Fancy, kindling at his magic flame,
 Impart to " airy nothing " place and name ;
 And too possess'd to stoop at vulgar faults,
 " Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts." *

PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF " WILD OATS."

SPOKEN BY MR. HARLEY.

WHAT can we now invite you to partake,
 When realms have been exhausted for your sake,
 And ample nature travers'd o'er and o'er,
 Till all her beaten haunts can yield no more ?
 From climes where Phœbus pours his brightest ray
 To where scarce faintly dawns the twilight day,
 The dauntless bards have urg'd their vent'rous aim,
 To greet you still with fresh dramatic game.

* Prologue to Henry the Fifth.

One noble hunter of the Thespian train
 Rush'd from his Avon's side o'er earth's domain,
 And brought with happy magic more than toil,
 The motley tribe of ev'ry varying soil ;
 While his quick eye so widely could explore,
 That Time himself shall scarce discover more.
 Nay, in the track of his sublime career,
 We pass the bounds of Nature's humble sphere,
 And zealous tender all our search has found
 Through radiant wilds of Fancy's fairy ground.
 Once more the arduous chace we dare renew,
 And fondly hope we've started something new.
 Our hero, for so far we may discover,
 Is a young actor, and of course a lover ;
 But, what perchance will raise no slight surprise,
 Though used to various shapes above disguise:
 Fictitious language of a borrow'd part
 Sports from his tongue indeed, but not his heart ;
 For Nature's warm and absolute controul
 Guides ev'ry impulse of his gen'rous soul.
 Sure such a part your favour must engage,
 And though a stranger on the mimic stage,
 Yet may the scenic band with honest pride,
 Howe'er by formal prejudice decried,
 Boast as fair patterns of domestic worth
 As that our present drama pictures forth.

Let then the bard who vindicates our cause
 Receive the sanction of your warm applause ;
 So may we prove, in spite of prudish spleen,
 Actors can feel beyond the passing scene,
 And, long too harshly deem'd a thoughtless kind,
 Live to the friendly model he design'd.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

" A WORLD IN A VILLAGE."

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

IN these dread times, when war's unsated rage
Crowds with disasters life's eventful stage,
When the fell trumpet and embattled ire
Drown the soft warblings of the slighted lyre,
The Muses' lonely haunts no more display,
Among their with'ring blooms, the poet's bay;
The partial soil the laurel only rears,
For martial wreaths that vegetate in tears.

At such a time, superfluous seems the art
To melt with fabled woes the sadden'd heart;
The sorrowing Muses need themselves relief,
And Fancy droops in sympathetic grief.
The tragic maid indeed may sooth her care,
And future scenes from passing ills prepare;
But for the laughing nymph, alas! can she
At ease presume with her untimely glee!
Is there a place amidst a world's alarms
In safety still to heed her frolic charms?
Yes—in the shades of Britain's happy isle
Still may the comic Muse securely smile;
Still with her tuneful sisters shelter here,
Nor savage anarchy's vain menace fear.

Here no dire ruffians, dead to gen'rous joy,
All that endears and brightens life destroy;

PROLOGUE
TO A PLAY ENTITLED
"CURIOSITY,"

WRITTEN
BY THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN*,

AND
REPRESENTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

IN humble tone should we to-night essay,
To court your kind protection for our play,
Well might your hearts with honest anger burn,
And the mean suppliant strain indignant spurn ;
For now the offspring of a hapless Muse,
Here as an orphan and a stranger sues,—
The Orphan and the Stranger still have found
A shelter and a home on British ground.
Warm'd by the genuine force of Heav'n's own fire,
To grace at once the sceptre and the lyre,
Our bard the pomp of state would oft resign,
To pay glad homage to the sacred Nine ;
Conscious his regal gems would brighter glow,
Twin'd with the wreaths the sacred Nine bestow.
Too well you know that in a sportive hour,
But rarely found amid the toils of pow'r,
He sunk beneath the fell assassin's rage,
Depriv'd of life when life could most engage,

* Father of the present exiled Monarch of that country.

In manhood's vig'rous prime—with fair renown,
 Heroic laurels blooming on his crown.
 Yet thus, alas ! untimely reft of all,
 His gen'rous nature triumph'd o'er his fall,
 In death's severest pangs revenge could quell,
 And plead for him by whose dire hate he fell !
 Then o'er his fate while Genius heaves a sigh,
 And Pity's tribute trembles in her eye,
 Oh ! guard his mem'ry from each hostile aim,
 Let not the ruthless critic wound his fame,
 But to his gentle shade due rev'rence pay,
 And plant upon his grave the British bay.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. GLOVER.

SAY ladies, on a drama can you smile,
 That aims your darling passion to revile ?
 Shall men at us direct their saucy wit,
 And we in patient diffidence submit ?
 That haughty sex, in spite of all their pride,
 Have little right our follies to deride :
 The self-same errors in themselves we see,
 And oft prevailing in a worse degree.
 Our harmless quarrels raise but tittle-tattle,
 Their mighty hate oft breeds a bloody battle ;
 And while each hero deals tremendous raps,
 Our direst warfare is but pulling caps.
 While men, inflam'd by mad ambition's fire,
 With rival rage to rule the world aspire,
 Not to such daring heights our wishes roam,
 Calmly content to keep the rule at home.

But let us grant, what these proud men declare,
 That curiosity's the woman's snare,
 Still 'tis a passion Wisdom must admire—
 What can we know if we must ne'er inquire?
 "Pray, dear Miss Busy, who's that handsome spark,
 That rides with Lady Ramble in the Park?"—
 "Lord, Child, what ignorance you'd fain pretend—
 You know it is her husband's dearest friend.
 And there you see the husband, on my life,
 Who always rides with his dear friend's dear wife."
 All this is well-bred chit-chat that proclaims
 The wit and knowledge of our modish dames.
 But what exalted topics shall we find,
 Employ the pow'rs of man's superior mind?
 And let us first attend the tonish race,
 The constant pest of ev'ry public place:
 What are their themes?—a bit of blood—a gig—
 A drinking bout—a bet—a new crop-wig—
 Of feats of valour where they ran away,
 Of debts of honour which they're forc'd to pay,
 On pain of being banish'd from the place
 Where sharpers are familiar with his Grace;
 Of wanton tricks beneath a boy at school,
 That shew at once the savage and the fool;
 In short, of ev'ry thing that gives offence
 To taste and feeling, decency and sense.
 But take these talkers from their own pert kind,
 A sullen gloom denotes an empty mind;
 Beauty neglecting, wit not understood,
 For aught except themselves mere men of wood.
 Such is the sprig of fashion of the day,
 Stupidly grave, or mischievously gay.

This mongrel can nor man nor woman suit,
 A torpid blockhead or a noisy brute.
 And what's the man of bus'ness that the dames
 Should bow submissive to his nobler aims?
 His happiness and knowledge centre all
 In the great chance that Stocks may rise or fall,
 And, should th' invaders land, his only care,
 Whether he clos'd his job as Bull or Bear,
 And Buonaparte might e'en storm the Tow'r,
 So he depress'd Consols one little hour.—
 Yet think not Britons, thus your worth we measure,
 By the mere slaves of bus'ness or of pleasure,
 Or aim with mean invective to degrade
 The men of fashion, or the men of trade :
 No—'tis the glory of this happy land,
 That Rank and Commerce here walk hand in hand ;
 That various ties, connecting every class,
 Combine the whole in one harmonious mass :
 No—still with pride your gen'rous hearts enfold
 The virtues that adorn'd your sires of old—
 Softness that melts at Beauty's potent charms,
 Courage that dares to meet the world in arms,
 And as the mistress and the monarch sway,
 Proud to protect, and happy to obey.
 Oh ! may the sacred bond for ever last,
 And England's future heroes, like the past,
 Together rising, one resistless host,
 Crush the vain foe that dares invade our coast ;
 And, all his desp'rate plans at random hur'd,
 In concord live, amidst a jarring world.

PROLOGUE

TO

"THE DISINTERESTED LOVER,"

A PLAY ALTERED FROM MASSINGER,

AND REPRESENTED AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE-

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

No puny offspring of a modern Muse
 To-night for critic favour meanly sues,
 'Twas born among the vig'rous wits of yore,
 A giant-race, whom Nature breeds no more.
 Who knows not MASSINGER?—an honour'd name,
 High on the records of dramatic fame,
 Whom the stern judges of a former time
 Pronounc'd but second to our Bard sublime;
 And though remote from SHAKSPEARE'S matchless
 height,

He knew the track, and kept the orb in sight.
 Since such the source from which our piece we draw,
 Britons receive the trust with duteous awe;
 Your sires of old gave sanction to the play,
 You need but think and act as well as they—
 They, placed so proudly on th' historic page,
 For deeds heroic, and for counsels sage!
 While Fame, exulting, tells you how they fought,
 Our laws can testify how well they thought,

Our laws, that, built on Freedom's noblest plan,
Assert each sacred privilege of man,
And guard, all partial slavish ties unknown,
With equal force the cottage and the throne.
May Britons still those glorious laws revere,
Aloof from innovation's mad career !
Still hold a bright example to mankind,
Nor happier modes expect abroad to find,
Assur'd, if freedom can on earth be found,
Her hallow'd dome is fix'd on British ground.

PROLOGUE TO " THE MAGIC BANNER."

THE poet of to-night so long has play'd
In wild luxuriance with the comic maid,
Well may he dread to rouse the critic's ire,
If to heroic heights his Muse aspire.
What ! he who sketch'd the follies of BOWKIT*,
And rifled LILLY's stores for LINGO's* wit,
Urge his bold course along th' historic way,
And awful ALFRED's peerless worth pourtray !
That sceptre'd sage, in simple garb, we know,
Lurk'd in the lines to watch his country's foe ;
But shall our wag, with frolic licence come,
And make the Patriot Prince a PEEPING TOM* ?
No, gen'rous Britons, chase the needless fear,—
He, like yourselves, can ALFRED's fame revere,

* Characters written by this author.

Nor think, with wanton levity, he draws
 The glorious founder of our matchless laws.
 But if, in roving mood, our bard should find,
 Some casual incidents of sportive kind,
 Let him to raise a harmless laugh essay,—
 No leaf is injur'd of the hero's bay ;
 That honour'd wreath, 'till Nature's gen'ral doom,
 Shall rear its foliage in perennial bloom.
 Nor you, fell critics, look with threat'ning mien,
 Because our bard on nobler tracks is seen ;
 If he with lofty Pegasus should prance,
 Like *SANCHO*, rais'd to regions of romance,
 He will but peep upon th' ethereal plain,
 And soon on humble Dapple trot again.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

ON THE BENEFIT OF MRS. BENSON'S FAMILY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

THE long historic track of time survey,
 Far as tradition sheds a dubious ray,
 Still Britain has beheld, with patriot pride,
 In her lov'd isle the Charities reside.
 Let but distress, whate'er the cause, appear,
 Lo ! Pity yields the sympathizing tear,
 And at her side Benevolence is found,
 To raise the helpless mourner from the ground.

Still, as of old, the sons of Britain feel,
 And her fair daughters share the gen'rous zeal ;
 One only contest in their breasts can glow,
 The noble rivalry to succour woe.
 Though Greece and Rome their ancient worth pro-
 claim,
 And God-like heroes of immortal fame,
 The deeds of valour which our annals grace,
 Attest that Britain boasts an equal race ;
 An equal race in each heroic part,
 With gentler virtues that refine the heart,—
 Virtues that tower above their proudest plan,
 That cheer, embellish, and ennoble man.
 Does Envy doubt ?—behold the smiling land ;
 On ev'ry side the domes of feeling stand ;
 Where Sickness finds a balm to sooth its pain,
 And Age and Want a ready shelter gain.
 Nor less the bounteous aim to spread relief
 Where Merit lingers in sequester'd grief,—
 Enough, they hear Affliction's faintest sigh,
 All volunteers where Sorrow's ensigns fly.

To-night, alas ! a melancholy train,
 For your protection plead, nor plead in vain,
 Three helpless infants, and the weeping wife—
 Untimely lost the prop and charm of life,—
 An aged pair—but what can words avail,
 To point your feelings to the hapless tale,
 When ev'ry eye the plaintive story tells,
 And ev'ry heart with lib'ral pity swells,
 Nor let th' officious Muse a theme prolong,
 That melts, yet animates, this gen'rous throng.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. STEPHEN KEMBLE,

AT NEWCASTLE UPON-TYNE,

AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS.

AT length, all terrors and all dangers o'er,
 I now behold my gen'rous friends once more,
 Those gen'rous friends whose persevering aid
 My simple efforts has so oft o'erpaid,
 So oft that Fancy tries in vain to find
 A language equal to my grateful mind.
 Yet let me say, that in the languid hour,
 When sickness bent me with her chast'ning pow'r,
 And Fate seem'd threat'ning near, the thought of you
 Cheer'd with a bright'ning grace the dreary view.
 For Hope then whisper'd to my drooping heart
 You haply bore a sympathizing part,
 And that, if skill should vainly try to save,
 A sigh from you would dignify my grave.
 My heart relied on Hope's inspiring strain,
 And her sweet magic sooth'd the rage of pain.
 Nor need that heart its glowing impulse hide,—
 No, I confess, and glory in my pride,
 To hear—what tidings could more flatt'ring be !
 You deign'd to feel a kind concern for me,
 E'en 'mid your ardour to requite the train
 Who bled for Britain on the warring main,

Those nobler sufferings, and whose triumphs there,
 Demand a nation's praise, a nation's care !
 Oh ! may those gallant guardians of our shore
 Still prop their country's honour as of yore !
 And may the bounty which their valour drew,
 Return in measureless amount to you.

PROLOGUE

to

MR. HOLMAN'S "RED CROSS KNIGHTS."

THOUGH fam'd CERVANTES, in the happiest vein
 Of sportive satire, lash'd the gallant train
 Who wander'd o'er the world to seek distress,
 To succour innocence, and wrongs redress,
 Yet those enthusiasts held to ardent youth
 The bright career of honour and of truth.
 Hence, with the Sage*, whom Virtue must deplore,
 Virtue may grieve that chivalry's no more.
 Exalted Sage ! whose glowing pen so well
 The fair desert of chivalry could tell !
 That prop of rank and sex,—that gen'rous pride,
 Which, while it bent, obedience dignified,—
 That rev'rence of the heart that still, we find,
 Serv'd with the spirit of a free-born mind,—
 That high disdain of all ignoble strife,
 A state's cheap guard,—that "unbought grace of life",

* BURKE.

"The nurse of manly sentiment",—the meed,
 As well as source, of each heroic deed,—
 That sensibility, with honour found,
 Which felt a stain as the severest wound,
 Which valour's fervid impulse could inspire,
 Without the fierce extreme of savage ire ;
 "Ennobling all it touch'd", with wond'rous charm,
 That, void of grossness, vice had less of harm !
 Such was the wreath departed genius bore,
 To deck a bold romantic race of yore.
 And all who judge them fairly must confess,
 That e'en their faults were virtues in excess.
 But now 'tis time to speak about our play—
 And hence our modest author bids me say
 That since the German stage yields such delight,
 He brings you something from that stage to-night ;
 A work that foreign wits with zeal admire,
 For genuine pathos, energy, and fire ;—
 If through his page its vigour has declin'd,
 At least its morals will be more refin'd.
 The heroes there all legal duties scorn*,
 And deem that man the prey of man was born,
 But champions here for virtue's sacred laws,
 All perils brave in truth's eternal cause.

* SCHILLER'S "ROBBERS."

EPILOGUE

TO

THE COMEDY OF "INDISCRETION."

How strange to find a man of reason choose
 So wild a scheme to seek the nuptial noose—
 Trusting to chance to fix his future fate,
 And *advertising* for a loving mate!
 And yet, for serious ills or idle vapours,
 What more can promise than the public papers?
 Is there a want that prompts the heart to sigh,
 Which their kind agency will not supply?
 Is health our object?—strait the blessing's found,—
 On ev'ry page the healing tribe abound;
 In vain may time and nature still conspire
 To quench the struggling spark of vital fire;
 The force of time and nature they defy,
 And 'tis a wonder and a shame to die!
 Deformity may bloom in novel grace,
 The papers tell her where to buy a face;
 Or if grey hairs are stealing from the head,
 Artists at once their auburn tresses spread,
 And youthful charms to tott'ring age can bring.
 "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans ev'ry thing."
 What can the public papers not achieve?
 Since all they say the gaping crowd believe!
 Would fame delight you?—here the secret lies,—
 That all may know your merits, advertise.

Valour may gain new laurels ev'ry day,
 Wit wear fresh wreaths of ever-springing bay,
 And Beauty, through all seasons to adorn her,
 Find fairest flow'rets deck the Poet's Corner.
 If wealth be all your wish, the glitt'ring ore
 Shall from a thousand veins profusely pour ;
 On a new project stake a trifling sum,
 And the return shall be at least a plum.
 The records of the day, sure none will doubt,
 Can make the Outs be in, the Ins be out ;
 And, of such force is their commanding station,
 A hint from them shall save or sink the Nation !
 If public prints such wond'rous pow'rs possess,
 No timid terrors should our bard depress.
 He oft, in former times, has found them kind,
 And hence their future aid may hope to find.
 But first, to gain their sanction to his cause,
 He needs the solid prop of your applause ;
 To their award to-morrow he must bow,
 Oh ! make it lenient by your favour now.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MR. LACY AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

IN early days, by fond ambition led,
 I dar'd in buskin'd state this ground to tread ;
 Lamented GARRICK lent his fost'ring aid,
 That scenic orb whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
 Blended in glory with his SHAKESPEARE's name,
 To blaze for ever o'er the realms of fame.

Then Fortune smil'd, and bade me proudly try
My unfledg'd pow'rs before a monarch's eye,
That Monarch, to each British bosom dear,
Whose sacred form stood Heav'n-defended here,
When near him harmless flew the threat'ning ball*,
Which wounding him, alas ! had wounded all !
Oh ! still may Heav'n his sacred life defend,
And long, for Britain's sake, retard its end.
If on a theme too lofty I aspire,
A theme so apt to kindle patriot fire,
Forgive the fond excesses of a zeal
Warm'd by an impulse that we all must feel.
But let me turn from this presumptuous flight,
To pour my thanks for your kind aid to-night.
No more I bask in Fortune's cheering ray,
Thoughtless I dash'd my cup of joy away,
No more a vot'ry for theatric fame,
My future hopes must take an humbler aim ;
The heartfelt duties of domestic life,
The helpless offspring, and the faithful wife,
Who sooth my sorrows, and those sorrows share,
Now guide my efforts, and engross my care.
Propt by the merits of the friendly train †,
Whose pow'rs to-night my feeble cause sustain ;
And favour'd with a gen'rous shelter here—
While such kind patrons of that cause appear,
Though angry Fortune turns her steps aside,
Who once could pleas'd beneath my roof abide,
If still the Goddess should at distance roam,
Your smiles can beam content upon my home.

* This Address was spoken just after the event alluded to.

† The Performers.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF "ADELAIDE."

SPOKEN BY MISS MELLON.

WHAT an odd creature was this Gallic maid,
 To seek a cloister's melancholy shade,
 Whilst a young ardent lover, high in arms,
 Submissive bow'd before her conqu'ring charms!
 Grant that the father would supplant the son—
 The double vict'ry by her graces won,
 Should but have fir'd the nymph to keep the field,
 In the proud hope a thousand more might yield;
 Beauty should gain new laurels ev'ry day,
 And nobly aim at universal sway.
 Besides, to give some glory to the thing,
 Her venerable victim was a king—
 And then how vast the triumph to ensnare
 The fam'd gallant of Rosamond the Fair!
 Unhappy Rosamond, whose piteous fate,
 Love with a sigh for ever shall relate!
 But to our play—the heroine's case was hard,
 So oft to wedlock near, so oft debarr'd;
 And then that meddling priest to interfere,
 When youthful passions urg'd their fond career,
 Bid the poor swain to Palestine depart,
 That he might lose his head as well as heart.
 Why, if the man had known his place aright,
 He would not sep'rate lovers, but unite;

His duty was to join love's gentle elves,
 And as to parting,—leave it to themselves :
 Or, if there needs another's help, at least,
 'Tis bus'ness for the lawyer, not the priest.
 Nay, had this legate paus'd a week or so,
 The spouse might then have been content to go,
 And rather rush amid the martial strife,
 Than wage close warfare with a wrangling wife.
 Well ! women must be strangely chang'd, I vow,
 No girls from lovers fly to convents now ;
 None here will hide in dismal dens from man,
 But range the world, and conquer all they can.
 Now to our bard—the man pretends to say
 There's more of truth than fiction in his play ;
 If so, from him avert all hostile aim,
 And e'en let gossip Hist'ry bear the blame.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

“ LIFE'S VAGARIES.”

'Tis strange that authors, who so rarely find
 Their pray'rs can move an audience to be kind,
 Still send, with piteous tone, and look forlorn,
 The Prologue forth to deprecate your scorn.
 Such doleful heralds, which would fain appear
 The timid struggles of a modest fear,
 The surly critic views with jealous spleen
 As the dull presage of a duller scene.

In vain, the dread hostility to calm,
 E'en potent Flatt'ry tries her soothing balm,
 Pity's a crime his lofty soul disdains,
 And his pride feasts upon the poet's pains.
 Yet now no critic rancour need we fear,
 For lib'ral Candour holds her empire here,
 Candour who scorns for little faults to pry,
 But looks on merits with a partial eye.
 And sure a bard whose Muse so oft has found
 The happy pow'r to kindle mirth around,
 Though, in her sportive moods, averse to trace
 The rigid forms of action, time, and place,
 While gen'rous objects animate her view,
 May still her gay luxuriant course pursue ;
 For, 'mid her whims, she still has found the art
 To press a useful moral on the heart,
 With just contempt the worthless to discard,
 And deal to virtue its deserv'd reward.
 So aim'd the bard*, (if haply we may dare
 Our humble scenes with noblest strains compare,)
 The favour'd bard, whose Muse could mirth afford
 To ease the cares of Rome's imperial lord,
 Who, in her satire, frolicsome and wild,
 Gave vice the deepest wounds while yet she smil'd.

* HORACE.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

"THE WELSH HEIRESS."

"SHOOT folly as it flies!"—Such is the game
 At which, 'tis said, the comic Muse should aim;
 The darker passions that the heart deform,
 And spread o'er groaning states the moral storm,
 Are pompous themes the sportive maid resigns
 To swell her solemn sister's lofty lines.
 Yet, when she fain would strike such tow'ring prey,
 The serious damsel takes the safer way,
 Though proud, yet prudent, wounding guilt too high
 To wake in you the self-reproaching sigh;
 In sluggish apathy you careless sit,
 Nor smart for crimes that you could ne'er commit.
 But in the comic province who shall dare
 To touch the faults that haply you may share?
 For conscience then might strengthen the appeal,
 And bid you crush what forces her to feel.
 For virtue zealous, and disdainful awe,
 E'en fear'd by those too mighty for the law,
 The Stage through ev'ry station vice has tried,
 And honest Satire has her lash applied.
 Hence, while the comic Muse must fear to wound,
 She still is doom'd to course o'er beaten ground,
 Again bring forward what too well you know,
 Or, if a novelty, some monster show.

To-night our bard *, who long has struck the lyre,
 A modest minstrel of the plaintive choir,
 Attempts for once a harmless laugh to raise,
 More dreading censure than presuming praise;—
 One point we fairly in his cause may plead—
 For know he dares to touch the scribbling breed.
 Dares strip from dull conceit its bold pretence,
 And shew an author may be void of sense.
 Then let your candour countenance the grace
 That freely owns the follies of his race.
 And sure our bard e'en malice needs not fear,
 (Could malice lurk in specious ambush here,)
 E'en she may yield her pittance of applause
 To him whose vent'rous pen a brother draws,
 For, while thus sportive on a scribbling elf,
 Our simple poet may deride himself.

EPILOGUE

TO

“ THE WISE MAN OF THE EAST.”

SPOKEN BY MRS. H. JOHNSTON, IN THE CHARACTER OF RUTH.

FRIENDS, peradventure, ye may deem it strange
 That from my peaceful sect I thus should range,
 And choose to join in wedlock, undismay'd.
 A suitor in terrific red array'd.
 But, verily, my feelings to confess,
 I trust when married he'll put off that dress,

* The late EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Esq.

And when my loving help-mate shall require,
 I too, perchance, may cast off this attire.
 Besides, as he expounds his martial creed,
 True heroes are of Nature's noblest breed,
 Who hazard all to quell the foes of peace,
 That wicked strife 'twixt human-kind may cease.
 If so, this soldier well my hand may claim,
 Our modes may differ, but our view's the same ;
 And though in marriage he should hold a truce,
 And turn his sword to some domestic use,
 Yet since his purpose with my doctrines suits,
 I e'en may give him leave to raise recruits.
 But there are beings who in war delight,
 Blest when a poet's blooming hopes they blight :
 Like their old sire, the serpent, prone to hiss,
 And always on the watch to poison bliss ;
 Critics, I think, they're call'd, a restless crew,
 Who strike instinctively at all that's new.
 Now, though our tribe, averse to hostile harm,
 Bids man in ire ne'er lift his fleshly arm,
 Yet if these critics come to damn this play,
 'Twill be but right to buffet them away.
 There's a kind rule of action, as I hear,
 Term'd gallantry, which gen'rous souls revere ;
 Meaning, no doubt, when stript of vain parade,
 That manly strength should female weakness aid.
 Oh ! may that courteous rule each bosom move
 Our sister author's labour to approve,
 For since to mend the heart that labour tends,
 Ye all to-night should prove a sect of " Friends."

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

" THE VOTARY OF WEALTH."

WELL, though our bard has tried his utmost art
 To shew how riches will pollute the heart,
 No doubt his labour has been all in vain,
 And poverty will ne'er one convert gain.
 How could the man attempt a task so bold !
 And what, forsooth, can authors know of gold ?
 An ore that rarely darts on them a beam,
 Unless, perchance, in hope's delusive dream ;
 Hope, that misleads them through life's weary way,
 And scarcely leaves at last the barren bay.
 What ! wean the human heart from love of pelf—
 A toil too hard for Hercules himself.
 Nay, that great hero, as we learn in story,
 Strove for a little gain as well as glory ;
 Else why engage the dreadful scaly brute,
 If not to grasp the rich Hesperian fruit ?
 Hence av'rice is a passion not so odd,
 Since, as we find, it mov'd a demi-god.
 'Twas also said of yore, the female tribe
 Are frail as men when tempted by a bribe.
 And mighty Jove, with all his boasted pow'r,
 Was forc'd to woo amid a golden show'r.
 Oh ! wond'rous charm of all-persuasive gold,
 That fires the timid, and subdues the bold !

Gold, that can give an upstart blockhead fame,
 And make a fawning crowd his wit proclaim ;
 That lends deformity resistless grace,
 O'erthrows the mighty, and exalts the base,
 Great substitute for learning, genius, worth !
 Despotic sov'reign of adoring earth !
 But let me check the rash injurious thought,
 For in this court no verdict can be bought.
 Here merit safely may assert its plea,
 While candour regulates the mild decree.
 And by that candour one who oft has tried
 Its gen'rous force, his fate must now abide,
 In hopes one error more will pardon find ;
 Since to his others you've so long been kind.

PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF " SHE'S ELOPED."

HOMER, the tale we know was trite through Greece,
 Wander'd from town to town to chaunt each piece
 Of that stupendous whole, whose pow'r sublime
 Still gains new honours from approving time.
 And thus our bard, if haply we may dare
 With mighty HOMER such a bard compare,
 Anxious to please you, with his motley plays
 From theatre to theatre he strays,
 At length oppress'd with more than usual fear
 He brings his last dramatic labour here*.
 HOMER, we also learn, in age was blind,
 And ne'er could in his rambles Fortune find ;

* Drury-Lane Theatre.

Here the comparison applies too well
 Our hapless author's kindred fate to tell ;
 For he, alas ! forlorn in life's decline,
 No more shall view " the human face divine " ;
 He too has journey'd through the world in vain,
 To trace the path that leads to Fortune's fane.
 'Tis true, that when the Grecian bard was dead,
 Fame plac'd immortal laurels on his head ;
 But, since such lofty honours are decreed
 To poets only of Homeric breed,
 And ne'er shall grace our humble author's brow,
 Let him obtain a little profit now.—
 Here let me stop—for having told his state,
 'Twere insult to beseech a lenient fate,
 A hint's enough to ev'ry British breast,
 And gen'rous sympathy will prompt the rest.

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

"LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN."

LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN—such is the useful rule
 Our Bard holds forth to ev'ry whining fool.
 The plan's not new—a sage of ancient fame
 Liv'd but to laugh—DEMOCRITUS his name.
 Happy within, let Fortune smile or low'r.
 His scheme was to enjoy life's transient hour.
 When ills assail they're heavier made by grief,
 Laugh at them, and at once you find relief.

The faintest breath that's whispered in a sigh,
 Is still so loud, it makes acquaintance fly ;
 They think there's something in the sound of sorrow,
 Too like an omen that you mean to borrow.
 Shew you can treat with humour ev'ry care,
 They crowd around you in the mirth to share;
 And, while with smiles you cover your distress,
 Perchance with open hand their bounty press ;
 For, as to favours, most we see will grant 'em
 With readiest zeal to those who least may want 'em ;
 Like rivers that with hasty current strain
 To pour a needless tribute to the main.
 Thus laughter is good policy we find,
 The surest method to make people kind ;
 And when of patrons joking is the test,
 The debt is easy—pay them with a jest,
 And I pronounce, spite of each formal prater,
 Laughter the true philosophy of nature.
 But laughter's fitted for a nobler end,
 And, when with satire leagued, is virtue's friend :
 Potent allies ! that strike the proud with awe,
 And humble vice above the reach of law.
 In one apt, well-known, rule to sum up all,
 A rule that should restrain the critic's gall,
 Formed on a kind, and hence a British plan,
 " Laugh where you must, be candid where you can."

PROLOGUE

TO THE PLAY OF

"SIGHS, OR, THE DAUGHTER."

THE title of our play, at least, is new,
 'Tis hard to make the subject novel too.
 All scenes of passing life the theme supply,
 For where's the heart without its secret sigh !
 And hence our bard an arduous task has tried,
 Since judges must be found on ev'ry side.
 The Scenic Muse has drawn, from age to age,
 The sighing race, on her impartial page,
 And, while the motley tribe her thoughts review,
 She sighs herself in vain for something new.
 The Miser, as she shews you, o'er and o'er,
 Amid exhaustless wealth, will sigh for more,
 And, could he drain the springs of fortune dry,
 Still, still, for more his selfish soul would sigh.
 The Lover, drooping in the silent shade,
 Is an old dealer in the sighing trade,
 And let the nymph in wedlock ease his moan,
 He'll sigh again, perchance, to sigh alone,
 Or if with tender cares he still should pine,
 His sighs are wafted to another shrine,
 The Hero's swelling bosom sighs for fame,
 To grant his wish is but to spur his aim ;
 O'er earth if his victorious banners fly,
 For other worlds to conquer still he'll sigh.

The Poet sighs to lift his laurell'd head
 Triumphant o'er the living and the dead,
 At last he sighs for wreaths to deck his tomb,
 And flourish round it in eternal bloom.
 The Critic hunts for faults with eager eyes,
 And only o'er an author's beauties sighs,
 While you, with lib'ral zeal, those beauties praise,
 And sigh if Envy's breath should blight his bays.
 In short, through wise and weak, and great and small,
 The stage has shewn that sighs intrude on all,
 And let poor mortals gain whate'er they will,
 A sigh for something must possess them still.
 To-night our author too with sighs appears,
 The panting progeny of flutt'ring fears.
 He fears, alas ! the weakness of his cause,
 And sighs most anxiously for your applause,
 Yet, should he gain it, 't will but raise new sighs
 For merit to deserve so rich a prize.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS*,

ON THE

INTRODUCTION OF MASTER BETTY AT THE THEATRE
 ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

SPOKEN BY MR. CHARLES KEMBLE.

IMPATIENT for renown, all hope and fear,
 How many a candidate has ventured here !

* This Address was written by desire of the late Mr. KEMBLE,
 who was prevented by indisposition from speaking it, before the
 author saw Master BETTY perform.

Where dawning merit ne'er has miss'd its aim,
 But reach'd, by due degrees, the heights of fame.
 But now, unheeding study's arduous cares,
 (So Rumour, with her hundred tongues, declares.)
 A youth your favour courts, whose early prime
 Derides the tedious growth of ling'ring Time;
 Mature at once, when Nature urg'd he strove,
 Like Pallas starting from the brain of Jove.
 Yet think not though on Fortune's swelling tide,
 In rapid course, exulting Fame his guide,
 Think not he comes with vain triumphant sail,
 Nor dreads the danger of an adverse gale.
 Though crowds on crowds have join'd in fond acclaim,
 Through his bright track, to bear aloft his name,
 And, to complete at length his bold career,
 Have sent his little bark in safety here,
 Not pride but gratitude has warm'd his breast,
 And hence alarm his modest doubts suggest,
 Lest that applause has been, with gen'rous rage,
 Not lavished on his genius but his age.
 He knows the temper of a British mind,
 For merit zealous, but to error kind,
 Nor can he deem his honours justly due,
 "Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you."*

* SHAKESPEARE.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE

"ROMANTIC LOVER, OR, LOST AND FOUND."

THOUGH shrewd old judges of the drama say
 The Prologue's piteous plaints ne'er sav'd a play,
 It comes, you see, with due decorum now,
 To make its usual deprecating bow.
 Besides, as bards so long its pow'r have tried,
 Omission might but rouse offended pride,
 And turn its force in aid of critic spite,
 If custom were defrauded of her right.
 Here then, with humble hope and spirit meek,
 We strive your usual candour to bespeak.
 'Tis but a needless task, the world must own—
 Britons were always by their candour known;
 Whate'er the court, the same mild rules prevail,
 And mercy still is thrown into the scale.
 A "Lover" and "romantic", such a name
 May well attention from the ladies claim.
 Romance—'tis ardent, gen'rous and refin'd,
 The fond excess that marks a noble mind,
 It spreads endearing grace o'er all below,
 Bids Nature with increas'd luxuriance grow,
 Gives night a softer calm, and day a richer glow:
 It makes the fire of honour brighter shine,
 And adds a ray, oh ! Virtue, e'en to thine.

So far the title of our drama's plain,
 And hence from all will surely favour gain,
 For if the spirit of romance should thrive,
 "The Age of Chivalry" would soon revive,
 If chivalry, indeed, e'er left that earth,
 Where Glory gave immortal NELSON* birth.
 But "Lost and Found", our title's second part—
 What can it mean? Is it a wand'ring heart,
 That heedless lost, nor could regain its rest,
 'Till haply it had found a kindred breast?
 Or is the thing that's lost some common toy,
 The vulgar source of casual grief or joy,
 That, whether lost or found, can little move
 The fervid vot'ries of romantic love?
 Aye—"there's the rub";—then let the curious try
 If into future scenes their skill can pry.
 Knowledge would only expectation pall,
 So wait with patience, and we'll tell you all.
 Meanwhile, our Author, who before has found
 The public favour on dramatic ground,
 Must on a sea of anxious fears be tost
 Lest all he found should here at once be lost.
 Yet, 'mid his fears, this truth sustains his mind,
 A truth in ev'ry British heart enshrin'd,
 Your pride is to be just, your pleasure to be kind.

* This Prologue was written just after one of the glorious
 achievements that preceded the memorable victory which de-
 prived England of its great naval hero.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

"TO MARRY, OR NOT TO MARRY."

To smooth the haughty critic's rigid brow,
 A female author asks for kindness now ;
 A female *, not a stranger, we confess,
 But one all gratitude for past success.
 A play's an arduous task the men admit,
 Though they possess the 'vantage ground of wit ;
 The task to woman is still more severe,
 And well may she approach with double fear.
 Custom to her that range of life denies,
 Which ampler views to lordly man supplies ;
 He, unrestrain'd, can ev'ry class survey
 That mark the myriads of the grave and gay ;
 Hence can his talents take a boundless sweep,
 And richest crops of character may reap,—
 But woman, fixed within a narrow scene,
 What man o'erlooks must be content to glean.
 Thus for the suppliant of to-night we plead,
 Lest you should think she brings a motley breed
 Of local humour or of magic birth,
 For gaping wonder, or for giddy mirth.
 The passions chiefly have engag'd her art,
 Drawn from the close recesses of the heart,
 Where some just shooting into life she spies,
 And others swelling to a monstrous size :

* The late Mrs. INCHBALD.

In all, her anxious hope was still to find
 Some useful moral for the feeling mind.
 To form a simple tale has been her aim,
 And Comedy might seem too proud a name.
 An humble shrub it may indeed be found,
 But not a baleful weed from foreign ground.
 No—'tis her pride, at least, if vain her toil,
 The Muse has rear'd it on the British soil.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

How vain are the resolves of fickle man !
 Woman controls him, do whate'er he can.
 Spite of his formal books and lofty carriage,
 Our studious lord was mark'd for love and marriage.
 But then how strange to slight a dame of fashion,
 And for a simple girl conceive a passion !
 Hence we may see that nature will prevail,
 When art, with all her various aids, may fail.
 But will that nature last, if spouse should snub—
 Or fashion not attract her—"there's the rub"—
 Within that vortex, which so many draws,
 Who next may whirl, must make a lover pause :
 Fashion, with nature constantly at strife,
 The husband may ensnare, as well as wife,
 Fashion, that ev'ry day new objects gives,
 And, though 'tis always dying, always lives,
 That makes us fondly seek, with humour pliant,
 A budding ROSCIUS, or a full-blown giant ;

Fashion—but hold—I quite forget the play—
 Male critics you to-night can nothing say.
 Ladies, the Prologue told you very true,
 Our present candidate is one of you.
 In this fam'd land, which all the world reveres,
 People are tried by juries of their peers ;
 You in this cause are then our chief resort,
 The men are but spectators in the Court :
 If you condemn, they will, of course, submit—
 Set them a kind example, and acquit.

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. MUDIE, IN THE THEATRE AT WINDSOR.

FAIN would I tell, good friends, ere yet we part,
 What grateful feelings animate my heart,
 But all my tongue, in labour'd phrase could say,
 Too weak would prove those feelings to display.
 The gen'rous patronage I here have found
 Might make me vain, for this is classic ground—
 The fav'rite haunt of ev'ry tuneful maid,
 Where Genius consecrates each grove and glade—
 But that protection you to all extend
 Who strive to please you, or who need a friend.
 Soon shall I leave you for an ampler scene,
 Yet fond remembrance still will hither lean,
 And justly too, for if my humble name
 Can boast some portion of theatric fame,
 From your applause the flatt'ring honour came.

Nor think, should I escape from critic rage,
 And rise to favour on a prouder stage,
 Whate'er that favour, it could more endear
 Than the kind praise that cheer'd my efforts here :
 No !—the lov'd record will through life remain
 " Within the book and volume of my brain."

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

"TOWN AND COUNTRY."

"FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sov'reign sway",—
 Says the gay record of a peaceful day,
 And still, though dread convulsions shake the ball,
 Before her throne conflicting nations fall.
 Howe'er they else may differ, each agrees
 In full accord with her august decrees ;
 Decrees she changes with the passing wind,
 Yet all in turn a prompt obedience find.
 E'en Britain, that all other force disdains,
 Submits to her caprice, and courts her chains.
 Shall, then, a bard with rash presumption tow'r,
 And dare rebel 'gainst her imperial pow'r !
 Yes—let the subject world the sway confess
 Of this wild tyrant o'er the realms of dress,
 But let her baleful licence ne'er annoy
 The sacred confines of domestic joy ;
 Ne'er tempt the husband wayward chance to try
 Where ruin hovers o'er the fatal die ;

Or, wrapt in gallantry's alluring 'guise,
 The slighted wife's unguarded hour surprise.
 When fashion thus employs her direful art,
 To warp the passions and pollute the heart,
 The Scenic Muse her empire should disown,
 Indignant rise, and pull her from her throne.
 And hence our zealous bard, no stranger here,
 Attempts to check her in her mad career ;
 Well may he hope to gain in such a cause,
 What oft before has cheer'd him, your applause ;
 Aid then his efforts for so just an end,
 And Fashion may appear as Virtue's friend,
 So shall your kindness lead our rising youth,
 To honest nature and to simple truth.

PROLOGUE

TO

" THE WANDERER,

OR, THE RIGHTS OF HOSPITALITY."

FROM distant realms, and from a former day,
 Our bard * derives the subject of his play—
 A subject that might then some int'rest own,
 But now, alas ! is too familiar grown—
 A prince's fall in struggling for a throne.
 Yet, as the story from that soil we bring,
 Which still can boast a gallant patriot king ;

* Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE.

A king who direst vengeance firmly braves,
 Scorning a timid troop of sceptred slaves,
 Sure we may well disclaim th' ignoble fear,
 That such a theme will e'er be slighted here,
 Where virtuous monarchs all with pride revere.
 Yes, we in Sweden lay our scene to-night,
 Sweden, that still maintains a nation's right,
 That still in faithful bands with Britain draws,
 Though all besides desert her sacred cause.
 Hail ! great GUSTAVUS, worthy of that line
 Which in historic rolls conspicuous shine ;
 May Heav'n propitious view thy glorious stand,
 And keep thee leagued with freedom's sea-girt land,
 So rescued nations may their rights regain,
 And Europe trample on her tyrant's chain.
 But if, heroic prince, thou too must fall,
 In vain resistance to o'erwhelming Gaul,
 Britannia o'er thy fate shall heave a sigh,
 And, still unmov'd, a threat'ning world defy.

THE people of this country cannot but contemplate, with sincere regret, the fate which has befallen Sweden since the above lines were written; but they must feel no slight degree of pleasure to find that its gallant monarch has escaped from the tyrant of the Continent, as well as of national pride that this country can afford the illustrious hero a safe asylum.—*Note to Edition of 1811.*

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

ON THE

APPEARANCE OF MRS. CLARKE IN THE CHARACTER OF THE
GRECIAN DAUGHTER, AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

SPOKEN BY MR. COOKE.

THOUGH hostile rage, so long within these walls,
Has rais'd a tempest that each heart appals,
A female candidate comes forth to-night,
Who knows your kindness equals all your might.
Hence on that kindness she e'en now relies,
While the winds roar, and while the billows rise*.
For whatso'er may Britons rouse or vex,
With pride they still protect the gentler sex.
But though our novice ventures free from dread,
Lest the storm burst on her defenceless head,
Yet when her daring enterprize she views,
The danger awes her, and her pow'r subdues,
For fear that critics, a terrific train,
Her efforts should reject as rash and vain.
Success, indeed, those efforts oft have found,
And Hope has cheer'd her on provincial ground,

* These lines were written during the disgraceful riots at Covent Garden Theatre, in the season of 1809, when the public seemed to have lost all sense of justice and decency, and the magistrates all authority. Not a word that was uttered by the fair candidate on this occasion was suffered to be heard.

But here 'tis said that judgment holds her seat,
 And sages more profound and rigid meet.
 Well—still she dares to urge her humble plea,
 Since mercy softens ev'ry stern decree.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

ON THE REPRESENTATION OF

“HENRY THE FIFTH,

OR, THE CONQUEST OF FRANCE,”

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PATRIOTIC FUND AT LLOYD'S
 COFFEE HOUSE.

YE loyal train who patronize this night,
 To aid the suff'rers for a nation's right,
 While thus your hearts with patriot feelings glow,
 How must your zeal depress the vaunting foe!
 He aims destruction on our isle to bring,
 We to defend it and our virtuous king;
 He boasts of freedom, while her hand he braves,
 And hopes to conquer us with goaded slaves,
 Slaves who, to aggravate their grief and shame,
 An upstart alien's iron scourge can tame.—
 But let him come, with all his menac'd ire,
 In wonted league with “famine, sword, and fire.”*
 Yes—let him come, and be our vengeance hurl'd
 In just defence of freedom and the world!

* Vide Henry the Fifth.

In such a cause what Briton would not bleed !
 In such a righteous cause we must succeed.

The Hero whom to-night we bring to view,
 In scenes as bold as e'er our Poet drew,
 Dar'd, with a band his spirit rous'd, advance,
 And beat on her own soil this braggart France ;
 And Agincourt has fix'd his glorious name
 On the bright annals of eternal fame.
 Shall then her ruffian hosts our land assail,
 And one, e'en one, return to tell the tale ?
 No—" All the youth of England are on fire," *
 To meet these base invaders all aspire,
 All burn to emulate their sires of yore,
 And spread a living rampart on our shore ;
 A rampart that shall there as firmly stand
 As the white cliffs that guard and grace the land.
 Nor shall th' historic Muse, when on her page
 She marks the virtues of this patriot age,
 Forget the noble train assembled here,
 To raise the orphan, dry the widow's tear,
 To Valour honours and rewards impart,
 And kindle bounteous zeal in ev'ry heart,
 But in that glowing page with pride reveal
 The present tribute of that bounteous zeal,
 While future Britons, by the deed inflam'd,
 " Will stand a tip-toe when this night is nam'd." †

* Henry the Fifth.

† Ibid.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MANUSCRIPT COMEDY OF

"THE TATLERS,"

WRITTEN BY DR. HOADLEY, AUTHOR OF "THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND."

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN, ON HIS BENEFIT.

THE slightest sketches from a master's hand,
 Though faintly colour'd, and though roughly plann'd,
 The critic of true taste delighted eyes,
 Nor lets one added touch profane the prize.
 To-night, with equal rev'rence, we regard
 The treasur'd relique of a sprightly bard,
 Who, while the passing modes capricious range,
 And, struck by fashion's wand, each moment change,
 With Nature's potent charm shall always please,
 In "honest RANGER's" wild and sportive ease,
 That jovial rake who, flush'd with wine and youth,
 Yet guards with purest homage female truth.
 But once our author's Muse essay'd the stage,
 That troublous sea where critic tempests rage,
 Yet no weak fears subdu'd the scenic aim,
 Lest storms should shatter all his former fame ;
 He check'd imagination's active fire,
 In fond submission to his mitred sire.
 Our bard, indeed, this filial tribute paid,
 Yet still he toy'd with the poetic maid,

Her genial influence hidden, not suppress,
 Through life he cherish'd in his glowing breast ;
 For they who love the Muse are still the same,
 And but with life expires the noble flame.
 Long was the Drama we to-night display,
 By filial duty kept from open day,
 But death at length dissolv'd the sacred tie,
 And friendship yields it to the public eye.
 Sure he thus favour'd by the gen'rous meed,
 May hope that your applause will grace the deed—
 Not that the kindness you so oft have shown,
 Prompts the vain thought of merits of his own,
 But that his grateful feelings rest the claim
 On the firm base of HOADLEY's honour'd name.

Ah ! then what genius left from envy save,
 Nor crush the flow'r now rising on the grave,
 So may that flow'r to latest ages bloom,
 And ampler laurels dignify his tomb.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

“MANAGEMENT.”

A WELL-KNOWN Muse, who labours once a-year,
 And oft has found a safe Asylum here,
 Though critic storms a mother's fears excite,
 With her new offspring ventures forth to-night.
 Conscious the features must betray the sire,
 She seeks for no disguise of vain attire,

What honest nature gave she brings to view,
 And, for a kind adoption, rests on you.
 Yet haply now with reason she appears
 Oppress'd with more than e'en maternal fears,
 For, since she last enjoy'd your fost'ring smile,
 A German rival's charms have caught our isle.
 But, though she knows that rival's favour'd race,
 With daring force, combine a soft'ning grace,
 She knows, besides, that one of native breed
 May always hope with Britons to succeed.
 And hence, though Fashion call her bigot-fool,
 She takes no lesson from a foreign school,
 But with a patriot pride she lets you know,
 "'Tis English, English, sirs, from top to toe."
 While on your wonted candour we rely,
 And Fashion's rage with patriot pride defy,
 Think not our author sees with jealous pain
 Exotic merit British laurels gain—
 No!—when to Albion's hospitable shore
 Misfortune flies, protection to implore,
 Or genius, darting from a distant sphere,
 That mental Comet, spreads its radiance here,
 May Britons glow with philanthropic fire,
 Eager alike to cherish and admire.

PROLOGUE

TO A FARCE ENTITLED

"THE DEVIL OF A LOVER."

NATURE, we find, in these surprising days,
 Holds little share in novels or in plays,
 Stale are her works, and short must be her reign,
 For haughty Fashion treats her with disdain.
 Both sexes now, "supt full with horrors", write,
 And strive not to amuse you, but affright.
 The clank of chains, the turret's hideous roar,
 The rustling arras, and the creaking door,
 The gloomy dungeon, and the forest drear,
 The midnight moan, the spectre gliding near,—
 These are the arts that touch the feeling breast,
 With terror's charms delightfully distrest;
 These are the arts that on the world bestow
 The dismal luxury of senseless woe.
 Works such as these, purloin'd from tales of yore,
 Enrich the nurse's legendary store,
 For aught besides, in meaning and in use,
 Below Tom Hickathrift and Mother Goose*:
 Manhood should treat the bugbear-breed with scorn,
 By Dulness foster'd, and of Folly born,
 Fantastic things fit only to engage
 The bearded babies of a childish age!

* This Prologue was written many years before the pantomime of "Mother Goose" appeared. Tom Hickathrift will doubtless in due time receive the same dramatic honours.

How long will this debasing rage endure !
 And when will sober Taste the madness cure !
 When will she chase these idiot-phantoms hence,
 And writers turn once more to truth and sense !
 But since poor Nature can no longer charm,
 And we must not divert you, but alarm,
 Submissive always to the ruling bent,
 We'll strive to scare you to your heart's content.
 Now to our bard, who sends me here to say,
 That he's a dealer in the spirit way ;
 But, proudly spurning each inferior elf,
 Dauntless he dares to raise the devil himself !
 As some appall'd may shun the dreadful view,
 Lest, when so near them, he may seize his due,
 Know, timid friends, to shield you from his rage,
 His magic circle's bounded by the stage ;
 Nay more, that ladies may not swoon with fright
 At the bare thought of such an ugly sight,
 Our demon's figure they may safely scan ;
 Like Bottom's lion, he's a simple man.
 Then let him haunt this house for many a night,
 For here he'll prove a very harmless sprite,
 And, trust the Muse in her prophetic rhyme,
 He will not come to fetch you—till your time !

PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF "CHEAP LIVING"

FROM the Stagyrte, fam'd as a critic profound,
 To the Tyros who now in our island abound,
 It has still been allow'd that to write a good play
 Is a task somewhat hard, whether solemn or gay.

Such, indeed, was the case when the world was but
young,

And from Nature's rough hand bold originals sprung,
Ere the polish of manners had levell'd each class,
And strong-featur'd characters mark'd the whole mass.
Yet a dramatist then, from examples so rife,
Need but just look abroad, and take copies from life,
But mankind, since those days, have been sketch'd
o'er and o'er,

And the Stage can but give what it oft gave before.
Nay, one mighty genius, with wonderful art,
Pervaded our nature, and ransack'd the heart,
Hence the works from his hand are so vivid and true,
That time can but merely retouch what he drew.
After such a description, if SHAKSPEARE we name,
'Tis but saying what time must for ever proclaim.
Since, therefore, the Stage has exhausted our race,
And has shewn each degree, through the marvellous
space,

From the sage to the fop, from the good to the base,
A dramatist now can but hold up his glass,
And simply exhibit the times as they pass ;
Content to pick up, as he saunters along,
Some anomalous creatures that start from the throng.
And such we presume to bring forward to-night,
But our author indulges no personal spite ;
He draws from the species, and thinks he may say,
You may find of such beings a tribe ev'ry day.
To prevent disappointment, but not to forestall,
To one little hint your attention we call,
For this 'tis but right we should state of his plan—
You must fancy a female is really a man.

Not merely conceal'd in the virile array,
 But a man, bonâ fide, throughout the whole play.
 This we tell as it else might your feelings perplex,
 Since she pleases so much in her own proper sex*.
 And now of this dread, but this merciful court,
 A bard full of terrors once more begs support,—
 Ah ! kindly adopt the new brat of his brain,
 You have often endur'd him, endure him again.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

WELL, how d'ye like the mode of "living cheap",
 What others sow with care with ease to reap ?
 Our friendly bard has shewn you all the way—
 To share in ev'ry thing, yet nothing pay.
 This SPUNGE is really an ingenious man—
 Yet he but practises a modish plan :
 Yes—he but represents a num'rous kind,
 For ev'ry family its SPUNGE may find.
 What are to them the burthens of the state ?
 Let grov'ling industry sustain the weight.
 What is to them the mean parochial tax,
 Who bear like snails their mansions on their backs ?
 Should tradesmen clamour, and should writs assail,
 The remedy's at hand—a friend must bail :
 A friend whose liberty is oft the price
 That gives new scope to folly and to vice.
 In short, at once the shifting tribe to draw,
 A race of robbers not proscrib'd by law.

* MRS. JORDAN, who performed a male character in this Comedy.

Yet while our bard would lash these men of prey,
 Who live by shuffling arts from day to day,
 Who, merely for some manual calling made,
 Pretend to genius, and disdain a trade,
 Ah ! ne'er can he attempt, with wanton mirth,
 To wound the man of real wit and worth.
 To him if Fate the glitt'ring ore deny,
 Wealth should with gen'rous pride the want supply.
 For he, allur'd by Fancy's dazzling rays,
 Like summer myriads by the solar blaze,
 Like them too, thoughtless of the winter's cold,
 The while surrounding sweets their charms unfold,
 The world regarding as a transient toy,
 And life's true aim the present to enjoy,
 Fondly relies on Fortune's future care,
 And leaves the dull her solid gifts to share.
 He gives the festive board its highest zest,
 Amid the pride of rank, a nobler guest ;
 In his bright noon of life caress'd by all,
 Till, for new fav'rites, Fashion dooms his fall.
 A chequer'd fate his waning years endure,
 Rever'd yet slighted, fam'd and yet obscure,
 At length distress o'erwhelms him, friendship flies,
 He droops unnotic'd, and forgotten dies !
 And now, ye moral sages, spare the play,
 That strives to rout the locusts of the day ;
 So may the SPUNGES live no more on spoil,
 But useful prove, and thrive by honest toil.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

INTENDED FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. KING,

WIDOW OF MR. KING, THE ACTOR.

"ALAS! poor YORICK!" well these words apply
 To him whose shade now claims a friendly sigh,
 Whose mem'ry draws a kind assemblage here,
 The drooping widow's closing days to cheer.
 You knew him long, and warmly will attest
 His genial pow'r to animate the jest,
 With lines correct, and with expression true,
 From Nature all his characters he drew:
 Not the mere fleeting phantoms of the mode,
 Who wing their transient course o'er Fashion's road,
 Intent to trace those features of the mind,
 That, spite of time and chance, will stamp mankind.
 "Where are thy gibes," and where thy "gambols"

now,

Of pow'r to smoothe the sternest critic's brow;
 Thy sportive sallies, an exhaustless store,
 That "wont to set the public in a roar"?
 Alas! all vanish'd, like the passing wind,
 "No fix'd effect, no model leave behind."
 But though, as sings the bard* in lasting lays,
 An actor's merit with himself decays,
 While rival arts to future fame aspire,
 And distant ages shall their works admire,

* SHERIDAN'S MONODY ON GARRICK.

Though dark oblivion will that merit hide,
 "Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied,"
 Yet still, while social worth is understood,
 And duly valu'd by the wise and good,
 The name of KING on scenic rolls shall dwell,
 And though his comic skill they fail to tell,
 At least they shew in life he acted well.

PROLOGUE

TO

"THE SCHOOL FOR REFORM."

IN due obedience to old Custom's right
 The Prologue comes to pay its court to-night;
 But with no mean petitionary air,
 Which true-born Britons must disdain to wear.
 A bard whose Muse has gain'd your smiles before,
 By hope embolden'd, ventures here once more.
 Nor is that hope to vanity allied,
 The swelling produce of o'erweening pride,
 But rais'd upon your merits, not his own,
 The grateful tribute laid at Candour's throne.
 If there be critics here who come by rule
 To judge our drama by the Grecian school,
 From sages so profound in ancient art,
 Our author's simple refuge is the heart:
 To that soft arbiter he dares appeal,
 Assur'd of lenity from those who feel.

And think not ye of nicer modern mode,
 He means to dramatize the penal code *
 If, slighting well-bred vice, for once he draws
 A plain and homely victim of the laws ;
 Some latent good we in the worst may scan,
 To claim the sympathy of erring man.
 Then blest be they † whose lib'ral hearts combin'd
 To sooth the horrors of the guilty mind,
 And, with a genuine philanthropic glow,
 Have rescued Innocence from want and woe :
 Amid the charities which grace our land,
 Their honour'd fabric shall conspicuous stand.
 No more the friendless orphan shall despair,
 Secure of shelter and of succour there ;
 Hence future times shall guard the hallow'd dome,
 The school of virtue, and the wand'rer's home.

PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF "THE WILL."

No new offender ventures here to-night,
 Our present culprit is a well-known wight,
 Who, since his errors with such ease obtain
 A pardon, has presum'd to sin again.
 We own his faults, but ere the cause proceed,
 In mitigation let us something plead.
 If he was found on Fashion's broad high-way,
 There vice and folly were his only prey,

* Vide "THE CRITIC."

† The Philanthropic Society.

Nor had he, in his perilous career,
 E'er put a single passenger in fear ;
 All his unskill'd attempts were soon o'erthrown,
 And the rash youth expos'd himself alone.
 Let us the objects he attack'd review,
 Unhurt they all their wonted course pursue.
 Bards still to bards, as waves to waves, succeed,
 And most we find are of the VAPID* breed,
 A truth perchance 'tis needless to declare,
 For soon to-night a luckless proof may glare.
 Still lawyers strain their throats with venal fury,
 Brow-beat an evidence, or blind a jury :
 Still the high-gamester and obedient mate
 Veil deep-laid schemes in hospitable state :
 Pharo, though routed, still may justice dare,
 Fine a few pounds, and many a thousand share.
 Still can our bucks of fashion, arm in arm,
 March six a-breast, and meaner folks alarm,
 Still saunter through the street with callous ease,
 And jostle worth and beauty as they please,
 Still, drunk in theatres, with savage ire,
 Bid sense and decency abashed retire,
 Or, more to dignify superior life,
 Cheat their best friend of fortune and of wife.
 If such the times, in vain may Satire toil,
 And her weak shafts must on herself recoil.
 As some may wonder why our bard is found
 Poaching for prey on this unusual ground,
 Why thus his old and fav'rite haunt forsake,
 Familiar to each secret dell and brake,

* The Comedy of " THE DRAMATIST."

The simple truth at once we fairly own—
 His subt'lest toils were in that covert known.
 The bushes he had beaten o'er and o'er,
 For some new quarry, but could start no more.
 Hence he resolv'd a vain pursuit to yield,
 And abler sportsmen left to range the field.
 Besides, so many lenient trials past,
 Well might he fear to suffer there at last.
 At length to this dread court he trusts his fate;
 Where mighty critics sit in solemn state.
 But sure that Candour will assert her claim,
 He scorns to skulk beneath a borrow'd name,
 And since no bad intention sway'd his mind,
 Whate'er the deed, it must indulgence find,
 Nor should a rigid sentence drive him hence,
 For here* at least it is his first offence.

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. STEPHEN KEMBLE, IN THE THEA'

ROYAL EDINBURGH.

SAGES who trace the windings of the heart,
 Declare that man reluctantly will part,
 E'en from the object of his hate before,
 When he that object must behold no more.
 Ah ! then what anxious moments I must prove,
 In leaving those who claim respect and love—

* Drury-Lane Theatre.

Whose kind support through life will be imprest
 Deep in the glowing tablet of the breast.
 Oft has my humble skill essay'd to shew
 The various movements of fictitious woe,
 But now my struggling heart feels grief sincere,
 And my last looks bear no dissembled tear.
 Though many a future candidate for fame
 May court your favour with a nobler claim,
 Yet none that favour can more highly prize,
 None, none can leave you with more grateful sighs.
 And now, indulgent, gen'rous friends, farewell,
 Words would but poorly my emotions tell.
 Yet let me say, with her *, by fate severe,
 Constrain'd, like me, from what her heart held dear,
 Like me, too, propt by hopes once more to view
 All that engag'd her ling'ring fond adieu,
 " Good night—good night—parting is such sweet sor-
 row,
 That I could say good night 'till it be morrow."

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY LADY PERROT AT THE HAYMARKET
 THEATRE.

BEFORE you retire will you suffer a heart,
 With gratitude flowing, its thanks to impart !
 Ah ! stay, gen'rous patrons, a moment, and take
 The only return that I ever can make :

* JULIET.

The only return that your feelings require,
 Which find their reward in the deeds they inspire.
 No merits had I to deserve your kind care—
 The victim of Fortune, Calamity's heir.—
 No plea in support of my suit could I press,
 Unfriended, unknown, but the plea of distress.
 'Twas enough, and there needs not the proof of to-
 night

That Britons acknowledge distress as a right,
 A right, far above each political plan,
 Enroll'd on our nature to bind man to man.
 And what better proof can the trumpet of Fame,
 When sounding the virtues of Britain proclaim,
 Than her kindness to Gallia's unfortunate race,
 A deed that her name more than triumphs will grace!
 You ask not the cause why they throng to your
 shore—

Are they strangers?—unhappy?—there needs nothing
 more;

All hearts with the noblest emotions expand,
 And succour instinctively springs from each hand.
 Ah! pardon the warmth of a zeal that would dare
 To add a fresh sprig to the laurels you wear;
 May those laurels a verdure eternal display,
 May you ne'er feel the woes you're so prompt to allay,
 But may Fortune her changeable humour subdue,
 And smile with a fondness unceasing on you.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

FOR THE

INTRODUCTION OF MR. FOOT, IN THE CHARACTER OF
HAMLET, AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THINK not ye sages, who, terrific sight,
Here meet to try the novice of to-night,
Your matchless bard's accomplish'd prince to see,
"Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pié."
If in our candidate you hope to find
That bright creation of a poet's mind,
Haply you'll soon have reason to declare,
"Oh! HAMLET, what a falling off was there!"
"Distill'd to jelly by the act of fear,"
Before this dread tribunal to appear,
He waits, his awful purpose full in view,
"Thaw'd and almost resolv'd into a dew."
Too conscious of the merit you possess
To brave comparison's invidious test,
He hopes to shun the rigid critic's hiss,
When looking "on that picture, and on this."—
No "glass of fashion" he, no "mould of form",
Yet, while his feelings with the poet warm,
Should he come near "the cunning of the scene",
He trusts you'll own he wears no borrow'd mien.
Ye judges then, who "bear a wary eye",
If with his faults some merits you descry,

If he shew more, in Nature's simple track,
 Than " customary suit of solemn black ",
 Let but your kind applause command his stay,
 Through life " in all his best he will obey."

PROLOGUE

TO THE PLAY OF

"LOVERS' VOWS."

POETS have oft declar'd, in doleful strain,
 That o'er dramatic tracks they beat in vain,
 Hopeless that novelty will spring to sight,
 As life and nature are exhausted quite.
 Though plaints like these have rung from age to age,
 Too kind are writers to desert the stage,
 And if they fruitless search for unknown prey,
 At least they dress old game a novel way.
 But such lamentings should be heard no more,
 For modern taste turns nature out of door,
 Who ne'er again her former sway will boast,
 Till, to complete her works, she starts a ghost.
 If such the mode, what can we hope to-night,
 Who rashly dare approach without a sprite!
 No dreadful cavern, and no midnight scream,
 No resin flames, nor e'en one flitting gleam,
 Nought of the charms so potent to invite,
 The monstrous charms of terrible delight.
 Our present theme the German Muse supplies,
 But rather aims to soften than surprise;

Yet with her woes she strives some smiles to blend,
 Intent as well to cheer as to amend,
 On her own native soil she knows the art,
 To charm the fancy and to touch the heart.
 If then she mirth and pathos can express,
 Though less alluring in an English dress,
 Let her from British hearts no peril fear,
 But "as a stranger" * find a welcome here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

"HOW TO PLEASE AND HOW TO TEASE."

SPOKEN BY MR. JONES.

"GOOD-HUMOUR only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past."
 Such is the homage which the poet pays
 To that pure source of all-enliv'ning rays,
 That moral planet, steady, clear and bright,
 Which owes to conscious worth its cheerful light.
 Good-humour well may claim a higher pow'r
 Than merely length'ning beauty's transient hour,
 And may a nobler province justly boast,
 Than o'er her triumphs, and her captive host ;
 For whatsoe'er vicissitudes arise,
 When unexpected glooms involve the skies,

* HAMLET.

Let but good-humour spread its potent spell,
 Misfortune smiles, and still the world goes well.
 And hence our bard employs his humble Muse
 Th' endearing grace to cherish and diffuse ;
 To smoothe the current of domestic life,
 When storms the husband, or when frets the wife ;
 To teach them how to shun th' insidious art,
 Which hints that pleasure may be found apart ;
 To make them firmly on themselves depend,
 And in each other find the surest friend.
 Such is our author's zealous aim to-night,
 That duty may be blended with delight ;
 And should we proudly climb, or widely roam,
 To shew that bliss is only found at home ;
 Then, whatsoe'er the single drones may say,
 The wedded swarms will surely like our play,
 For if they need no lesson " how to tease ",
 They'll learn the happier knowledge " how to please ".

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

ON THE

INTENDED APPEARANCE OF SIGNORA CATALANI

AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

'Tis said,—but prejudice may cease to rail,
 For Britons will disdain th' injurious tale,—
 'Tis said, vile calumny, a hostile throng,
 Deaf to the voice of candour and of song,

Have here conven'd with unrelenting rage
 To drive a harmless female from the stage !
 What Britons,—who, when honour points the way,
 To rescue nations from a tyrant's sway,
 Despise what force or climate can oppose,
 And deem the foes of freedom Britain's foes,—
 At unoffending woman rudely aim—
 Forbid it gallantry—forbid it shame !
 We know, indeed, you look with patriot pride
 On all that native talents can provide,
 But still we know, as envy must confess,
 Impartial in your zeal to cheer distress,
 Let e'en your foes in helpless need appear,
 They always find a safe asylum here.
 And shall it then of Britons e'er be said,
 While with prompt bounty foreign want they aid,
 That foreign merit shall dismay'd retire
 From the dread fury of their hostile ire ?
 No—peevish spleen shall genius ne'er appal,
 With kindred ardour you'll attend its call,
 For genius Nature gives, the parent of us all.

PROLOGUE *.

YE potent sages, ere you try the cause,
 For one short plea allow a moment's pause,

* This Prologue was intended for a play written by Mrs. COCKLE, author of several approved works on education, as well as of poetical merit. The play had been accepted by the Ma-

A plea resistless with all gallant men—
 For know our play is from a female's pen.
 Hence then the poetess may fear disclaim,
 Since gallant men and Britons are the same.
 A woman's faults they freely will excuse,
 And welcome aught of merit in her muse.
 Exempt from panic therefore she appears,
 Your judgement awes her, but your candour cheer~~s~~.
 We might in her behalf urge something more,
 She ne'er approach'd theatric paths before,
 Humbly content to form the moral page
 And lure to useful truth the rising age.
 Fashion, perchance, our drama may despise,
 Because no goblins and no phantoms rise,
 Because we tread not on enchanted ground,
 And all our perils are in nature found :
 Fashion who bids us direst spells prepare,
 As if we please you most, when most we scare.
 'Tis not enough that war such havoc makes,
 And hapless Europe to her centre shakes ;
 'Tis not enough that every day supplies
 Innum'rous themes for Pity's deepest sighs,
 The poet, too, must wear a dismal mien,
 And add new horrors to the passing scene.
 Yet while we censure the fantastic rage
 For fabled terrors, in this mournful age,
 Ne'er can we cease to love the plaintive Muse
 Who strives the soft affections to diffuse ;

nagers of Drury-Lane Theatre, and the characters assigned to
 the respective performers, but the lamentable fate of that
 theatre intercepted the hopes of the author, and the pleasure of
 the public.

Whose magic strains can yield a sweet relief
 To drooping fancy and despairing grief;
 Whose joys are tender, gen'rous, and refin'd,
 Whose pain is pleasure to the feeling mind;
 Who aims the heart to soften and to mend,
 Of woe the solace, and of worth the friend.
 Such is the Muse who wounds us but to charm,
 Nor madly toils to sadden or alarm.

If Britain still indulge the strange delight
 In works design'd to torture or affright,
 May real ills fall only on her foes,
 And all her sufferings be fictitious woes.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

INTENDED FOR THE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES OF
 SOME MILITARY GENTLEMEN AT CANTERBURY.

CRITICS, avaunt, unless, what's rare to find,
 Ye come with feelings tolerant and kind,
 Dispos'd, when novices for favour plead,
 To cheer the will to please, whate'er the deed.
 But hence of critic spleen the needless fear,
 For none but friends are now assembled here.

Bred with Bellona for the martial shock,
 And quite unskill'd to wear the sportive sock,
 We throw aside for once the sword and shield,
 And rashly venture in Thalia's field.
 Thus, Ladies, you perceive our constant care
 Is still to join the service of the fair,

Whether to war's fierce dame our vows are paid,
Or fondly offer'd to the comic maid.

Then should you deign to crown us with applause,
With ardour we'll resume our country's cause;
And whatsoe'er the honours we may gain,
We still shall wear with triumph beauty's chain,
But if to-night our bold attempt should fail,
'Twill prove a harmless Canterbury Tale.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE THEATRICAL FUND.

"AMID the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim."
Thus says a living bard, whose plaintive lays *
Record the Stage's boast of former days.
Too well, contrasted with our fleeting date,
He marks the painter's, sculptor's, poet's fate,
And shews, while they in their achievements live,
To latest times new pleasure still to give,
No charm an actor's transient skill can save,
Which sinks with him for ever in the grave!

Alas! an actor's hopes, as well as pow'r,
Are still dependent on the passing hour;
With fashion doom'd a constant war to wage;
Surpris'd by sickness, or subdu'd by age;
While potent rivals may each day arise,
And bear from vet'ran worth the hard-earn'd prize;

* SHERIDAN'S Monody on GARRICK.

Expos'd to novelties of ev'ry kind,
 That shake his influence o'er the public mind :
 The blows of Fortune, too, who none will spare,
 And all " the shocks to which the flesh is heir."
 Besides external jills, which, though severe,
 May well be borne in life's domestic sphere ;
 Which stop not emulation's vent'rous aim
 In other paths to fortune and to fame,
 But if they e'er befall our hapless train,
 Ambition's crush'd, and talents all are vain ;
 For actors maim'd no longer must appear,
 Since fiction only sues for pity here.
 To close th' ungracious theme, though now we own
 That equal justice guides our mimic throne,
 Too oft are actors fated to obey
 Capricious, partial, and despotic sway.
 No wonder, then, such various dangers nigh,
 If oft our tragic heroes really sigh,
 Or if our comic troop, 'mid all their wiles,
 Conceal an anxious heart with labour'd smiles.

But hence these gloomy thoughts on such a night,
 Nor let one cloud o'ercast this cheering sight,
 A sight that proves, howe'er your taste may range,
 Tir'd with the present, eager for a change,
 If sorrow pleads, your feelings ne'er can veer,
 And bounty still will be the fashion here.

PROLOGUE

TO

" THE ROUND ROBIN,"

A MUSICAL FARCE,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY THE LATE CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE vet'ran bard who courts your favour now,
 Might fairly hope to smooth the sternest brow ;
 For oft your sires have heard him with delight,
 And hence, indeed, your kind support to-night
 May well be offered as a filial rite :
 At length, by time subdu'd, no more he sings,
 Yet still with patriot warmth he strikes the strings.
 When first with youthful hand he touch'd the lyre,
 Our naval heroes rous'd his Muse's fire,
 And long as Britain for their valour calls,
 Or their dread thunder ev'ry foe appals,
 His songs will echo through her wooden walls,
 Prompt them with dauntless ardour to the fight,
 And cheer on Saturday their jovial night.
 Nor only for our heroes of the main
 He tun'd his lays, but for our martial train,
 Who urge in distant lands their glorious way,
 To rescue nations from a tyrant's sway :
 For them the votive strain he pours with zeal,
 His fav'rite object still his country's weal.
 While Britain's heroes chiefly claim'd her song,
 His Muse has vary'd with life's motley throng ;

Yet ne'er from virtue have you seen her stray,
 Whether she struck the plaintive or the gay ;
 Whate'er the changes of her tuneful art,
 His purpose still was to refine the heart ;
 And all his countless labours only tend,
 By pleasing means, to gain a moral end.
 Shall then the vet'ran, in declining age,
 By sickness doom'd to quit the public stage,
 See his last hope destroy'd by hostile rage ?
 No—gen'rous Britons, though ill-nature snarls,
 Poor Jack's " Sweet Cherub " will protect OLD
 CHARLES.

PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF " POLICY."

SPOKEN BY MR. WALLACK.

OUR author chose a comprehensive name,
 Since policy's the universal aim ;
 For mark mankind, from infancy to age,
 Each fondly fancies that he's arch and sage ;
 When reason dawns, then int'rest too appears,
 And policy impels our earliest years ;
 Blended with pride, it tempts the selfish boy,
 By little arts to gain a favorite toy ;
 Trace him through life, in whatsoe'er condition,
 Still he is prone to play the politician ;
 A purchase or a gift will quickly tire,
 As wanting proofs of genius, vigour, fire ;

And hence, too oft, in vain is moral preaching,
 Since there's such vanity in over-reaching.
 How few who search for Fortune's bright abode,
 Contented tread Plain Dealing's open road ;
 Each rather bends his own peculiar way,
 By surer means to pounce upon his prey ;
 Himself to gratify, he toils for fame,
 Philosopher, bard, hero, just the same.
 E'en Beauty will not on her form depend,
 But tries accomplishments to gain her end.
 Allies with native charms the pow'rs of art,
 For poor were else her conquest o'er the heart.
 Yet think not we severely paint mankind,
 Since private motives all in union bind,
 And with the poet we may well proclaim,
 That " true self-love and social are the same."
 Can you then wonder, that our author too,
 To-night comes forward with a selfish view ?
 He boasts no worth beyond the common lot,
 And strives to win your favour by a plot.
 Nay more—we own each woman here, and man,
 Will do the best to aid him in his plan ;
 Yet may we add, whilst thus we now combine
 With eager zeal to second his design,
 'Tis no mean policy that prompts our zeal,
 But grateful ardour all are proud to feel.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE COMEDY OF

“ S M I L E S A N D T E A R S . ”

SPOKEN BY MR. W. ABBOTT.

as our drama's sov'reign lord proclaims,
 : scenic art to copy Nature aims,
 shew the times their manners as they pass,
 l characters reflect as in a glass,
 paint the world in all its motley strife,
 : gay and dread vicissitudes of life ;
 e Vice in splendour, Virtue bent to earth,
 e pining Want, and here luxurious Mirth,
 e airy Fashion, and her gaudy shows,
 e maniacs sportive 'mid the worst of woes—
 en must the comic Muse from nature stray,
 en laughter holds an undivided sway ;
 such, alas ! are all the scenes around,
 l where can pleasure unalloy'd be found ?
 l man must struggle with a chequer'd fate,
 ate'er his climate, and whate'er his state ;
 ice if to-night our author should appear
 deviate rashly from his proper sphere ;
 e suspend the ludicrous and gay,
 l at the shrine of Pity homage pay,
 truth and reason will his cause defend,
 l, spite of formal custom, heed his end ;—
 from the drama seek for barren joy,
 ich, to the mind well-balanc'd, soon will cloy,

But, in the words of that illustrious sage*,
 Whose works shall moralize each future age,
 All lighter feelings of the heart forego
 "For useful mirth and salutary woe."

TRIBUTARY ADDRESS

TO

THE PATRONS OF THE NEW MUSICAL FUND.

DENYS† no more shall join the festive board,
 Nor yield a boon from Charity's full hoard ;
 That noblest hoard, within his gen'rous heart,
 Still prompt where'er he kindness could impart,
 Yet, while such liberal patrons now combine,
 The flame of charity shall brightly shine ;
 Music shall still an ample succour find,
 And, while it charms the ear, exalt the mind ;
 Still shall its vot'ries emulously try
 For age and want a shelter to supply ;
 So may our Fund its annual standard rear,
 And gain new strength through ev'ry future year.

While royal SUSSEX too shall grace the chair,
 Good humour, manly sense, will flourish there ;

* Dr. JOHNSON.

† The late PETER DENYS, Esq. gave a thousand pounds to the New Musical Fund on one Anniversary, besides his other benefactions.

Nor less his zeal, with his fraternal band,
At Pity's call, to take their ready stand,
To foster genius, advocate distress,
And feel the godlike privilege—to bless !
To cherish freedom, guard our sacred laws,
And found their rights upon the public cause.
Hence shall the House of BRUNSWICK firmly rest
On the sure base of every British breast.

PROLOGUE

TO THE LATE MR. TOBINE'S PLAY, ENTITLED

“THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.”

SPOKEN BY MR. POPE.

THOUGH living merit well may critics dread,
 Yet sure their candour will protect the dead,
 And Envy's self permit the flow'r to bloom
 That only sheds its fragrance on the tomb.
 Such is the flow'r that we transplant to-night,
 Nor need we fear from you a sudden blight :
 From you, who still impart, with shelt'ring care,
 The fost'ring sunshine and the balmy air.
 'Tis yours to make the bud with vigour shoot,
 To spread the foliage and to fix the root,
 And hence our play, whate'er its worth may be,
 Whate'er its fate, may urge one soft'ning plea—
 The bard has long been deaf to praise and blame,
 His kindred only can enjoy his fame :

That bard whose emulative hopes could soar
 To write as British poets wrote of yore,
 And trace the steps of those gigantic men,
 The mighty masters of the scenic pen,
 BEAUMONT and MASSINGER, and rare OLD BEN.
 Here where the rival Muses wont to reign,
 As if Old Drury were their own domain,
 Here, then, let Genius from the grave arise,
 To claim new laurels, as his rightful prize.
 The scenes we now produce from TOBINE came,
 Whose former works must ratify his claim.
 Guard, then, the relic; to his mem'ry shew
 That well-earn'd praise he did not live to know;
 In Fame's proud temple place the votive play;—
 His "HONEY-MOON" shall guide you on the way.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

ON THE

RE-OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE,
 ON SEPTEMBER THE 12TH, 1818.

SPOKEN BY MR. H. JOHNSTON.

ONCE more Old Drury now her standard rears,
 Sustain'd by hopes, yet not exempt from fears;
 Internal feuds have check'd her onward course,
 And law has interpos'd its awful force,
 But concord here, we trust, will soon revive,
 And for your smiles with emulation strive.

1, we know, is stronger e'en than law,
 1 mankind can in her circle draw :
 elty her stamp such pow'r conveys,
 1 may Genius spread its splendid rays,
 1 neglect its brightest beams may fade,
 1 Obscurity's o'erwhelming shade.
 the spot where GARRICK rais'd his name
 gling radiance with his SHAKSPEARE's fame;
 : SIDDONS *, tragedy's unrivall'd queen,
 ure vivid, dignified the scene ;
 : SHERIDAN, our boast, whom all admit
 nd CONGREVE in the realms of wit,
 'd those realms with humour that shall live,
 olish'd mirth to latest ages give ;—
 ie “fell sergeant Death” has borne away,
 ird has abdicated scenic sway,
 ll their spirit hovers o'er the place,
 eason, truth, and energy to grace ;—
 hese, so long admir'd, to fashion yield,
 lents droop on the deserted field ?
 Taste, upheld by you, with noble pride,
 Fashion scorn, or lead to merit's side.—
 Still this spot to mem'ry shall be dear,
 sing genius find protection here.

. SIDDONS acquired her transcendant reputation in
 ane Theatre.

PROLOGUE

FOR

THE TRAGEDY OF "DE MONTFORT."

To-NIGHT a play we venture to restore,
 Which has receiv'd your kind support before ;
 Some variation has been made, we own,
 In due submission to the critic throne,
 But with a cautious hand, and anxious care,
 That nought the moral lesson should impair.
 Form'd on the model of a distant age,
 When BEAUMONT, FORD, OLD BEN, enrich'd the
 stage,
 Who more regarded substance than the style,
 Nor deign'd their words fastidiously to file,
 Our play was not design'd for scenic art,
 But in the studious shade to move the heart ;
 One cherish'd, fatal, passion to subdue,
 Which, more indulg'd, more mis'ry must ensue ;
 Hatred is now the melancholy theme,
 Ah ! would 'twere only a poetic dream !
 Yet view mankind, through ev'ry clime and age,
 How oft we mark its unrelenting rage ;
 Hatred, but not like ZANGA's, for a blow,
 Or poor OTHELLO's, wrought by jealous woe,
 But Envy's baleful offspring, that could wind,
 With serpent venom, round a noble mind,
 And, spite of all reflection, there control
 Each virtuous impulse, and o'erwhelm the soul.

Lost are those pow'rs * that could so well sustain
The frail DE MONTFORT, and benignant JANE,
By all esteem'd in their domestic sphere,
And with unfeign'd respect remember'd here.
If they who try those characters to-night
 Should fail to touch you with the same delight,
 Yet, glowing with an honest pride, they feel
 Their skill may be surpass'd, but not their zeal.

PROLOGUE

TO

"THE VESPERS OF PALERMO."

SPOKEN BY MR. ABBOTT.

SAD is the story we to-night relate,
 Among the dire vicissitudes of fate ;
 A truth recorded in th' historic page,
 To shew the perils of tyrannic rage ;
 To aim, in freedom's cause, the patriot stroke,
 And at her call to spurn a foreign yoke.
 In such a cause each British heart must feel,
 And hail the scene with sympathizing zeal ;
 A cause, like air, expanding unconfin'd,
 To breathe its vital spirit o'er mankind.
 If, with the public ills that mark the tale,
 The softer cares of hapless love prevail,

* The late Mr. KEMBLE and Mrs. SIDDONS.

Know 'tis a female bard * supplies the theme,
 And love o'er female bosoms reigns supreme.
 A female bard, who, not unknown to Fame,
 To patriot laurels boasts a rightful claim.
 Warm'd by the fire that blas'd in ancient days,
 Oft has her harp been tun'd to Cambria's lays,
 That bards had sung their freedom to maintain,
 While ev'ry mountain echo'd with the strain.

Ladies, for your support we need not sue,
 Assur'd you all will render honours due ;
 With fond indulgence you our play will scan,
 Proud that your sex can rival haughty man.

Beaux, if 'mid modern manners, beaux remain,
 The gallantry of former days sustain ;
 Beaux then by female favour held their breath,
 A smile was Paradise, a frown was death !

Critics, to-night assume a gentle brow,
 With fost'ring smiles receive a female now ;
 To honest DRYDEN's just remark adhere—
 " It is not to be wise to be severe."

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

INTENDED TO BE SPOKEN BY STEPHEN KEMBLE, ESQ.

WELL, here, good folks, you see, I venture back,
 Again to wear the semblance of OLD JACK,
 Again with madcap HAL my revels keep,
 And hear " the chimes at midnight " in East Cheap.
 Perchance again to woo the " MERRY WIVES",
 Or lead a troop that seem to " march in gyves ",

* MRS. HEMANS.

To boast the wonders of the Gadshill fight,
 And strive, at least, to "body forth" the knight.
 If spleen should hint I'm FALSTAFF but in size,
 The churlish sneer your candour will despise;
 Or wags should taunt me on my portly state,
 'Twere but poor wit to say the charge has weight;
 On SHAKSPEARE's themes how few can stand the test!
 Then friends forgive me, since I'll do my best.
 Yet should my humble efforts prove in vain
 To-night your former kindness to regain,
 No more on tavern-benches will I loll,
 No more I'll fondle on my knee poor DOLL;
 HAL may go hang in "heir-apparent garters",
 I'll homeward turn, and "keep a farm and carters"*,
 To BARDOLPH, PISTOL, PETO, bid adieu,
 To POINS, DAME QUICKLY,—all the motley crew,
 But grieve, indeed, to take my leave of you.

EPILOGUE

TO THE PLAY ENTITLED

"SWITZERLAND."

SPOKEN BY MRS. W. WEST.

No longer now CAMILLA I appear
 In humble guise to court your favour here;
 Contented to become a peasant dame,
 Yet still I glow with freedom's hallow'd flame,

* POLONIUS.

That hallow'd flame, which, fann'd by fost'ring time,
Will spread its light o'er ev'ry age and clime.

But must I now dull Custom's rule obey,
To sport on topics of the passing day?
Degrade the lofty Muse, whose power supplies
The moral theme that warns us to be wise?
No! e'en a peasant's heart must proudly swell,
Born on the land that boasts her WILLIAM TELL!
He who, disdainful of despotic ire,
Blending the patriot's with the parent's fire,
Rous'd his indignant countrymen, and broke
With virtuous energy a foreign yoke;
'Till Switzerland no more with tyrants strove,
Free as the winds that o'er her mountains rove.

But why declaim I thus on freedom here?
For Britain long has been her fav'rite sphere;
Britain, by her inspir'd, who led the way,
And rescued Europe from oppression's sway;
Britain, whom Afric's claim with zeal incites,
Nor deems that colour cancels human rights.

Now to our drama.—Need I smiles implore
For her whose Muse has charm'd you oft before? *
Thaddeus of Warsaw—does not ev'ry soul
Glow at the name of that heroic Pole?
Does not your sympathy with her retire
To rural quiet at the "Pastor's Fire"?
'Twas she who rous'd you with the martial strife,
'Twas she who sooth'd you with sequester'd life—
Her's too the "Scottish Chiefs", who nobly stand
To grace and to protect their honour'd land.

* MISS JANE PORTER.

Must she then dread the critic's frown or sneer,
 And see her blooming laurels blighted here ?
 No !—all who freedom love will aid her cause,
 In gen'rous rivalry of just applause ;
 And Virtue, to reward her moral page,
 Hail with delight her triumph on the stage.

PROLOGUE

FOR THE TRAGEDY OF

"CAIUS GRACCHUS."

TO-NIGHT our vent'rous poet dares presume
 To touch the story of immortal Rome.
 Oh ! that his Muse could with the theme aspire,
 And animate the scene with Roman fire ;
 Then might he catch the patriot's noble zeal,
 And ev'ry Briton kindred ardour feel,
 Then might his heroes Latian spirit shew,
 Reflect like BRUTUS, and like CASSIUS glow :
 To proudest heights of ancient virtue soar,
 And Britain hence become like Rome of yore.
 Yet let us not, while Roman worth we trace,
 Forget the merits that our annals grace,
 If we the poesy of Rome admire,
 Struck by the charms of MARO's lofty lyre,
 Have we not SHAKSPEARE, glory of the land,
 Whom Nature moulded with all-bounteous hand !
 Nor can the ROSCIUS, TULLY gave to fame,
 Eclipse in radiance GARRICK's deathless name.

Our patriots, RUSSELLS, SIDNEYS, claim a sigh,
 Who for the public welfare dar'd to die,
 Patriots whose names in British records live,
 And to our sons their bright example give.

Nor let us, while to native worth we bow,
 Forget the patriot zeal that struggles now :
 Lo ! Greece to break her galling yoke essays,
 And pants to realize Homeric lays,
 Deems life, in freedom's cause, a glorious loss,
 If o'er the crescent tow'rs the hallow'd cross.
 Spain, too, though bent by foreign force to-day,
 To-morrow may throw off th'opprobrious sway,
 Spread the pure flame of liberty around,
 And tyranny on earth no more be found.

Our bard, though proud of past success, not vain,
 Warm'd by your kindness, offers Rome again :
 He bends beneath the grandeur of the theme,
 Yet fondly yields to Hope's alluring dream,
 Assur'd all here to lenity incline,
 And feel the moral poet's well-known line—
 " To err is human, to forgive divine."

PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

" ORESTES IN ARGOS."

SPOKEN BY MR. COOPER.

THE modern stage, a mark for critic spleen,
 Has oft been censur'd for its gaudy scene,

Where modest Nature, roughly cast aside,
 Yields to vain grandeur and equestrian pride.
 But shall the Muse, whose efforts are design'd
 To mould the passions and enlarge the mind,
 Fail to receive appropriate honours here ?
 No ! with due splendour let her still appear,
 Resistless sov'reign o'er the smile and tear.

When, in the prime of Greece, the stage began
 To represent, and thence enlighten, man,
 To form a moral school for after times,
 To nurse his virtues, and restrain his crimes,
 Low was its origin, obscure, and mean,
 And all its pregnant glories unforeseen ;
 At length the State its high importance saw,
 Its pow'r, by Fancy's aid, to strengthen law ;
 Then spacious domes were rais'd, and Genius came
 To spread by scenic arts the patriot flame.
 The tragic poets then, by rule severe,
 Aim'd less to soften than to thrill with fear ;
 The dread vicissitudes of life to shew,
 And scare the guilty mind with penal woe.
 The play we bring to-night that plan pursues,
 And takes the theme from their immortal Muse.

Critics, whate'er defects you now may find,
 A mournful plea will tempt you to be kind—
 Our bard was snatch'd away by sudden fate,—
 Such is the plea, nor need we more relate,
 For sympathy will shed a gen'rous tear,
 And grace with bay the cypress o'er his bier.

PROLOGUE

TO THE EXTRAVAGANZA OF

" GIOVANNI IN IRELAND."

SPOKEN BY MR. COOPER.

CRITICS ! withhold your awful frowns awhile,
 And seek with us to-night our sister isle,
 Where Nature revels in her vivid green,
 And storied beauties animate the scene.
 There Royalty will stretch a parent hand,
 And soon with added blessings cheer the land ;
 Soon heavenly Peace her balmy sway resume,
 And Erin spread around her richest bloom.
 Of late our Stage with mimic grandeur shone,
 Reflecting splendours of the British throne :
 That throne where Freedom guards the subject's right,
 And where benignant Mercy tempers Might.

New scenes of regal pomp to-night we shew,
 Scenes that should make each Irish bosom glow.
 Hibernia's patron saint his knights shall view
 In banner'd dignity, with honours due.
 Long may his sons uphold their martial fame,
 His friends to succour, and his foes to tame ;
 Long may the sister isles accord with pride,
 Nor aught divide them but the rolling tide ;
 And, while secure from ev'ry hostile stroke,
 The Shamrock flourish with the British Oak.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

"ROSES AND THORNS."

WHAT are roses and thorns? The compendium of life!
 A scene so compounded of pleasure and strife!
 In the garden of Nature together they grow,
 Alternately raising our bliss and our woe.
 Who, if lofty or low, let philosophers say,
 At times have not cause to be mournful or gay?
 If the wealthy can revel 'mid roses of joy,
 Yet luxury mingles the thorns that destroy.
 The poor with the thorns of adversity cope;
 But still they are cheer'd by the roses of hope.
 The Lover, when bless'd with the smiles of his fair,
 Sees roses around him, a blooming parterre;
 But her frowns change the prospect, and instantly start
 The thorns of despair, that strike deep in his heart.
 The Bachelor, splenetic, mopish, forlorn,
 Thinks roses of happiness wedlock adorn;
 He tries, but, alas! soon beholds with a sigh,
 The thorns bud apace, and the roses all die:
 Then upbraids the poor wife for his thorns, night and
 day,
 Because novelty's roses are sure to decay.
 But, whate'er our pursuits, we shall find, soon or late,
 Our roses and thorns interwoven by Fate.

In short, any farther the subject to trace,
Would be wasting your patience on mere common-
place.

Then to turn to our bard*, who will sit upon thorns
Till he knows if your verdict approves him or scorns:
But if on his play you applause should bestow,
The roses of joy in his bosom will glow;
And there, through his season on earth, will abide,
Still cherish'd with gratitude, pleasure, and pride.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE COMEDY OF

"MARRIED AND SINGLE."

THE drama that to-night your kindness claims
Approaches now with no ambitious aims,
No "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL", and no "JEALOUS
WIFE";

It merely shews what oft is seen in life,
And humbly follows in that light career
Which marks the comic sketches foster'd here.
A second OGLEBY perchance you'll find,
Not with the lordly grace and temper kind
That former bards in friendly union drew,
Vain, airy, elegant, to nature true,
And, though no more in fashion, ever new.
Like him, our OGLEBY would young appear,
Reckless of grave rebuke or pointed sneer;

* MR. LUNN.

An ape of modern manners, with grimace,
 Who fondly emulates the dandy race.
 Haply our author may be found to trench,
 Just en passant upon a scene that's French,
 But a mere hint he takes, and moulds it so,
 " 'Tis English, English, Sirs, from top to toe."
 To sooth, if such are here, all critic foes,
 One plea we'll mention, but no more disclose :
 And hence we tell you, to our bard you owe
 The faithful "SIMPSON" and his rambling "Co."
 Then, for their sakes, ye wits, let censure cease,
 And the warm season melt you into peace.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

ON THE

OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE IN COVENT-GARDEN.

FULL forty years have roll'd their long career,
 Since he* who courts again your kindness here,
 First risk'd his fortunes on dramatic ground,
 Where more than mimic terrors oft are found.
 Theatric rulers, just like those of state,
 Must bear the changes of an adverse fate,
 The force of rivalry, intestine jars,
 Fashion's wild inroads, and dire critic wars.
 Through cares like these our chief with firmness past,
 Nor sunk beneath the greatest and the last†,

* The late THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

† The fire which destroyed the former theatre.

When all the harvest of declining age,
 At once was lost by elemental rage.
 Yet droop'd he not with a despairing sigh,
 He knew his hopes might well on you rely.
 Hence, phoenix-like, arose this lofty pile,
 And sure you'll hail it with a fost'ring smile,
 For British skill alone the fabric plann'd,
 And rais'd it thus as with a magic band.
 But though assur'd you look with patriot pride
 On all that native talents have supplied ;
 We know besides, as Envy must confess,
 Impartial in your zeal to cheer distress,
 Let e'en your foes in helpless need appear,
 They always find a safe asylum here.
 And shall it then of Britons e'er be said,
 While with prompt bounty foreign WANT they aid,
 That foreign MERIT shall dismay'd retire
 From the dread fury of their hostile ire *?
 No—vulgar spleen shall GENIUS ne'er appal,
 With kindred ardour you'll attend its call,
 For GENIUS Nature gives, the parent of us all.

* It was understood that CATALANI was engaged, and that a party was prepared to drive her off the stage.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

WRITTEN

FOR THE BENEFIT OF LADY PERROT.

TO BE SPOKEN BY HER DAUGHTER.

A MOURNFUL widow and a hapless wife,
Inur'd to sorrows in this world of strife,
That widow grateful for all favours past,
Stamp'd on her heart as long as life shall last,—
Again presumes your kindness to implore,
Award it now, and she will ask no more.
No more she here assumes a borrow'd part,
For real anguish presses on her heart ;
No fabled woes extort the mimic tear,
Bereft of one to all her feelings dear,
And far advancing towards life's dreary vale,
Too weak herself to tell the mournful tale ;
But British hearts require no outward shew,
To rouse their feelings at the call of Woe.
When Sorrow makes to them her last appeal,
A ready current flows with bounteous zeal.
The daughter, anxious for a mother's fate,
And bent herself beneath misfortune's weight,
Conscious that she no merit can possess,
To claim to-night your kindness, but distress,
Still on that plea with confidence depends—
When has distress in Britain wanted friends !

No—all with pride the noble truth maintain,
 That here the mourner ne'er could sue in vain.
 Take then a mother's thanks, and take her own,
 An humble suppliant at Pity's throne ;
 Here let me rest—no words those thanks can tell—
 Our hearts can only breathe—farewell—farewell.

PROBATIONARY PROLOGUE,

INTENDED FOR THE

OPENING OF THE NEW DRURY-LANE THEATRE

ON SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1812.

ONCE more the scenic Muse beholds a dome,
 Rais'd on the spot so long her fav'rite home ;
 Where Genius may her honour'd trophies rear,
 And Wit and Satire in her train appear :
 Wit that can Folly awe, and Vice appal,
 Satire with pointed shafts, but free from gall,
 Humour, who now his broad luxuriance tries,
 Now slyly lurks in Irony's disguise ;
 Terror, that proudest guilt must shudd'ring hear,
 And sacred Pity, with her chast'ning tear :
 All, all, a lib'ral shelter here may find,
 Since all but aim to meliorate mankind.

Hail ! mighty shade of him whose pow'r could scan
 The lowest depths and noblest heights of man,
 Whose works his genuine character shall trace,
 'Till the vast whole dissolves in empty space :

Oh! may thy spirit o'er the dome preside—
 Be thou the guardian genius and the guide;
 So may th' admiring world with rapture see
 Each drama realiz'd as form'd by thee:
 So may th' embody'd wonders of thy page,
 Inspire new bards with emulative rage:
 So Reason may in Pleasure's garb beguile,
 Alike ennobling ev'ry tear and smile.

Then shall the Stage, mild supplement of Law,
 The heart to just and kind affections draw;
 Then Truth with Taste and Fancy shall combine
 The passions to control, exalt, refine,
 Till they delighted bend at Virtue's hallow'd shrine.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

“THE GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.”

SPOKEN BY MR. BRUNTON.

DRYDEN, a poet of no vulgar name,
 But high among the noblest heirs of Fame,
 A poet, and a politician too,
 Who well the world and all its humours knew,
 Declar'd his wish that judges of the town,
 “Would pass a vote to put all prologues down”,
 Demanding proof if “since they first were writ,
 They e'er converted one hard-hearted wit.”

'Tis true a timid supplicating air
 May oft be deem'd the signal of despair,
 That marks the conscious weakness of a cause,
 And tempts the critics to withhold applause;
 Who if a bard with courage took the field,
 Might catch his ardour and indulgent yield.
 DRYDEN might well this daring spirit try,
 Whose vig'rous genius could his foes defy;
 Our humble bard, who no such pow'rs can boast,
 Submissive bows before the critic host,
 And sends a Prologue in the usual style,
 To deprecate your frowns, and court your smile;
 Not merely to let Custom have her due,
 But to repeat his gratitude to you;
 His gratitude for many a kindness past,
 Which unimpair'd will on his mem'ry last;
 Nor can he doubt you will to-night agree,
 That Lenity should temper the decree.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MISS S. BOOTH.

As most we find are tempted by a name,
 Our drama's title well may notice claim:
 "GAZETTE EXTRAORD'NARY"—inspiring sound!
 What great events are in thy records found!
 Records which Britons crowd in haste to read,
 Warm with the hope of some heroic deed!

Nor vain the hope such tidings to peruse,
 For British valour is but common news.
 Indeed so common, we may fairly say
 'Tis what may be expected ev'ry day.
 Soldiers and Tars, all jealous feelings o'er,
 Exalt their country's fame on sea and shore ;
 Invasion's menace treat with proud disdain,
 Matchless on land as on our subject main.
 Well, our "GAZETTE" has brought a motley kind !
 What diff'rent views would strike each diff'rent mind !
 Some might presage a journal of the times,
 To lash the follies, but to spare the crimes ;
 Others, perchance, with disappointed spleen,
 Have scowl'd contemptuous on the passing scene,
 Because our author, who would all content,
 Has fail'd to humour each peculiar bent.
 The Politician, if so grave a wight
 Has condescended to be here to-night,
 May think he sadly sacrific'd his hour,
 Since our "GAZETTE" revealed no path to pow'r.
 The gen'rous Patriot, if he came to hear
 That Britain's gallant sons new trophies rear,
 A philanthropic impulse proud to feel,
 Breathes the wide wish for social nature's weal,
 And pants to learn that, rising from her trance,
 Indignant Europe spurns the yoke of France.
 The simple Maid, whose bosom throbs with cares
 Far distant from the thought of state-affairs,
 Might wish the subject of our play would prove
 A tender story of connubial love.
 They who in wedlock's happy state rejoice
 Might hope for news to justify their choice ;

Though envious bachelors that state abuse,
 And say its *comforts* would, indeed, be *news*.
 The critics come, we fear, full fraught with gall,
 For the poor pleasure of an author's fall.
 What if for once they prop an author's cause,
 And spread the kind contagion of applause?
 Do, rigid censors, take a friendly hint,
 Let such a wondrous deed appear in print;
 For such a good example should you set,
 'Twill make a most "EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE",
 And shew, if British heroes nobly dare,
 That British critics can as nobly spare.

PROLOGUE,

OCCASIONED BY THE REPORT THAT

DR. JOHNSON'S TRAGEDY OF "IRENE"

WAS TO BE REVIVED AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Who shall presume to-night the work to blame
 That bears the stamp of JOHNSON'S awful name!
 A bard who ne'er at virtue's call would pause,
 But still was prompt to vindicate her cause.
 A "Rambler", who, though oft by fancy led,
 Ne'er left the paths that wisdom loves to tread;
 An "Idler", toiling with unceasing zeal,
 To make mankind for truth and reason feel;

A Critic, who, with judgement sound, displays
 The genuine worth of bards of former days.
 A Moralist, whose pure and lofty strain
 His aim through life was firmly to sustain.

To him we owe that fabric which shall stand
 A guide to mark the language of the land,
 To prove its force, and form the British page
 A living classic to the latest age.
 With pride the relic of his genius aid,
 And pay due homage to his mighty shade.

Thus for departed worth ;—now let me say
 The times impart new int'rest to the play ;
 The scene is Greece, that land, renown'd of yore,
 Which heroes, sages, poets, patriots, bore ;
 Where Freedom now is struggling to regain
 Her ancient glories on her lov'd domain ;
 That lov'd domain which History, proud to name,
 Assigns, for noblest arts, to endless fame.
 Prop then, with patriot pride, the cause to-night,
 Of British genius and of Grecian right.

PROLOGUE

INTENDED FOR A MUSICAL DRAMA ENTITLED

“THE PASTIMES OF PASSY.”*

WHO knows not HENRI QUATRE, the pride of France,
 A hero whose true history seems romance,

* Written by the Author's Son.

From early youth to noblest feelings prone,
 Through hosts of foes he struggled for his throne.
 The flow'r of chivalry, the soul of war,
 His helmet beam'd resplendent like a star.
 Where his white plume was seen to grace the field,
 Conquest was with him, and upheld his shield.
 At length of all his regal rights possest,
 The peaceful arts engag'd his patriot breast,
 And his ambition then was not to roam,
 But cheer with plenty ev'ry peasant's home.
 Happy the country liv'd beneath his rule,
 And Love alone could make him play the fool ;
 For e'en the loftiest heroes humbly cow'r,
 And own the force of Beauty's sov'reign pow'r :
 Like Jove of old, to 'scape from jealous eyes,
 Rambling, 'as passion prompted, in disguise.
 Alas ! this monarch, 'mid his glorious sway,
 Fell to a bigot's rage a sudden prey,
 Wept by the fair, lamented by the brave,
 Ere age yet bent him, hurried to the grave.
 Oh ! may no critic RAVILLAC be found,
 Again to kill him on dramatic ground ;
 But let his mem'ry here due honours claim,
 And his white plume be consecrate to fame.

SONNETS.

"THE Italian SONNET has been called the TOUCHSTONE; and it certainly cannot be composed successfully by any one who has not learned to confine his thoughts in clear and concise language. This was a favourite composition with our elder Poets, who derived their taste from Italy; with SPENSER, DRAYTON, DANIEL, and DRUMMOND of Hawthornden. MILTON was the last of our old poets who practised this species of composition. It certainly had no charms for DRYDEN or for POPE."

ANONYMOUS.

The Anonymous Writer is mistaken. Not one of the Poets whom he has mentioned has strictly conformed to the Italian model. T. WARTON, WORDSWORTH, and SOUTHEY have rigidly adhered to that model. The late Dr. WOLCOT, though an excellent poet, and conversant with poetical subjects, was so ignorant of the regular form of the Italian Sonnet, that he styles three quatrains, which he addressed to JACKSON of Exeter, a Sonnet.

W.
A.
S.
A.
W.

SONNETS.

SONNET.

SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF.

WHAT pow'r can Genius give to things below !
Amid the guardian rocks that grace the land,
See SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF pre-eminently stand,
And awful grandeur on the scene bestow,
While patriot hearts with exultation glow.
Though Greece may vaunt her old poetic band,
And Rome a rival fame with pride demand,
Our bard can nobler charms o'er Albion throw.
And if rude time or fury of the main
His honour'd cliff should level to its base,
Still shall the scene its dignity retain,
The Muse shall cast around a classic grace,
Nor shall unhallow'd steps the spot profane,
But Inspiration hover o'er the place.

SONNET

ON

COWLEY'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SURE ruthless Time, and no unhallow'd hand,
 Could COWLEY's sacred Monument deface,
 COWLEY aloft among the tuneful race
 Of Albion's bards who dignify her land,
 And who with noblest bards might proudly stand:
 COWLEY, adorn'd with ev'ry moral grace,
 In whose pure life we loyal firmness trace,
 Most faithful of his King's most faithful band.
 Should time at last destroy the votive stone,
 Thus rear'd in honour of the poet's name,
 There can his pow'r extend, but there alone,
 For Virtue, Genius, shall assert their claim,
 Shall boast that gentle COWLEY was their own,
 And consecrate his works to endless fame.

SONNET

TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

ON THE REPORT THAT SHE INTENDED TO QUIT THIS COUNTRY.

LEAVE not, illustrious Maid, thy native isle,
 Nor think thy worth, thy talents, we can spare,
 Distress will mourn the loss in deep despair,
 And Genius droop, that gain'd thy fav'ring smile.

How will thine honour'd mother time beguile ?
 How will she learn that widow'd gloom to bear,
 Thy filial duty was so fond to share,
 Alas ! not to subdue, but sooth awhile !
 Yet shouldst thou quit the land that holds thee dear,
 For virtues that adorn thy noble race—
 Virtues through life display'd, which all revere—
 May happiness attend in ev'ry place,
 And when on earth shall end thy bright career,
 May angels crown thee with celestial grace.

SONNET

TO THE EARL OF COVENTRY.

No more to view the glorious orb of day*,
 Ah ! COVENTRY, the fate of MILTON thine,
 Yet not, like him, in sorrow dost thou pine,
 Resign'd with firmness, with discretion gay ;
 Like him hast thou beheld the dawning ray ;
 The glowing zenith, and the mild decline,
 Directing man to trace the source benign,
 And grateful homage, from reflection, pay.
 Then, while thy mental vision, clear and bright,
 Can human life through all its maze explore,
 By wisdom guided with internal light,
 And mem'ry shall retain thy classic store ;
 How poor, my noble friend, mere outward sight,
 'To thee whose mind to loftiest heights can soar.

* The world is well acquainted with the misfortune which
 befel this nobleman many years ago, but not equally so with the
 uniform fortitude and resignation with which he has always
 borne it.

SONNET

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE COBOURG.

AH ! honour'd LEOPOLD no longer weep,
 Reason, Philosophy, forbid the tear,
 And lo ! Religion shews the hallow'd sphere,
 Where saints above their joyous vigils keep,
 While here their mortal relics only sleep.
 There wilt thou her rejoin, on earth so dear,
 Whose matchless virtues all below revere,
 And harvests of eternal blessings reap.
 Nor deem him bold who now would sooth despair.—
 Alas ! lov'd Prince, his fate resembles thine,
 He lost a consort, virtuous, young and fair,
 He too was doom'd her infant to resign ;
 Yet as they now are free from human care,
 He bows submissive to the WILL DIVINE.

SONNET

TO SWEDEN.

MOURN, Sweden, mourn thy melancholy fate,
 Compell'd a gallant sov'reign to resign,
 In worth congenial with his lofty line,
 Yet now a wand'rer in a distant state,
 In ling'ring hope for Fortune's smile to wait.
 To prop his rightful cause if kings decline,
 While for a foreign stranger they combine,
 Thence, thence, may Monarchy its ruin date !

E thou, GUSTAVUS, whose heroic mind
 No threats could awe, no dangers could subdue,
 Couldst thou at length thy former subjects find,
 Tam'd to a foreign yoke, a servile crew,
 Dignant spurn the vile degen'rate kind,
 And, with the Roman, say "I banish you."

SONNET

ADDRESSED

TO THE LATE LORD BYRON.

BYRON, whose spells imagination bind,
 And storm or sooth the ductile heart at will,
 Ah ! since thy Muse can paint with equal skill
 Each bold or softer trace of human kind,
 'Rapt in the glowing energy of mind,
 Let not the scenes of woe and danger still
 Whelm us with anguish or with horror chill.
 For sure thou fairer prospects now canst find ;
 And since benignant Heav'n has join'd thy fate
 To worth and graces all who know admire,
 Led by the virtues of thy gentle mate,
 Devote to happier themes thy potent lyre ;
 So may'st thou share on earth a blissful state,
 Till both, resign'd in age, at once expire.

SONNET
TO THE SAME.

THEY who judge only by thy lofty lays,
 Perchance may deem thy temper proudly high,
 Conscious no living bard with thee can vie,
 And hence imperiously expecting praise;
 But nearer intercourse a mind displays,
 Open, yet guarded, delicate, not shy,
 And, happy kindred merit to descry,
 Wearing with easy grace thy deathless bays.
 Think not the gift of thy poetic store,
 A gift from thee that well may pride incite,
 Enrich'd by Genius, Fancy, various lore,
 Can tempt me plain sincerity to slight—
 A well-earn'd tribute I present—no more—
 Where manners bland with powers sublime unite.

SONNET
TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

ON HIS POEM OF "THE VISION OF DON RODERICK."

BARD of the North! who wont, with strange delight,
 On legends rude of ruffian chiefs to pore,
 And form thy lays by ditties quaint of yore,
 That well might perish in oblivious night,

nce thou hast ventur'd on a higher flight,
 In realms of genuine poesy to soar,
 He greets thee now who dar'd rebuke before,
 Assur'd thy muse could reach a nobler height.
 Hadst thou first struck thy Lusitanian lyre,
 He 'gainst thee ne'er had rais'd a hostile hand,
 But joy'd to guard thy wreaths from envious ire ;
 And glad he sees thee take thy rightful stand ;
 For none with purer zeal thy pow'rs admire,
 High on the roll with Britain's tuneful band.

 SONNET

OCCASIONED BY

THE SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE RIGHT HON.
 GEORGE CANNING, AT BOURDEAUX.

FRANCE, like a comet *, darted from her sphere,
 When Revolution spread its fatal rays,
 Threat'ning the world with its destructive blaze ;
 Surrounding States aghast, with trembling fear,
 Beheld the hideous flame approaching near,
 As doom'd what ages had preserv'd to raze.
 Some victims fell, some stood in sad amaze,
 And all with horror watch'd its fell career.
 BRITAIN alone, amid the gen'ral dread,
 Firm in the energy of conscious right,
 In sea-girt state majestic rear'd her head ;
 At length, collecting all her awful might,
 In social bands assembled pow'rs she led,
 'Till, propt by her, they quell'd the baneful light.

* " She displayed afar the livid and ominous lustre of a comet, threatening a universal destruction."—Vide the Speech.

SONNET

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES LONG*.

Too oft the friendships of the world we find,
 As Gallia's sage † declares, a mutual trade,
 In which self-love itself alone would aid,
 And therefore only for itself is kind.
 But gen'rous LONG, how diff'rent far thy mind !
 No sordid traffic can that mind degrade,
 By its own lib'ral feelings amply paid,
 And e'en the dues of gratitude declin'd.
 Yet 'till the vital stream that warms my breast,
 Touch'd by Death's icy hand, shall cease to flow, ←
 Will gratitude be deeply there imprest,
 Nor can the heart with nobler ardour glow,
 Save hearts like thine, which ne'er can idly rest,
 While blest with pow'r a blessing to bestow.

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

If independence to thy heart be dear,
 The noble impulse of an honest pride,
 To ev'ry manly virtue near allied.
 That impulse wilt thou cherish and revere.

* Now Lord FARNBOROUGH.

† ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Those who in honour are erect and clear,
 Dare in themselves with conscious truth confide,
 Whate'er ill fortune may their course betide,
 While sordid wretches crouch in slavish fear.
 Staunch to the system of immortal PITT,
 I seek not, but abjure a venal meed,
 Rewarded in upholding right and fit ;
 And since thy nature aptly I can read,
 To thee my cause * I safely can submit,
 Nor doubt success when Truth and Justice plead.

SONNET

THE MOTION BY THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL,
 WHICH TERMINATED THE PROCEEDINGS RESPECT-
 ING THE LATE QUEEN CAROLINE IN THE HOUSE
 OF LORDS.

IN vain shall Malice LIVERPOOL revile,
 A statesman pure, his country's steady friend,
 Whose measures to her strength and glory tend,
 Guarding with patriot care and anxious toil,
 Her Constitution's venerable pile.
 How oft to public clamour doom'd to bend,
 And plans of soundest wisdom still defend,
 'Gainst bold Ambition and dark Faction's wile.
 Then LIVERPOOL undaunted still proceed,
 To thee thy country grateful homage owes.

* This relates to a private matter referred to the arbitration
 of the Noble Lord.

Nor less hast thou deserv'd th' historic meed,
 For prompt decision that so well could close
 Portentous tumult, and that peace decreed,
 To shield the nation from domestic foes.

SONNET

ON

THE VIEW OF ETON COLLEGE, EXHIBITED AT THE
 ROYAL ACADEMY, PAINTED BY LADY LONG*.

HAIL ! honour'd temple of the sacred Nine,
 Where, urg'd by patriot hopes, we fondly trace
 Britannia's future strength and classic grace,
 Her warriors, statesmen, and her bards divine,
 Whose deeds shall in her brightest annals shine,
 With all the glories of her former race,
 Glories inscrib'd on fame's eternal base,
 That virtue, wisdom, fancy, truth combine.
 Charm'd by thy graphic pow'rs, accomplish'd LONG,
 Of kindred taste and worth the fit ally,
 In genius vivid, and in judgement strong,
 Oh ! could the Muse preserve each transient die,
 Thy beauteous work; with GRAY's pathetic song †,
 To latest times in fame should nobly vie.

* Now Lady FARNBOROUGH.

† Ode on the Distant Prospect of Eton College.

SONNET

ON

THE REPRESENTATION OF BELVIDERA

BY MRS. SIDDONS.

SHADE of that Bard whose bold, yet tender, muse,
 POOR BELVIDERA'S various worth design'd,
 So gentle, fervid, duteous, loyal, kind,
 Lo! SIDDONS rises to thy noblest views :
 And hence we less that error can excuse,
 Which gave to JAFFIER so infirm a mind
 As such exalted merits could not bind,
 And bade him all her sad fond claims refuse.
 Yet for a SIDDONS hadst thou form'd the part,
 Thou would'st have made him shun ambition's strife,
 Disdaining gaudy pomp and factious art ;
 Nor would he meanly have deserted life,
 But, rich in BELVIDERA'S faithful heart,
 Have brav'd his fate with such a matchless wife.

SONNET

TO MRS. SIDDONS,

ON HER TAKING LEAVE OF THE STAGE IN THE PART
OF LADY MACBETH, JUNE 19, 1812.

AH! SIDDONS, when at length thy wearied mind
Resolv'd from cares of public life to fly,
No more to raise the sympathetic sigh,
And move the passions as thy will inclin'd,
Completing all the poet e'er design'd;
Ah! why not leave on the delighted eye
A part where Virtue might with Genius vie,
Energic, gentle, dignified and kind!
Such, not the ruthless partner of the Thane,
Had sooth'd the heart when clos'd thy bright career,
For then would Mem'ry, cherishing the strain,
Where Art and Nature blended would appear,
A faithful model of thyself retain,
And oft review it, glist'ning through a tear.

SONNET

TO ANDREW BAIN, M.D.

To praise thy various worth, benignant BAIN,
Needs no recourse to old poetic lore,
MACHAON, ÆSCULAPIUS, names of yore,
That Greece has fabled of her healing train,

Since truth can justify the plausible strain,
While numbers oft their grateful homage pour
To thee whose potent skill can health restore,
And gentle manners sooth severest pain.
If Fortune, always deem'd to merit blind,
Were so to thee, and sickness call'd for aid,
A feeling heart would prove thee still more kind,
For then, aloof from gain as from parade,
Thy ready zeal its noblest meed would find
In gen'rous actions by themselves repaid.

SONNET

TO

PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

ON HIS LIFE OF THE LATE GRANVILLE SHARPE.

No wonder HOARE that thy congenial mind
Should prompt thee GRANVILLE's merits to proclaim,
GRANVILLE, whose deeds demand historic fame,
GRANVILLE, the friend of freedom and mankind :
From early youth ambition he resign'd,
Benevolence through life his ardent aim,
A life so pure e'en malice could not blame,
As in thy record of its course we find.
No wonder then that record came from thee,
Since kindred merits mark thine own career,

M

As warm for virtue, and from blame as free,
 As firm in rectitude, to friends as dear,
 And "mouths of wisest censure"* all agree
 'To laud thy talents and thy worth revere.

SONNET

TO DEATH.

How dreadful Death art thou to Guilt and Pride!
 How much the wealthy thy approaches fear!
 But ah! the wretched wisely wish thee near,
 To cast this world, and all its cares, aside.
 Yet conscious rectitude can well abide
 Existing miseries and prospects drear,
 For hope still animates a conscience clear,
 And strengthens fortitude whate'er betide.
 Death, I'll not summon thee while health shall glow,
 And those I love endear my earthly state,
 But shield me, shield me, from those scenes of woe,
 That SHAKSPEARE paints of man's concluding
 fate†;
 Ere that can reach me, strike thy friendly blow,
 And terminate at once my mortal date.

* OTHELLO.

† AS YOU LIKE IT.

SONNET

TO

THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. TWISS,

FORMERLY MISS FRANCES KEMBLE.

LAMENTED FRANCES of the KEMBLE race,
 A gifted race, in worth and genius high,
 With whom thy merits modestly might vie,
 In ev'ry mental, ev'ry moral grace,
 Full well thy early charms can Mem'ry trace,
 Yet vivid seen by sorrowing Friendship's eye,
 Charms that could waken an admiring sigh,
 For mind still beam'd on thy expressive face.
 And sure a prosp'rous fate attended thee,
 (Too rare a blessing on connubial ties !)
 Thy num'rous offspring with delight to see,
 Led by thy hand, to knowledge, virtue, rise.
 Such thy reward on earth, by Heav'n's decree,
 Presaging that ordain'd thee in the skies.

SONNET

TO WILLIAM GIFFORD*, ESQ.

SHIRLEY, dear GIFFORD, waits thy chast'ning hand,
 Which rescued MASSINGER's time-injur'd page,
 And sturdy BEN's, to charm each future age,
 High 'mid poetic glories of the land ;

* This gentleman is engaged on a new edition of the plays of SHIRLEY.

'Gainst whom no modern scenic bards can stand,—
 Nor 'gainst thee, friend, a critic just and sage,
 Can hosts of modern scholiasts dare engage,
 For texts by thee are all profoundly scann'd.
 Since skilful thus dramatic paths to clear,
 Urge thy bold Muse dramatic heights to trace,
 With added splendour she will then appear,
 As none more deeply search Man's motley race,
 And such a Muse, to Truth and Virtue dear,
 Can give to Truth and Virtue novel grace.

SONNET

TO JOHN SOANE, ESQ.

ON THE CENOTAPH RAISED BY THE BANK OF ENGLAND
 TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM
 PITT, A SECTION OF WHICH WAS EXHIBITED AMONG
 THE ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
 WITH THE FOLLOWING MOTTO—

“ TAKE HIM FOR ALL IN ALL,
 WE NE’ER SHALL LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN.”

INGENUOUS artist, who, with patriot pride,
 Hast paid due homage to the virtuous dead,
 And thus what Britain's matchless poet said,
 To Britain's matchless statesman well applied;
 That matchless statesman who for Britain died;
 And, as from earth his lofty spirit fled,
 Breath'd his last wish her glory still might spread,
 Nor then for life, but for his country sigh'd.

Hence in thy cenotaph, where Attic grace
 And Roman grandeur purest taste retain,
 Types of his dignity shall Britons trace,
 Who passed his mortal course without a stain,
 And say, as rev'rently they guard the place,
 "We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

FAIN would I sooth thy grief, long honour'd friend,
 With arguments Philosophy might teach,
 Or awful counsels of Religion preach;
 But 'gainst such woes as thine they weakly tend,
 And feeling hearts beneath such woes must bend:
 Could MILTON's lyre, TULLY's persuasive speech,
 Who mourn'd a kindred loss, such sorrows reach!
 No—Death, Death only can such sorrows end.
 Yet while the hopeless theme thy mind pursues,
 Reflection may at least some aid supply—
 Think then, if earthly cares thy saint reviews,
 And sees thee thus all solace still deny,
 Will not thy fond despair itself accuse,
 That 'mid celestial bliss may raise a sigh!

SONNET

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

AH ! why, melodious mourner of the grove,
 Transcendant warbler of the vocal spring,
 Silent when all thy feather'd rivals sing,
 But one short month thus pour thy sobs of love !
 For softest sympathies the bosom move,
 As thy wild murmurs through the forest ring,
 From eve 'till morn expands its radiant wing.
 Ah ! dost thou Death's relentless fury prove,
 That robb'd thee of a dear and faithful mate,
 The gentle partner of thy peaceful nest ?
 Such, plaintive minstrel, is my hapless fate,
 Depriv'd of her who all my soul possest :
 Yet thy fond woes shall own a transient date,
 Whilst me sad Mem'ry's spell forbids to rest.

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

SWEET songstress of the shade, 'tis said thy lay,
 So long by poets deem'd a plaintive sound,
 Breathes not the moan with hopeless anguish found,
 But the glad minstrelsy that welcomes May.

Then why retire from Sol's enliv'ning ray,
 When all the bloomy stores of spring abound,
 And Nature's choristers are heard around
 Exulting in the genial glow of day ?
 Such varied charms would sure thy notes invite,
 Wert thou, indeed, to joyous moods inclin'd,
 Not the still awe, and gloomy blank of night.
 And yet it rather soothes the pensive mind
 To think thy strains are prompted by delight,
 Than kindred sorrow in those strains to find.

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

SHAKSPEARE and MILTON, sweetest bird, agree,
 That thy night-warblings breathe a mournful strain,
 Of adverse fortune seeming to complain ;
 CHAUCER and SPENSER hail thy vernal glee ;
 Can such enlighten'd minds at variance be !
 Why should thy dulcet tones arise from pain ?
 Or what of mirth from darkness can'st thou gain ?
 No—all below own Nature's wise decree—
 She bids each vital being seek a mate ;
 Hence to her impulse must thy breast incline,
 A partner calling to thy shady state,
 Joyful to meet thee at the wonted sign.
 Oh ! may it be, sweet bird, thy happy fate,
 To gain a mate whose love will equal thine.

SONNET

ON A DEPARTED WIFE.

WRITTEN IN 1790.

Doom'd ne'er to view thy lovely form again,
 Nor gaze with transport on thy beauteous face,
 Where all could vivid marks of Virtue trace,
 Who o'er thy gentle heart was fond to reign—
 No more to hear thy voice, endearing strain !
 That breath'd in ev'ry word persuasive grace—
 Well may I long to close my earthly race,
 For then, and only then, will end my pain.
 Since thus for ever vanish'd from my sight,
 If aught of human cares thou now canst know,
 Let thy dear image still my dreams delight,
 And in those dreams thy soothing accents flow,
 So shall I hail the glad return of night,
 And pant for sleep, best solace of my woe.

SONNET

ON PASSING A CHURCH.

WRITTEN IN 1791.

THOUGH Time has bent his course through many a
 year,
 Since in thy walls I shar'd the nuptial tie,
 Ne'er can I pass those walls without a sigh,
 But haply linger with a parting tear :

And still thy hallow'd precincts shall be dear,
 For there I gain'd a faithful, firm ally,
 Whose mind in purity with saints might vie,
 With each engaging charm to sooth and cheer.
 Then ne'er, oh ! sacred dome, before thy shrine,
 Has woman yet receiv'd the bridal band,
 In worth surpassing her who once was mine :
 But now, amid the world, forlorn I stand—
 Since doom'd that only treasure to resign—
 Like a poor seaman on a desert land.

SONNET

ON A DEPARTED WIFE.

WRITTEN IN 1792.

MYSTERIOUS Ruler of the dark domain,
 When sleep has clos'd each avenue of sense,
 And sportive Fancy leaps o'er Reason's fence,
 To revel wildly on the mental plain,
 And in Truth's semblance hold her mystic reign,
 Thy soothing potency to me dispense,
 Oh kindly grant that all my slumbers hence
 May bring MARIA to my arms again.
 Then may her gentle and expressive grace,
 To virtues like her own exalt my mind ;
 Then former pleasures may I fondly trace,
 With her, once all that Love could hope to find.
 So may each vision that restores her face,
 Impart her feelings, placid, good and kind.

SONNET

TO RICHARD WESTALL, ESQ. R.A.

WESTALL, regret not Fortune, wayward dame,
 At length has cast on thee a baleful frown,
 And with rough hand would strive to keep thee
 down,
 For oft at worth she takes her envious aim :
 Yet well may'st thou her casual smiles disclaim,
 As Nature taught thee how to gain renown,
 And wear with graceful ease the votive crown,
 Among the noblest band of graphic fame.
 Then heed no longer Fortune's varying pow'r,
 But let thy genius and thy feelings rise,
 The clouds of adverse fate shall cease to low'r,
 As glowing Hope illumines thy future skies,
 And, while to proudest heights thine efforts tow'r,
 Taste shall reward thee with the well-earn'd prize.

SONNET

ON HUMAN LIFE.

"OUR life's a mingled yarn"—so SHAKESPEARE says,
 And none its strange vicissitudes so well
 As that great master of mankind can tell,
 Who all its scenes with matchless pow'r surveys,

And with resistless force that pow'r displays.
 Now clouds tremendous o'er the welkin swell,
 Then Sol's enliv'ning beams the storm dispel,
 And now again Earth's vivid charm decays.
 Behold a proof in noble SIDMOUTH's state,—
 E'en while he form'd the new connubial tie,
 His son, of earlier rites, was snatch'd by fate,
 To chill the nuptial blessing with a sigh.
 Ah! sad condition of our mortal date,
 Hope's blossoms spring at morn, in ev'ning die.

SONNET

TO A DECEASED MISER.

How much above thee are the virtuous Poor,
 Thou who reluctantly a doit wilt spare,
 Thy wealth reserving for some thankless heir,
 Unhappy till thy death shall make it sure;
 While calmly they adversity endure.
 Alas! I pity all thy anxious care,
 To gain the fortune which thou fear'st to share,
 Perchance not gain it with a conscience pure.
 Oh, Virtue! guard me with thy shield divine,
 Howe'er I suffer by the storms of fate,
 'Midst heaviest evils let me not repine,
 But with an upright mind arise elate,
 A mind serene if Fortune low'r or shine,
 Prepar'd to welcome life's concluding date.

SONNET
TO CONTEMPT.

THOU noble Minister of Justice hail !
 For thou canst daring vice and folly awe,
 Beyond the threat or punishment of law,
 And make e'en Pride with self-reproaches pale.
 Let haughty wealth voluptuously regale,
 From sensual joys it ne'er true bliss can draw,
 Conscience, if not disease, will inward gnaw.
 And what is wealth if either should assail !
 Av'rice, we know, will oft assume thy name,
 Veiling the sordid views of cautious fear,
 Lest suffering Virtue should protection claim,
 And wan Misfortune should approach too near,—
 But no—thy lofty feelings only aim
 To shame the worthless—hence to Virtue dear.

SONNET
ON MILTON*.

AMID the dark control of lawless sway,
 Ambitious rivalry, fanatic hate,
 And various ills that shook th'unsteady State,
 The dauntless Bard pursued his studious way,

* The subject of this Sonnet was derived from an apt and striking simile in the Life of MILTON by the late Rev. Dr. SYMONS.

Not more his lofty genius to display,
 Than raise and dignify our mortal date,
 And sing the blessings which THE JUST await,
 That Man might hence in humble hope obey.
 Thus on a rock in Norway's bleak domain,
 Nature impels the hardy pine to grow ;
 The storm assails his tow'ring head in vain,
 And restless Ocean dashes all below,
 Yet still he keeps his firm majestic reign,
 And seems to scorn each elemental foe.

SONNET

ON THE TRANSLATION OF THE ÆNEID,

BY THE LATE REV. CHARLES SYMMONS, D.D.

WHEN VIRGIL his immortal work design'd,
 Fir'd by ambition epic heights to gain,
 And rival mighty HOMER's lofty strain,
 He deem'd, perchance, the work would be enshrin'd
 In Latian lore, by Fame to be consign'd
 To adamantine tablets, and remain
 Long as imperial Rome should stretch her reign,
 Where'er the waves should roll, or rove the wind.
 And though proud Rome has sunk to rise no more,
 O'erwhelm'd by Superstition's dark control,
 Yet VIRGIL's Muse, still honour'd as of yore,
 SYMMONS, possess'd of all the poet's soul,
 Has arm'd in British force, that will explore
 Where'er the wind shall rove, or waves shall roll.

SONNET

TO JOHN SOANE, ESQ. R.A.

ON HIS LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LED by thy hand, instructive Sage, we trace
 The matchless works by Greece and Rome design'd,
 Sublime achievements of creative mind,
 That Art and Genius had combin'd to grace,
 And Time seems still reluctant to deface !

Where votive zeal may noblest models find,
 While Grandeur, though in ruins, sits enshrined,
 And Fame delights to hover o'er the place.
 Thy taste and learning teach us how the whole
 Of these majestic wonders shone of yore,
 As first they issued from her pregnant soul,
 When Architecture all her honours bore.
 Proceed, my friend, her classic page unroll,
 And with her tow'ring emulously soar.

SONNET

TO THE MOON.

HAIL ! solemn Regent of the peaceful sky,
 Whose soft effulgence cheers the world below,
 When Sol's fierce rays in distant regions glow,
 And well thy lucid beams the loss supply.
 Though clouds to hide thee, beauteous orb, may try,
 Serenely mounting o'er thy gloomy foe,
 Thou lead'st the wand'rer from the snares of woe
 When lurking guilt and danger hover nigh.—

So Virtue, rising o'er the storms of fate,
 With modest dignity pursues her way,
 Whate'er misfortunes may her course await,
 Intent a bright example to display :
 The friend of man in this poor darkling state,
 And his sure guide to realms of endless day.

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

AGAIN, fair Regent of the sky, again,
 Thy placid lustre gilds this nether sphere ;
 Myriads of shining orbs soon disappear,
 And leave to thee the vast ethereal plain.
 No sounds of human toil disturb thy reign,
 The inferior tribes now rest, devoid of fear,
 And nought invites the pensive wand'rer's ear,
 Save whisp'ring groves, and the night-warbler's strain.
 And sure that lofty bard deem'd not aright,
 Whose fancy pictur'd thee as one astray*,
 But he, alas ! was 'reft the charm of sight,
 For else, as musing on his lonely way,
 He grateful oft had hail'd thy friendly light,
 As Heav'n's kind substitute for radiant day.

* " — The wand'ring moon,—
 Like one that had been led astray."

SONNET

TO LEISURE.

OH ! friend to meditation and the muse,
 Long have I sigh'd to pass with thee my days,
 Far from the world's perplexing thorny maze,
 Through Nature's simple paths my way to choose ;
 Now Wisdom's awful volumes to peruse,
 Now caught by Poesy's delightful lays ;
 Not dead to fame, if she vouchsafe to praise,
 As Virtue prompts and elevates my views.
 Though Indolence may oft usurp thy name,
 And to thy pensive dignity pretend,
 Yet barren ease is all her worthless aim,
 But thy pursuits to nobler themes ascend :
 Then LEISURE, friend of virtue, wisdom, fame,
 Shield me till life in peaceful slumbers end.

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

LEISURE, I court thee from a life of toil,
 Toil hardly intermitted for a day,
 Busy my morn and noon—if sometimes gay
 An ev'ning pass'd, 'twas not in search of spoil,

Detesting Gaming's perilous turmoil,
 Nor drawn to baleful Pleasure's flow'ry way,
 While youth's impetuous course before me lay,
 Nor with wild bacchanals in midnight broil.
 No—still the Muse has led me to the scene
 Where SHAKSPEARE's wondrous pow'rs unrivall'd
 shone,
 When SIDDONS aw'd with her majestic mien,
 Or rent the heart with her pathetic tone.
 Such, LEISURE, was my life—ah ! not serene—
 Then let me hence thy gentle empire own.

 SONNET

TO MY SISTER.

RELATIONS are not friends, too oft we see,
 E'en filial and parental duties fail,
 As sordid feelings of the world prevail ;
 But sordid feelings ne'er can dwell with thee,
 A faithful friend and sister kind to me.
 And if thy merits in the moral scale
 Were strictly weigh'd, we justly thee might hail
 As one from ev'ry selfish impulse free.
 Think not, fraternal fondness thus portrays
 Thy gen'rous spirit, and thy tender heart,
 For all who read this tributary praise,
 And know thy worth, will full accord impart,
 And hence distrust not these ingenuous lays,
 Undeck'd by Fancy, undebas'd by Art.

SONNET

TO JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.

ON HIS "LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS."

CRADOCK, thy works a noble mind display,
 Taste, learning, genius, through the whole combine,
 And, deck'd with moral graces, mildly shine,
 The sage's wisdom, and the poet's lay.
 Fortune has smil'd upon thy mortal day,
 And few have known a happier lot than thine,
 Yet borne so meekly, Envy will not pine,
 That Fame adorns thee with a well-earn'd bay.
 Thy pure, instructive, task with zeal pursue,
 We long to see what still remains in store,
 Then soon thy treasures bring to public view,
 Yet, when we gain them, we shall wish for more,
 Assur'd that thy career, both bright and true,
 Will to the last accord with all before.

SONNET

TO INDEPENDENCE.

HEAR, INDEPENDENCE, hear my humble muse,
 And let me shelter in thy calm abode,
 Then shall I scorn Ambition's lofty road,
 Nor adverse stars of cruelty accuse,

If wayward Fortune ampler stores refuse.

To live exempt from Toil's unceasing goad,

And ease with softer cares Life's tedious load—

Such is the state that Reason well may choose.

Freedom and Virtue love with thee to dwell,

Prompting to high pursuits the studious mind,

Each sordid impulse of the heart to quell,

And wake affections dignified and kind :

Hence, with such guests, in thy sequester'd cell,

Must Happiness on earth her station find.

SONNET

TO FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, thy worth with gratitude I own,

Since I, indeed, have felt thy fost'ring pow'r,

That sweetly sooth'd me in a mournful hour,

And for Adversity could well atone.

Not that it yielded me prompt aid alone,

But that it makes my drooping spirits tow'r,

When else beneath despair my mind might cow'r,
To find the good for me regard have shewn.

Yet, FRIENDSHIP, wouldst thou still thy kindness
prove,

Ah ! let me, with the Teian Bard *, exclaim,

“ Wait not till death to manifest thy love,

But cherish while alive thy gen'rous flame.”

So may I gain, till summon'd from above,

An humble competence, 'tis all my aim.

* Anacreon.

SONNET

ON

THE ANNIVERSARY OF A BIRTH-DAY.

TIME, hast thou brought another mournful year,
 Alas ! thou know'st too many I have past,
 Let this then, hoary tyrant, be the last,
 For all the future I presage with fear,
 The brief, but melancholy, future here :
 A hapless lot on me has Fortune cast,
 Still something came my fairest hopes to blast,
 Besides the loss of those I held most dear.
 Then wherefore should I wish to see once more
 The day return that brings return of pain ?
 Time, thou hast nothing good for me in store,
 For Age will seize the years that still remain ;
 Oh ! that my days would with a wish be o'er,
 Or Heav'n this instant break life's pond'rous chain.

SONNET

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

OLD Friend, adieu !—the time, alas, is o'er,
 That long united us in social bands,
 No more we feel the cordial grasp of hands,
 And all our wonted mirth returns no more.

Yet once I thought reflection might restore
 That mutual pleasure which suspended stands,
 And which, I hoped, would run with life's last sands,
 'Till one or both to better realms should soar.
 Ah! transitory state of things below!—
 But though our friendship Time may ne'er renew,
 Yet 'tis some solace of the loss to know,
 Not sordid interest, hapless chance o'erthrew,
 Affections that, with unabated glow,
 Might else unite us still.—Old Friend, adieu! *

SONNET

TO MY SON.

DEAR Son, I hail'd with joy thy natal day,
 Too selfish joy, amid this world of care,
 (As e'en the happiest here have much to bear,)
 Forgetful of the fate of mortal clay,
 Of ills innum'rous oft the helpless prey:
 Yet then, of human evils not aware;
 I hop'd the goods of life to see thee share,
 Delusive hope! without their sure allay.
 Thy childhood promis'd much, and now with pride
 I find thy talents and thy virtues grow:
 Oh! then, dear Son, let prudence be thy guide,
 And, while thy heart with conscious truth shall glow,
 Thou must possess, if wealth should be denied,
 Whate'er of bliss attends our lot below.

* It is with sincere pleasure that the Author states the entire renewal of friendship with the gentleman to whom these lines were addressed.

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

OBSERVE the world, dear Son, and thou wilt find
 That ills attend on all the human race,
 Unmingled happiness thou ne'er canst trace,
 But something still must jar upon the mind,
 None, none below, are to their lot resign'd.
 The Sov'reign seated on the highest place,
 Whate'er his pomp, magnificence, and grace,
 Partakes in all the evils of his kind.
 Nature and Fortune have dispos'd thee so
 As well might reconcile thee to thy state:
 Prudence may guard thee from the shocks of woe,
 And, while contemplating our mortal fate,
 No longer thou repining pangs shalt know,
 But calmly then thy mortal close await.

SONNET

TO MYSELF.

UNSTEADY being ! vainly have I tried
 Thy restless passions to subdue or tame,
 And guard thy heart from ev'ry anxious aim ;
 Why hast thou still my utmost pains defied,

Still rais'd my hopes, and still my hopes denied ?
 Time now and Reason reformation claim,
 And add to these the just reproach of Shame,
 Yet to thy follies art thou still allied.
 Admitting that thy feelings are benign,
 And thy chief fault an irritable mind,
 Too apt at wayward fortune to repine,
 Yet to thy fate thou well may'st be resign'd ;
 Health, friends, and fair repute have still been thine,
 And few so good a fate can hope to find.

SONNET

TO SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

URBAN or NICHOLLS *, since in either name
 Benevolence and knowledge we can trace,
 Merits descending to thy lineal race,
 Thee, friend, I greet, and with a grateful aim,
 For thou hast shewn for me pure friendship's flame.
 Still Vice and Folly in thy records chase,
 Records that Learning and that Virtue grace,
 And hence, indeed, "THE GENTLEMAN" proclaim.
 'Tis thine to rescue from Time's grasping hand,
 What else in dark oblivion he would hide.
 'Tis thine to join with zeal that noble band†
 Who Genius aid, yet spare its decent pride.
 Hail to the Fund, the boast of Freedom's land,
 In whose prompt bounty Sorrow may confide.

* JOHN NICHOLLS, Esq. Proprietor of "The Gentleman's Magazine", the oldest and most respectable of similar publications.

† The Conductors of The Literary Fund.

SONNET

TO POWER.

POWER !—On thy will what weighty cares depend !
 An awful duty to fulfil is thine !
 Deck'd with the lasting wreaths of fame to shine,
 Or to the grave with infamy descend ;
 None to lament, but all to hail thine end.
 If prone to partial deeds, thy trust resign,
 A trust demanding equity divine,
 To punish Guilt, and Virtue to defend.
POWER, since with Zeal thou shouldst support the State,
 Those who have serv'd the State thy zeal should aid,
 Not leave them long in ling'ring hope to wait,
 Yet deal thy bounty with a vain parade,
 To raise the servile minions of the Great,
 Whilst Merit sinks forgotten in the shade.

SONNET

TO HOPE.

HOPE, cherub Hope, that wont the heart to cheer
 Amid the darkest hours of hostile fate,
 When scowling Malice, or when ruthless Hate
 Alarms the drooping mind with boding fear,

And Pride but faintly checks the rising sneer,
 With balmy succour thou wilt then await,
 Prompt to bestow it on the lowliest state,
 While thy mild beams illumine Sorrow's tear.
 Then, Hope, I'll seek thy solace, when Despair
 With agonizing throes my heart would rend,
 Thy potent wand can raise a prospect fair,
 To tell me Fortune will her conduct mend ;
 Hence of all dire intents shall I beware,
 Thou my firm prop, and FARNBOROUGH* my friend.

SONNET
 TO THE MUSE.

WRITTEN IN 1795.

Now breathe, my humble Muse, thy final lay
 To her whose image dwells within my heart,
 The lost dear image that will thence depart
 When life and all its cares shall pass away.
 Nor less my grief than on the mournful day
 When Death relentless struck the fatal dart ;
 Still at the dread review I shudd'ring start,
 Ah ! gentle shade, could I each impulse guide,
 While yet I linger in this world of woe,
 My constant aim, scarce heeding aught beside,
 Should be to emulate thy course below,
 For none more pure could e'er on earth abide,
 Nor with a holier zeal can seraphs glow.

* Lord FARNBOROUGH.

SONNET

TO MY WIFE.

DEEM not, dear Wife, because the worth I praise
 Of her in early days my faithful bride,
 That thine own merits are not fairly tried,
 Thine, which have cheer'd my life in later days,
 And both are far above my humble lays.
 Thou wert before in nuptial bands allied,
 And still regard'st thy former choice with pride;
 Nor can I blame the tribute Mem'ry pays.
 "A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear—"
 Thus says a Poet* who the world well knew.
 But, though we hold departed virtues dear,
 And still devote to them the homage due,
 Yet let us, while those virtues we revere,
 Prove to ourselves affectionately true.

SONNET

TO HABIT.

AVAUNT, thou sly insinuating foe,
 Enthralling both the body and the mind,
 With cords, though secret, which securely bind,
 While thy own pow'rs in gradual vigour grow,

* Pope.

And fix thy root ere we thy being know,
 Reason, alas ! remains inert and blind,
 To slavish acquiescence still inclin'd,
 When it should rouse and give the deadly blow.
 Thou specious hypocrite, whose potent spell,
 Appears like nature to the captive heart,
 Which Nature oft in vain attempts to quell,
 Such is thy subtle, smooth, insidious art ;
 But resolution can thy wiles repel,
 And one firm effort force thee to depart.

SONNET

TO THE MUSE.

THOU kind companion of my early time,
 To whom I owe full many a pleasing hour
 When fondly I invok'd thy fav'ring pow'r
 To sooth my cares in unambitious rhyme,
 Not in proud hope to reach thy heights sublime,
 Fain would I linger in thy peaceful bow'r,
 But age with near approach begins to low'r,
 And tells me long has pass'd my youthful prime.
 Yet if no more among thy train I woo,
 But, warn'd by age, resign my humble lyre,
 Still shall I sigh my dalliance to renew,
 And to some tranquil scene with thee retire ;
 Nor can I take, dear Muse, my last adieu,
 Or cease to love thy charms till life expire.

SONNET

ON MY BIRTH-DAY,

AUGUST 9, 1826.

ANOTHER birth-day hoary Time has brought,
 And finds me now in Age's gloomy vale,
 Where unexpected ills my peace assail,
 By craft inflicted, not by folly sought ;
 By craft, which other hapless victims caught.
 Yet let me not at adverse Fortune rail,
 And human cares with fruitless grief bewail,
 But patience learn, by just reflection taught.
 Time, shouldst thou life prolong, ah! spare my mind,
 Howe'er infirm this tenement of clay,
 Still let me know and love those friends so kind
 Who cheer'd me in misfortune's mournful day,
 And if I them should happy leave behind,
 When Death shall summon, calmly I'll obey.

SONNET.

AN IMITATION.*

ON RECEIVING AN INVITATION FROM THE LATE
 WILLIAM PORDEN, ESQ.

" A BOOK was writ of late call'd TETRACHORDON"—
 So MILTON quaintly in his Sonnet says,
 HE wrote the book, and gives it ample praise—
 The name will rhyme full well as that of PORDEN,

* Vide MILTON's eleventh Sonnet.

A man whose merits Fame her roll has scor'd on,
 A moral wonder in these vicious days,
 For knowledge, talents, and all worthy ways,
 None better could be found from Thames to Jordan.
 On Saturday he summons me to Berner-
 Street, where he lives with his shrewd wife and
 daughter,
 The dame from goodness ne'er will be a turner,
 The nymph* is very wise, whoe'er has taught her,
 When them I meet I'm sure to be a learner,
 But Saturday I can't be their consorter.

SONNET.

"HAIL WEDDED LOVE", says MILTON, who had tried
 The sweets and bitters of the marriage state,
 Who first was burthen'd with an ill-pair'd mate,
 But well rewarded by a second bride,
 The dreadful loss bewailing when she died.
 Alas ! how seldom the decrees of Fate,
 Join those who know each other's worth to rate,
 Who, match'd by love, not long with love abide :
 Yet sometimes, e'en amid this world of strife,
 Drawn by congenial virtues, those unite
 Whose bliss depends upon each other's life,
 Bound both by love, and by the nuptial rite ;
 Such are BETHUNE† and his endearing wife,
 Who heav'n foretaste below in pure delight.

* Since the departed wife of Capt. FRANKLIN, R. N. the celebrated navigator.

† Major and Mrs. BETHUNE, of the Willows, near Windsor.

SONNET

TO INDEPENDENCE.

To thee, firm friend of Freedom and of Man,
 I breathe the homage of an anxious heart,
 Give me thine aid, and let us only part,
 When Fate shall terminate my mortal span.
 Ambition with contempt my lot may scan ;
 Aloof from haughty pomp and servile art,
 If shielded from Adversity's fell dart,
 I'll little heed or Fortune's smile or ban.
 Oh ! INDEPENDENCE, listen to my pray'r ;
 I ask not wealth, be that the boast of Pride,
 An humble competence is all my care,
 Safe in some quiet shelter to reside,
 Books, and the Muse, my future days to share,
 Still courting Virtue life's brief course to guide.

SONNET

ON MY LONG-ESTEEMED AND VALUED FRIEND
 THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

HERBERT, in early life admir'd where known,
 Who honour'd left the Muses' classic dome*,
 And chose, for Britain's sake, abroad to roam,
 Yet not, indeed, for Britain's sake alone,

* The University of Cambridge.

To truth and virtue always firmly prone.
 Knowledge attain'd, he sought his native home
 Knowledge deriv'd from many a curious tome,
 With the vast mental stores before his own.
 Friendship might well predict his mitred fate,
 Who saw in youth the promise of his mind,
 Who saw him then, aloof from formal state,
 Wise with good humour, cheerful, frank, and kind;
 By Nature form'd intrinsically great,
 Sound in his faith, pure, learned, and refin'd.

SONNET

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

POET of Nature, hail ! who fond to trace
 The various scenes her bounty spreads around,
 And in those scenes hast truth and pleasure found,
 Her pow'r stupendous, and her gentle grace,
 The sky-crown'd mount, the lake's resplendent face,
 And all the vital myriads that abound
 At once to charm, enlighten, and astound,
 Leading the pious to their resting place.
 All nature charms and elevates thy mind,
 Yielding full scope to thy poetic fire ;
 In all some striking moral thou canst find,
 That just and tender sentiments inspire;
 Accept this greeting, bard sublime and kind,
 From one who long has lov'd thy Sylvan lyre.

SONNET

TO PRIDE.

IMPERIOUS being, what is thy pretence
 To scowl contemptuously on all around?
 Where is thy claim to such importance found?
 Not in thy virtue, knowledge, or thy sense,
 Thy conduct shews, and we determine thence.
 Is wealth thy boast, or pedigree renown'd?
 Wealth is a snare, and pedigree a sound.
 Less to despise in Vanity we find,
 To little more than notice that aspires,
 And still appears conciliating and kind;
 But fawning zeal thy arrogance requires,
 Whilst thou art to thy weakness grossly blind,
 And nought can satisfy thy vast desires.

SONNET

TO JOHN SYMMONS, ESQ.

THANKS to thy lib'ral mind and open heart,
 For friendship promptly shewn when Fortune
 frown'd,
 Friendship not only then unalter'd found,
 But still more zealous kindness to impart.

While some as from contagion seem'd to start,
 Shunning the place where Fate had dealt the wound,
 As sterile, dangerous, pestilential ground,
 Where Justice rightly struck her penal dart.
 How different thou, whose feelings can require
 Thy gen'rous mind for ev'ry bounteous deed,
 Yielding, in conscious worth, a pure delight,
 To such a mind its best and dearest need !
 May Time, to spare thee, long retard his flight,
 Since Virtue for thy life must warmly plead.

SONNET

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

BARD, though I know thee not, yet well I know
 The various offspring of thy fertile Muse,
 Who themes of highest import loves to choose,
 While all thy learning and thy genius shew,
 The potent truth, or the poetic glow.
 BYRON, how strange ! not only to refuse
 Thee rightful honour, but thy works abuse,
 With no just reason to become thy foe.
 Rather should he have propp'd thy noble plan,
 And with glad sympathy have hail'd the lay
 Design'd to raise, reform, enlighten Man,
 And lead him to his best and surest way.
 Nor more instructive beauties shall we scan
 Than in thy tender " Tale of Paraguay."

SONNET

ADDRESSED

TO THE LATE LADY ANNE BARNARD,

ON HER BEAUTIFUL

BALLAD OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

As long as genuine pathos shall prevail,
 And tender hearts hope Fortune Worth may bless,
 So long in sympathy shall they confess
 The simple charms of thy affecting tale.
 But while with hapless JENNY we bewail,
 In all her filial and her fond distress,
 We blame the churl who then his suit could press,
 And mourn that Love oppos'd by Wealth should fail.
 Yet with a Muse so gentle, so refin'd,
 Fraught with resistless pow'r the breast to sway,
 And who, invok'd by thee, would still be kind,
 Inspiring many a soft and soothing lay ;
 Ah ! why to Fame art thou no more inclin'd,
 Since Fame with pride records "AULD ROBIN
 GRAY."

SONNET

TO MY BED.

THOU soothing solace of my daily care,
 Ah ! let me fold within thy soft embrace,
 To lose of mem'ry ev'ry painful trace,
 And thy refreshing warmth recumbent share :

For thou canst ills of life with ease repair,
Alluring thy companion, Sleep, to grace
With some enliv'ning dream Hope's smiling face,
And cheer the wretch else waking to despair.
With thee, dear semblance of the grave, my mind
Amid its various toils has found repose,
Or if denied oblivious rest to find,
Yet then reflection has allay'd my woes ;
Taught me to feel for hapless human kind,
And calmly wait till Death the curtain close.

IRREGULAR SONNETS.

SONNET.

AH! dear MARIA, could my Muse impart
The glowing love which triumphs o'er my mind,
The fervid strains might touch thy tranquil heart,
And my sad soul a kindred ardour find.
But know, my fair, in vain her tuneless lyre
Would strive to shew my passion's wild extreme,
A passion pure as virtue's hallow'd fire,
And warm as youthful fancy's fondest dream.
As well her daring numbers might essay
The various graces of thy form to sing,
Or, rising still with more presumptuous lay,
Wake to the beauties of thy mind the string.
Ah! ne'er by words thy charms can be exprest,
Nor their soft influence o'er my captive breast.

SONNET.

THE faithful Fair, whom Hope, prophetic maid,
So oft had promis'd to my longing eyes,
At length has all my former cares o'erpaid,
By sacred love's indissoluble ties.

In dear MARIA ev'ry grace I view,
 My heart, deluded oft, despair'd to find,
 MARIA, tender, beautiful, and true,
 Beyond what Fancy's flatt'ring skill design'd.
 'Thou only darling of my raptur'd eyes,
 Though far beneath such wond'rous worth as thine,
 And hopeless to deserve the mighty prize,
 Yet to the charming task I life resign.
 Nor can my soul a greater transport know
 Than still with thee to find my heav'n below.

SONNET.

ALL the fair scenes which Hope so fondly plann'd,
 Delightful recompense for former care !
 The potent force of Fate's tremendous wand,
 At one dread touch, dissolv'd in empty air.
 MARIA, lovely, amiable, and kind—
 She who was all my eager soul desir'd,
 Of fairest excellence in form and mind,
 A few short months entranc'd me, and expir'd.
 Nor would the tender pledge of hallow'd love,
 Whose birth, so fatal, broke th' endearing tie,
 Remain, his soft atoning charms to prove,
 But to his mother's sainted spirit fly.
 Ah ! sacred shade, too hard was the decree,
 To take my only solace, 'reft of thee.

SONNET

TO AN ABSENT BROTHER.

WHILST thou, dear Youth, misled by Fortune's ray
 Still seek'st the meteor o'er the burning land
 Where Phœbus pours unmitigated blaze,
 And Nature droops amid the scorching sand;
 Vain is thy toil, and all thy hopes are vain,
 Unskill'd to ply each Asiatic art;
 To trample justice in pursuit of gain—
 Thy unresisted check, a feeling heart.
 Not for thyself didst thou undaunted dare—
 Tempting the troublous deep and sultry zone,
 The dross that maddens life beneath thy care,
 Save in thy zeal for kindred ties alone:
 Yet know, dear Youth, we only sigh to see
 The treasure soon restor'd, we lost in thee.

SONNET.

OH! INDEPENDENCE, turn thine awful brow,
 And deign to me thy kindness to impart,
 If low the state thy bounty may allow,
 Freedom at least will animate my heart.
 Hence shall I 'scape the mean insidious friend
 Who fain by favours would secure a slave,
 And, while to thee alone my hopes extend,
 Despise the wealthy fool and titled knave.

Cheer'd by thy smile, o'er life's uncertain road,
 As harmless impulse guides, ah ! let me stray,
 And, free from obligation's galling load,
 Thou and the Muse shall smooth the rugged way.
 The Muse, who tempts me still to court her pow'r,
 Though to her nobler heights denied to tow'r.

SONNET

TO MRS. SIDDONS,

ON A BUST OF HER BROTHER AS CORIOLANUS,
 MOULDED BY HERSELF.

Not less resisting is the senseless clay,
 Shap'd into MIND by thy creative skill,
 Than is the heart to thy imperial sway,
 Submitting all the passions at thy will.
 Lo ! where the bust displays, with awful grace,
 The lofty workings of a patriot soul,
 And, while expressive of each kindred trace,
 A Roman energy pervades the whole.
 Ah ! SIDDONS, since this plastic pow'r is thine,
 Straight on thyself employ the happy art,
 Then, through the true sublime of form, will shine
 All that adorns and dignifies the heart.
 So future times shall own the finish'd piece
 Transcends the noblest works of vaunting Greece.

SONNET

TO MR. JERNINGHAM,

ON HIS "EPISTLE FROM ABELARD TO ELOISA."

Too well, oh ! feeling bard, thy lines pourtray
 Of unpropitious love the soft despair,
 The tears of Sympathy reward thy lay,
 And her sad bosom swells with kindred care.
 The dread solemnity of cloister'd grief,
 Genius sublime, of love the hapless prey,
 Life's horrid blank, precluding all relief,
 Untimely blight in summer's glowing day :
 Memorials sad of an ill-fated pair !
 Touch'd by the charm the Muse alone can give ;
 Who dooms thy name in their renown to share,
 And with the " well-sung woes " for ever live.
 For like his fair now ABELARD shall move,
 With mingled charms of poetry and love.

SONNET

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS POEM ENTITLED " THE SHAKSPEARE GALLERY."

HAIL bard rever'd ! whose strains so well have taught
 Painting's congenial art its noblest aim,
 Thou whose bold hand from SHAKSPEARE'S shrine
 hath caught
 A vivid beam of his immortal flame.

Thine is the praise, t' illumine the airy fane
 Of gaudy FASHION, with poetic fire,
 Luring the wild, th' ambitious, and the vain,
 To hang enraptur'd o'er the Muse's lyre.
 Yet should thy fancy tempt a bolder flight,
 And thy lov'd SHAKESPEARE's radiant track pursue,
 Rove through dramatic haunts with proud delight,
 Nor doubt that noble game will spring to view :
 So shall the Art thy precepts have refin'd,
 Draw bright examples from thy pregnant mind.

SONNET

TO MRS. ROBINSON,

ON HER POEM ENTITLED "SIGHT" *.

THE bard who, uncontroul'd by place and time,
 Above creation sought his trackless way,
 And, borne on Epic pinions, tower'd sublime
 To purest realms of Empyrean day :
 He, whose 'rapt spirit urg'd him to survey
 Regions of bliss, immortals only know,
 Of sad continuous night was doom'd the prey,
 'Reft of all pow'r to view the world below.
 And though the plainings of his lofty Muse,
 "Total eclipse," and all its woes, relate,
 Thine paints the scenes he lost with brighter hues,
 And with more force the horrors of his fate.
 Strange ! thus the hallow'd poet to excel,
 E'en on the theme he knew, alas ! too well.

* Dedicated to the Author.

SONNET

TO THE SAME,

ON HER "MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF THE
QUEEN OF FRANCE."

IN vain th' historic Muse shall weeping try
The wrongs to shew of Gallia's martyr'd Queen;
In vain shall painting to the languid eye
Present the horrors of the fatal scene!
Ah! what her various suff'rings can relate,
Her awful dignity, her mute disdain,
With all the fell extremes of ruffian hate,
Like the bold force of thy empassion'd strain.
Yet as we sigh along the mournful tale,
And drop the frequent tribute of a tear,
The Muse spreads flow'rs o'er sorrow's dreary vale,
With passing sweets the fainting soul to cheer.
While Pity, sunk amid such dire alarms,
Is sooth'd by Fancy's animating charms.

SONNET

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEGENDARY TALE ENTITLED "VANCENZA."

THE placid charms of that romantic seat
Where once Vancenza rear'd its glitt'ring vanes,
All the lov'd tenants of the sweet retreat,
Diffusing bliss around the wide domains:—

To these dear shades of calm secluded joy,
 Ah ! sad reverse, Madrid's detested scene,
 Where basest arts in fairest forms annoy,
 And Murder lurks in Pleasure's airy mien.
 Such, gentle LAURA, is thy mystic tale,
 A dread memento to confiding youth ;—
 Yet still the Muse's glowing tints prevail,
 While Fancy lures us to the shrine of Truth.
 And should Vancenza wear too rich a vest,
 'Tis Sensibility by Genius drest.

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

AH ! why, dear LAURA, when thy fertile mind,
 A mind which all the gentler feelings sway,
 Vancenza's legendary griefs design'd,
 Why doom distress upon the good to prey ?
 For sure the moral, with superior force,
 Had found a passage to the soften'd heart,
 Had Virtue triumph'd in her steady course,
 And Vice alone endur'd Misfortune's dart.
 Then, dear enthusiast, while, with sorrowing eye,
 We trac'd thy melting tale of fabled woe,
 The breast which caught from Sympathy the sigh,
 Ah ! sweet reverse ! its rapture too would know ;
 As dark'ning skies distil the balmy rain,
 'Till Sol revives, and beautifies the plain.

SONNET

TO MISS ROBINSON.

To thee, dear offspring of a gentle fair,
 By genius rais'd among the glowing band,
 Ordain'd his proudest energies to share,
 And wave with magic force his potent wand :
 To thee, whom, like the blush of op'ning morn,
 The vermil herald of a radiant day,
 Such blooming hopes in early youth adorn,
 Fain would a friendly Muse her homage pay.
 Fain would she celebrate thy ceaseless aim,
 With tend'rest cares to sooth a mother's pain ;
 Yet the endearing solace to proclaim,
 Too weak were e'en that mother's wond'rous strain ;
 Poor that best treasure of poetic art,
 To the rich meed of thy own feeling heart.

SONNET

TO MRS. ROBINSON.

ENCHANTING LAURA, whose resistless spell
 In sweetest thralldom holds the willing soul,
 Breathing such strains from thy melodious shell,
 That sternest natures own the soft control ;

Too partial seem'd the lot by Heav'n assign'd
 To thee, dear mistress of the plaintive lyre,
 The perfect form and the transcendant mind,
 Beauty's best charm, and Fancy's brightest fire :—
 Yet, in thy glowing youth's delicious bloom,
 With various merit so supremely grac'd,
 Thy genius, beauty, sentiment and taste,
 By sickness whelm'd in sorrow's hopeless gloom.
 Poor is the solace, that exulting Fame
 Has join'd with noblest bards thy equal name.

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

HAIL, pensive songstress, whose entrancing lay
 So sweetly soothes the sadden'd soul to rest—
 Pathetic sov'reign of the tender breast,
 Gentle as eve, and lust'rous as the day.
 Whether to plaintive grove thy fancy lead,
 To hermit cave, or mountain's dizzy height,
 The battle's sanguine plain, the peaceful mead,
 Still the fond Muse attends thy fervid flight.
 Description yields her pencil to thy hand,
 That pencil, fraught with ev'ry varying die,
 A new creation springs at thy command,
 And brighter beauties catch the ravish'd eye.
 Ah ! since o'er other hearts so potent known,
 Why sadly doom'd to sink beneath thy own !

SONNET

TO HENRY CONDELL, ESQ.

ON THE MUSIC OF "THE ENCHANTED ISLAND,"

FOUNDED UPON SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

CONDELL, to thee no common praise is due,
 Bending thy flight where PURCELL rose of yore,
 In fond pursuit of fame, among the few
 Whose noble spirits emulative soar.
 Whether the scene displays the pomp of state,
 Parental tenderness, or youthful love,
 Or the dread spells of necromantic fate,
 Thy kindred notes appropriate feelings move.
 Nor less thy pow'r when the rough monster's seen,
 Or light-wing'd ARIEL and the tiny band,
 Thy numbers varying, as each varying mien,
 In all express a master's potent hand.
 Then well, ingenious artist, thee we hail,
 Whose strains enrich e'en SHAKESPEARE'S wond'rous
 tale.

SONNET

TO NOEL DESENFANS, ESQ.

ON HIS WORK UPON PAINTING.

THOUGH tasteless Time, with slow but certain rage,
 PAINTING's sublimest treasures will destroy,
 Yet those preserv'd in thy descriptive page,
 Uninjur'd shall posterity enjoy.
 So well thy pen each master's style displays,
 Such force and beauty in thy work we find;
 That Fancy, charm'd, o'er ev'ry picture strays,
 And feels the rich collection in the mind.
 Nor bound to mere description's boldest reach,
 Thy labours to a nobler height aspire;
 Knowledge, so moraliz'd, shall critics teach
 To judge with candour, and with taste admire.
 Hence, future artists shall those labours prize,
 Which rescue genius from its ruthless foe,
 And hope another DESENFANS will rise
 In Time's despite to bid their colours glow.

SONNET*.

EIGHT times the sun his annual course has past,
 Since first my heart knew hymeneal ties;
 Too exquisite the happiness to last,
 And Fate soon robb'd me of the matchless prize.

* On a melancholy anniversary.

Ah ! gentle shade of her I lov'd so well,
 To whom my soul now pours its duteous lay,
 Receive the sighs which in my bosom swell,
 The faithful homage that I still must pay.
 And since denied to wing my flight with thee,
 Doom'd still the load of lingering life to bear,
 Dear Saint, my guardian genius deign to be,
 To guide me through this world of vice and care.
 So may the bond that join'd our hearts before,
 Unite us once again, to part no more.

SONNET.

At length returns the melancholy day,
 And my heart owns the mournful tribute due—
 A tribute drooping Mem'ry still must pay,
 To her whose soul to better regions flew.
 Nine tedious years their ling'ring course have roll'd,
 And still my widow'd heart remains the same ;
 Still former ties indissolubly hold—
 Still Love preserves his consecrated flame ;
 Nor can that consecrated flame expire
 When the last sigh is struggling from my heart,—
 E'en then shall sacred Love's immortal fire,
 At the dread hour, a cheering ray impart,
 And onward still in purer realms shall glow,
 To light me to the Saint I lost below.

SONNET

ON THE POEM ENTITLED "ENTHUSIASM,"

WRITTEN BY EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ.

PRESIDING spirit of the fervid mind,
 Deluded oft, but noble still her aim,
 Now urging superstition, rash and blind,
 Of Genius now the animating flame !
 True she has stoop'd her impulse to impart,
 When Persecution spread her fatal fire,
 Yet has she rous'd the Patriot's generous heart,
 Yet has she touch'd the raptur'd Poet's lyre.
 Well has thy Muse, my friend, the contest tried,
 And at the shrine of Truth due homage paid ;
 But had th' ærial court the wreath denied
 Which justly crowns th' enthusiastic maid,
 Still Taste and Feeling would her worth maintain,
 Since to her zeal we owe thy glowing strain.

SONNET

TO MRS. SIDDONS,

ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

"AND Beauty draws us with a single hair"—
 Thus sung the bard in Fancy's happiest strains ;
 Hence of thy tresses we may well beware,
 Lest they enthrall the breast in lasting chains.

For all that bounteous Nature could impart
 Of genius, feeling, dignity, combin'd,
 With ev'ry softer grace to sooth the heart,
 She fondly lavish'd on thy form and mind.
 Yet shall I take the lock with no alarm,
 Proud of a gift from one so good and kind,
 In hopes, while I preserve the braided charm,
 Th' ennobling influence of thy worth to find ;
 That worth which makes thine Art so potent prove,
 Adorning virtue, and exalting love.

SONNET

IN THE MODERN STYLE OF HUMBLE MORALITY, FAMILIAR
 PATHOS, AND SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE.

AH ! PUDDLE, doom'd to wander through the street,
 And force thy way o'er many a rugged stone,
 The Muse, tear-tributing, thy streams shall greet,
 And sympathize with thee in gurgling groan.
 Pure was thy source as Morn's ethereal dew,
 Though now mud-mingling must thy current flow,
 Ordain'd to creep the fractur'd pavement through,
 And sputter-splash the stockings of the Beau.
 Pure, too, was man, when in his infant state,
 Ere vice burst forth, that puddle of the soul,
 And man in thee may trace his kindred fate,
 As both along Time's mazy kennel roll :
 For man, sin-soil'd, at scouring penance aims,
 As thou to cleanse thyself in silver Thames.

ODES
ON
THE BIRTH-DAY
OF THE LATE
RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT,
MAY 28.

THE Author cannot but fear that the same sentiments, and perhaps the same expressions, have been too often repeated in the following ODES, and indeed in many of the preceding and subsequent POEMS. The candid Critic, however, will allow, that as the subjects are similar, it was difficult to avoid similarity of feelings, and perhaps identity of language.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD FARNBOROUGH.

MY DEAR LORD,

As you were long intimately connected in political principles and private friendship with the late illustrious WILLIAM PITT, I have only to regret that in dedicating the following ODES to your Lordship, I have no better opportunity of testifying the esteem and regard of

MY DEAR LORD,

Your Lordship's obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

London, Nov. 1826.



ODES.

ODE

ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE
LATE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT,

MAY 28, 1806.

RECITED AT MERCHANT-TAILORS' HALL BY EDWARD QUIN, ESQ.

FACTION avaunt !—if Faction dare appear
Among the loyal band assembled here—
To Gallia's slavish regions fly.—
Go, if averse to Britain's order'd reign,
There crouch beneath a ruthless tyrant's chain,
There basely live, and meanly die.
The sons of freedom here unite to pay
The homage due to virtue, on the day
Which gave that virtue to mankind;
Britain records the time with grief and pride,
For her he liv'd, for her, exhausted, died,
The victim of his patriot mind !
Not Envy's self can say, this noble train
Their grateful rites with sordid ends profane,
Each heart its own reward supplies ;
Each pays the tribute of a fond regret
To him whose glorious sun, alas ! is set—
No—it illumines its native skies.

Oh ! let his great example prompt us all
 With ardour to attend our country's call,
 And but in death, like him, submit—
 Now rise, and give the toast to Britons dear,
 So may his awful shade complacent hear—
 “ Th' immortal memory of PITT.”

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1808.

PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY THE PITT CLUB AT THE
 ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

AGAIN the zealous friends of patriot worth
 Convene to celebrate that statesman's birth
 Who for his country liv'd and died ;
 Again, observant of the natal rite,
 To serve no partial ends they here unite,
 But to proclaim their grateful pride.
 For, search historic rolls, no age, no clime,
 Can match his eloquence, profound, sublime,
 Increasing Britain's mental fame ;
 In moral lustre, too, he far exceeds
 The lofty Grecian's, polish'd Roman's deeds,
 Disdaining ev'ry selfish aim.
 When hideous Anarchy, o'erwhelming Gaul,
 Decreed in blood her righteous monarch's fall,
 And menac'd each surrounding state,
 Though many a realm became an easy prey,
 PITT, with firm wisdom, bade the tempest stay,
 And sav'd us from impending fate.

But though untimely of his pow'rs bereft,
 His bright example's still to Britain left,
 And, while we trace his radiant course,
 To crush her let confed'rate nations try,
 In peace at home, their rage she may defy,
 Secure in her own native force.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1810.

PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY THE PITT CLUB AT THE
 ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

THOUGH Faction, with her hideous band,
 Attempts to shake this happy land,
 And act the scenes of Gaul,
 The friends of Britain still, we find,
 This day in solemn league combin'd,
 With her to stand or fall.
 Yes—still in Britain shall be found,
 To hail that epoch's annual round
 When Heaven sent PITT on earth,
 In union firm, a patriot host,
 With grateful fervour proud to boast
 Their homage to his worth.
 His king, his country, he rever'd,
 In him no other cares appear'd,
 Warm for the gen'ral weal;
 His wisdom turn'd aside the blow
 Which laid surrounding nations low,
 A tyrant's yoke to feel.

And hence in vain shall factious Hate
 Strive to convulse this happy state,
 Where Freedom makes her stand ;
 The Shade of PITT shall still oppose
 Her foreign and domestic foes,
 Still guardian of the land.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1811,

COMMEMORATED AT MERCHANT-TAILORS' HALL.

WHERE'ER Humanity can turn her eyes,
 The scenes around must sadden and surprise ;
 A despot rules, triumphant and alone,
 And sceptred vassals prop his hideous throne.
 The people o'er each subjugated State
 Submit, in gloomy silence, to their fate,
 Nor only vanish'd Freedom they deplore,
 Religion, Virtue, Honour, are no more,
 And none, alas ! can venture to depend
 On nearest ties of relative or friend ;
 But all, dispos'd each other to betray,
 Become alike the hunter and the prey.

Amid these scenes of bondage, ruin, guile,
 How nobly stands BRITANNIA'S happy isle !
 With strength her independence to maintain,
 And brave the tyrant on her guardian Main :

The nurse of arts which dignify the mind,
 Freedom's true home, the refuge of mankind.
 To PITT this proud pre-eminence she owes,
 His warning voice appall'd her daring foes ;
 And, when the dreadful torrent rush'd from Gaul,
 Which with o'erwhelming fury menac'd all,
 Britain escap'd the desolating pow'r,
 Preserv'd by him in Fate's eventful hour ;
 Preserv'd from Sophistry's ensnaring page,
 No less than Anarchy's destructive rage,
 That baneful sophistry, whose specious plan
 Proclaim'd impracticable rights to man.
 He scorn'd the passions of the crowd to raise,
 Or lead in theory's delusive maze,
 Intent around the sacred pale to draw
 Of social order and of equal law.

Thus nobly anxious for the public weal,
 No selfish cares his lofty mind could feel ;
 And, when a gen'rous patriotic band *,
 Who knew his wisdom had secur'd the land,

* Mr. ROSE, in a pamphlet, entitled " Observations respecting the Public Expenditure and the Influence of the Crown", states, that in the year 1789, it occurred to several gentlemen of the first respectability in the city of London, that Mr. PITT, on quitting office, would be in a situation of great embarrassment, not only from some debts which he had unavoidably incurred, but as to the means of future subsistence. Mr. ROSE adds, that "under this impression, a certain number of merchants and ship-owners met and resolved to raise the sum of 100,000*l.* to be presented as a free-gift, the well-earned reward of his meritorious exertions ; each subscriber engaging never to divulge himself or of any other person contributing, in order to prevent its being known to any one, except themselves, who the contributors were." Sir

Urg'd by affection, delicate as kind,
 A noble tribute to his worth design'd ;
 Though with the gifts of fortune ill-supplied,
 Their bounty he declin'd with modest pride ;
 Indiff'rent to his own peculiar fate,
 His best reward, the safety of the State.

Such was the patriot, to whose honour'd shade,
 Again the natal rites this day are paid ;
 And, if weak mortals were allow'd to scan
 The high behests that Heav'n awards to man,
 Then might we deem that patriot was design'd
 A signal favour by th' all-gracious Mind,
 And hence in Britain should this day appear
 By glory mark'd till Time's concluding year.

ROBERT PRESTON, Bart., the Member for Dover, was deputed to wait on Mr. ROSE, "to learn in what manner this token of esteem and gratitude should be presented to Mr. PITT." The offer was made, but Mr. PITT positively declined it, alleging "that, if he should ever return to office, he should never see a gentleman from the city without its occurring to him that he might be one of his subscribers." It would be unjust to the memory of Mr. PITT to omit the further statement of Mr. ROSE, who says that a few days after, Mr. PITT told him, in conversing about his future plans, "that he had resolved to return to the bar, and to apply unremittingly to that profession, in order to extricate himself from his difficulties, and to secure, as far as he should be able, the means of future independence."

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1812,

COMMEMORATED AT THE LONDON TAVERN, JUNE 16*.

WHEN PITT's the theme, each British heart must feel
 A grateful sorrow and a patriot zeal,—
 Sorrow, that he, whose wisdom sav'd the State,
 Was doom'd on earth to such a transient date ;
 A patriot zeal his virtues to revere,
 And fondly emulate his bright career.
 Heav'n which inspir'd the legislative frame
 Which bears our venerable ALFRED's name,
 That plan of well-poised Order, which alone
 Protects at once the People and the Throne,
 Heav'n gave us PITT to guard the sacred dome,
 And keep from force and fraud fair Freedom's home.

When, under Liberty's polluted name,
 Rush'd Anarchy, with her destructive flame ;
 When all around was horror and dismay,
 And ancient thrones were levell'd in a day ;
 When e'en to us the fell delusion spread,
 And, mad with rage, to innovation led,
 On Truth's sure base he took his glorious stand,
 And turn'd the storm from BRITAIN's happy land.

* The Commemoration was postponed on account of the recent and melancholy death of Mr. PERCEVAL.

Then be our grief with this fond hope allay'd,
 While here again we hail his awful shade,
 That, though betray'd or crush'd by hideous GAUL,
 State after State in mean dejection fall,
 Amid the wrecks as BRITAIN firmly thrives,
 PITT on her rocky bulwarks still survives,
 Benignly sanction'd by th' almighty Will
 The guardian genius of his country still.

But shall we close the tributary lay,
 Nor sigh for worth untimely snatched away !
 Lamented PERCEVAL, whose direful fate
 Th' historic Muse with sorrow shall relate !
 An orb, as all were emulous to own,
 Which, mild and clear, with steady lustre shone.
 Yet Hope, once more, should mitigate our woe,
 For since he steer'd his public course below
 With PITT, his matchless model and his guide,
 Warm in the sympathy of patriot pride,
 Haply we now their mingled influence feel
 In fost'ring cares for BRITAIN's lasting weal.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1813.

STILL must we breathe the tributary lay,
 To him, alas ! from all our hopes remov'd ;
 Still must we consecrate the natal day
 To genius honour'd, and to worth belov'd !

Where shall we search for equal pow'rs around,
 Or where regret for purer virtues feel ?
 Where can such wisdom now on earth be found ?
 Or where a heart more warm with patriot zeal ?
 All who a high and upright mind revere,
 Shall o'er his relics bend in silent grief ;
 But thine, oh ! Britain, is the deep-drawn tear,
 Who, propt by him, might give the world relief.
 For lo ! oppress'd by dire Ambition's reign,
 The nations turn an eager gaze on thee ;
 Implore thine aid to break the tyrant's chain,
 And fix them, like thyself, securely free.
 But though he's gone, who should direct the blow,
 The will of Heav'n submissive let us bear ;
 Perchance he casts a guardian look below,
 Perchance still guides us with a patriot care *.

ADDRESS

TO THE PITT CLUBS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE,
 FROM THE SHADE OF THE RIGHT MON. W. PITT,
 ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 1814.

FRIENDS to your king and country, know,
 The virtues that prevail below
 Are register'd above,
 And hence the rites ye duly pay,
 To hañ on earth my natal day,
 Are mark'd as patriot love.

* It is scarcely necessary to remind the classical reader, that the outline of these stanzas is derived from Ode XXIV, in the first book of Horace.

To lead mankind from error's maze,
 And spread around truth's steady rays,
 I bade "The SUN"* arise;
 And ye who now assume my name,
 To give due sanction to the claim,
 That moral orb should prize.
 For then its beams will ne'er be shed
 To glitter on the guilty head,
 Unless the guilt to shew;
 The friend of virtue and the state,
 It ne'er will gild the worthless great,
 But still for merit glow.
 Alas! among the Great how few
 To virtue and the state are true!
 Themselves are all they prize:
 Int'rest alone their smiles can gain,
 But merit seeks those smiles in vain,
 And unregarded dies.
 As friends to me protect "The SUN",
 It then to latest times may run,
 And spread a patriot flame;
 Hence all who know its pure design,
 And yet to aid its course decline,
 Are Pittites but in name.
 Britain, I rais'd "The SUN" for thee,
 To keep thee loyal, safe, and free,
 Unclouded may it soar!
 Oh! guard it as a fond bequest,
 Of patriot love the dying test,
 For I could leave no more.

* The Sun newspaper.

SONG,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF
THE LATE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT,

MAY 27, 1815.

SUNG BY MR. BROADHURST, AT THE CITY OF LONDON TAVERN.

[TUNE—"RULE BRITANNIA."]

WHEN Nature, urg'd by Heav'n's command,
A patriot true to Britain gave,
With care her awful work she plann'd,
And form'd him virtuous, wise, and brave:
To Britain's weal the surest guide—
'Twas PITT, his country's prop and pride.
When wild Rebellion rais'd her head,
And France became her bleeding prey;
While the dread storm o'er Europe spread,
PITT stemm'd the torrent on its way:
The threat'ning waves he dash'd aside,
His rescu'd country's prop and pride.
Ambition then, with countless force,
Made states obedient to his nod;
And mad that Britain check'd his course,
Reserv'd for her th' avenging rod;
But PITT the tyrant's rage defied—
Still, still, his country's prop and pride.

At length to arms the nations fly,
 The glorious cause uniting all,
 Resolv'd to conquer or to die—
 And soon was doom'd the despot's fall:
 Yet was the noble plan supplied
 By PITT, his country's prop and pride.
 Ah! had he but surviv'd to know,
 If then to close his mortal date,
 That Europe triumph'd o'er her foe,
 A grateful smile had welcom'd fate:
 Yet his last breath for Britain sigh'd—
 Such was our country's prop and pride.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1816.

SHALL this day e'er return, and shall the Muse
 Her humble tribute to the shade refuse
 Of Britain's fav'rite boast, illustrious PITT!
 He, who when States against her pow'r combin'd,
 By the vast force of his sagacious mind,
 Compell'd each hostile nation to submit.
 No—though her loftiest efforts would be vain,
 To pay due homage in a grateful strain,
 Britain might well reproach her languid lyre,
 If, on this honour'd day, she could decline
 Her annual off'ring at his hallow'd shrine,
 As dead to ev'ry spark of patriot fire.

Aloof he stood from ev'ry selfish end,
 Content to prove his country's zealous friend,
 And INDEPENDENCE he refus'd though poor ;
 Rich in that country's love, he sought no more,
 Like his great sire, despising sordid ore,
 His fondest wish her glory to secure.
 Forbear, rash Muse, a theme for thee too high,
 A grateful empire heaves a mournful sigh,
 That Fate so soon consign'd him to the tomb :
 Then strive not to prolong thy feeble praise,
 For Time will ne'er destroy his vivid bays,
 And Fame will spread them in eternal bloom.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1817.

As long as Albion's rocks shall stand,
 And her firm oaks protect her land
 From ev'ry hostile aim,
 So long shall PITT her annals grace,
 And all her future grateful race
 Revere his awful name.
 Though Europe's potentates combin'd,
 Arous'd by one congenial mind,
 To quell despotic sway ;
 'Twas PITT who doom'd the tyrant's fall ;
 He, by resisting haughty Gaul,
 To freedom led the way.

Alas ! he was not spar'd to see,
 By Britain's aid, the nations free,
 Taught by his guardian care ;
 Yet his great shade may haply know
 The blessings that he wrought below,
 And in those blessings share.
 May Britons then the call obey,
 To hail the patriot's natal day,
 Till Time's remotest round ;
 Let solemn Silence breathe his praise,
 While now the votive glass we raise—
 His worth let History sound.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1818.

STILL on this day, till clos'd is Time's career,
 May PITT receive the votive honours due ;
 Perchance his sainted spirit hovers here,
 And social order may approving view.
 For order was on earth his chief design,
 Order with freedom, Britain's surest weal ;
 Through life he strove those blessings to combine,
 And his last sigh he breath'd in patriot zeal.
 The sculptur'd honours that record his name,
 In vain his worth, his wisdom, would impart ;
 Far nobler monuments are rais'd by Fame,
 A cenotaph in ev'ry British heart.

ADDRESS FROM "THE SUN"
TO THE SHADE OF WILLIAM PITT,
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1812.

SHADE of immortal PITT for thee I glow—
Thou gav'st me being *, and thy care I claim,
Form'd in the hour of universal woe,
When Revolution spread her fatal flame.
Heav'n sent thee, sure, to chace the dire alarm,
And rescue Europe, else in ruin hurl'd ;
Thou bad'st Britannia for her freedom arm,
And raise her hand to prop a falling world.
Not less thy praise, when sophistry arose,
And all her baneful creed expounded here ;
Thy potent voice subdu'd internal foes,
And stopp'd wild Innovation's mad career :
Hence from the fervour of thy patriot pride,
That Britain might to truth her safety owe,
I rose, to spread thy system far and wide,
And shine a MORAL SUN to all below.
True to that system since my race began,
In steady course I kept my onward way,
To guide from error's mists bewilder'd man,
Nor waste on tyrant power a single ray.
And like the glorious orb that fires the skies,
Diffusing blessings to the world around,
May I like that in daily radiance rise,
Like that be bright, and clear, and constant found.

* The Sun newspaper was instituted under the immediate
auspices of Mr. PITT.

Besides, oh ! honour'd Shade, to guard the realm,
 If e'er portentous storms burst forth again,
 See LIVERPOOL, who steady at the helm,
 Will steer securely o'er the subject main.
 And, lo ! the chief* who led the victor host,
 At Waterloo, on Gaul's inglorious flight,
 Amid th' eternal laurels he can boast,
 Proud of presiding at thy natal rite.
 And last, of law the venerable sage,
 ELDON, in wisdom and in virtue great,
 With youthful ardour blending cautious age,
 Friend of his King and Pillar of the State.
 Oh ! as this day returns, to thee assign'd,
 A day to wisdom and to virtue dear,
 May Britain still such loyal vot'ries find,
 To hail thy mem'ry, and thy worth revere.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 26, 1830.

BRITAIN, as Europe owes to thee
 That she no longer bends the knee
 Beneath a tyrant's sway,
 And PITT the vast achievement plann'd,
 Let ev'ry Briton, heart and hand,
 Hail this his natal day.

* The Duke of WELLINGTON in the chair.

Not Britain only should rejoice,
 But ev'ry nation lift its voice,
 Where peace and order reign,
 To greet the mem'ry of the man
 Whose wisdom fram'd the glorious plan
 Its freedom to regain.

And shall The SUN*, which drew its light
 From PITT, neglect the duteous rite,
 Nor grateful warmth display?
 No—in that virtuous statesman's praise,
 Long may it pour its brightest rays
 On this returning day.

Oh! honour'd Shade! if aught below
 Now touch thee with a patriot glow,
 Still aid thy "SUN" to shine,
 Thy matchless system to sustain,
 Which best preserves man's social chain,
 For still that SUN is thine†.

But if, when others guide its course,
 That "SUN", constrain'd by party force,
 E'er deviate from the right;
 If e'er it from thy track should stray,
 The clear, direct, and safest way,
 O! quench at once its light.

The Sun newspaper.

The author has been deprived of his property in The Sun
 paper by the misconduct of a deceased partner.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1881.

Nor Britain only should this day revere,
 But grateful Europe, 'till earth's final year,
 Resound the worth of PITT, our nation's pride:
 He taught her how to break the tyrant's chain,
 Whose mad ambition o'er the world would reign,
 While Britain only all his rage defied.

Alas! he liv'd not to behold the day
 Which clos'd th' imperious despot's ruthless sway,
 And made him humbly to Britannia yield;
 The day when, many a direful conflict past,
 Freedom regain'd her injur'd rights at last,
 Secur'd on Waterloo's victorious field.

There, led by Britain, Europe's mingled band
 Achiev'd the glory PITT had nobly plann'd,
 Not for his country only, but mankind;
 That Pow'r might fix due limits to its sway,
 The People thence a rightful homage pay,
 And cordial union both in safety bind.

History our statesman's wisdom shall relate,
 And all his virtues fondly consecrate,

While lo! to aid her work, the mitred sage*
 Who train'd his lofty mind from early youth
 To all the paths of honour and of truth,
 Tracks the bright course in his impartial page.

* Life of the Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT, by GEORGE TOM-
 LINE, Bishop of Winchester.

So may to latest times a Beacon stand,
 A radiant Guardian-orb for ev'ry land,
 The social world in safety to maintain.
 Statesmen may learn the surest way to steer,
 Monarchs to keep them in the right career,
 And Order hold an universal reign.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1832.

STILL patriot feelings bring united here
 Those who departed worth with pride revere,
 And to immortal PITT their homage pay :
 Assur'd that, gifted by benignant Fate,
 He came to prop and dignify the state,
 Again they meet to hail his natal day.
 Extend the search o'er every clime and age
 That History marks upon her doubtful page,
 And where an equal statesman shall we find !
 Ambitious only of a virtuous fame,
 He scorn'd the din of popular acclaim,
 Th' intrepid champion of oppress'd mankind.
 Though ARISTIDES sign'd the votive shell
 That made him to his country bid farewell,
 And for his private worth was styl'd "The Just",
 PITT would have spurn'd the senseless crowd's appeal,
 And stood the guardian of his country's weal,
 Firm on his post, and faithful to his trust.

Hail then thy natal day, illustrious Shade!
 Oh! never, never, shall thy laurels fade,
 But flourish on the soil where first they grew:
 There still in lasting verdure shall they bloom,
 And, rear'd by Fame, shall thicken round thy tomb,
 While grateful Britain to herself is true.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 22, 1822.

ALBION, rejoice! though PITT no more
 Survives to guard thy rocky shore,
 Thy freedom, and thy laws;
 His spirit hovers o'er the place,
 His counsels still thine empire grace,
 And prop the glorious cause.
 And well may'st thou rejoice again,
 Beholding here a patriot train,
 With grateful zeal combine,
 To honour him whose life was pure,
 Whose wisdom made thy realm secure,
 And will in history shine.
 And, lo! in CANNING's lofty mind,
 The true inheritor we find
 Of PITT's intrepid soul;
 Declining Eastern pomp and pow'r,
 That thou, in Europe's awful hour,
 Mightst arbitrate the whole.

For, Albion, thou, so nobly free,
 Could'st ne'er with tame indiff'rence see
 Invasion pounce on Spain;
 Not for wild Anarchy to stand,
 Or aid Oppression's iron hand,
 But public rights maintain.
 Manes of PITT! of man the friend!
 Oh! let thy spirit still descend,
 To guard thy fav'rite state!
 So may that spirit hence be found
 To animate the world around
 Until o'erwhelm'd by Fate.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1824.

If he to whom our rights are due
 Were now his country's state to view,
 With all his former love,
 He self-approving worth would feel,
 And pleasure at his country's weal,
 Increase his joys above.
 Then would he see the plans his mind
 With patriot energy design'd,
 To guard his native land,
 Accomplish'd to their utmost aim,
 And Britain with unrivall'd fame,
 In strength and safety stand.

Then would he see a Monarch sage,
 Who hence will grace th' historic page,
 PITT's glorious ends pursue,
 And, best to aid those glorious ends,
 Entrust them to those steady friends
 To all his counsels true.

And see, among that patriot train,
 A master-mind * the cause maintain
 Of universal right,
 • That freedom may with pow'r be found
 To regulate the realms around,
 And all in peace unite.

Such now is Britain's happy hour,
 Supreme in freedom and in pow'r,
 Such, PITT, we owe to thee,
 Oh! may fell Tyranny beware,
 And ev'ry state our blessings share,
 Be happy, and as free.

ELEGIAC TRIBUTE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1825.

HAIL to the Son of an illustrious Sire!
 Both bless'd with powers that all mankind admire;
 The Father rais'd aloft the British name,
 The Son pursu'd his Father's track to fame:
 But diff'rent were the times when each held sway,—
 With Elder PITT States held a transient fray;

* Mr. CANNING.

Then mere ambition prompted them to jar,
 And territorial pride prolong'd the war ;
 But when the Younger PITT assum'd the rule,
 Arose dire Anarchy's terrific school ;
 That fatal school its doctrines spread around,
 And madly strove all order to confound—
 Bade Innovation's bloody torrent roll,
 And ruthless Massacre o'erwhelm the whole.
 At length the Son, with wisdom's potent force,
 Stemm'd the dread fury in its mighty course ;
 While Europe listen'd to his sage appeal,
 Rous'd from her torpor, then, with patriot zeal,
 Oppos'd democracy, and led by PITT,
 Compell'd the hideous monster to submit.—
 Hence should the day that gave this statesman birth
 Receive due honours from his native earth ;
 And union, order, freedom, still be found,
 To hail that earth as consecrated ground.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

MAY 28, 1836.

WHILE storms convulse this transient ball,
 And other nations rise or fall,
 Still Britain safely stands ;
 Her glorious empire still is seen
 Abroad rever'd, at home serene,
 Secure from factious bands.

And none are sure so madly vain
 To spurn at Order's sacred chain,
 Firm guard of all below.
 No—adverse parties may debate,
 But soon as danger threatens the State,
 All join to quell the foe.

Benignant Heav'n to Britain gave
 Immortal PITT, the realm to save,
 In peril's direful hour ;
 When Regicide with crimson'd blade,
 The trembling monarchs round dismay'd,
 Aghast at lawless pow'r.

PITT saw the storm approach the land,
 And, urg'd by Heav'n, stretch'd forth his hand,
 To point where safety stood :
 His bold example rous'd them all,
 The nations heard his warning call,
 And anarchy subdu'd.

And still our patriot's mighty mind,
 In Britain's tow'ring height we find,
 Admir'd by ev'ry state ;
 While then his counsels we pursue,
 That tow'ring height the world shall view
 Till the dread doom of Fate.

Britons, ye well unite to pay
 Due homage, that his natal day
 With grateful zeal may pass ;
 In silence be that homage paid,
 As now, to greet his awful shade,
 We raise the votive glass.

EPISTLES.



EPISTLES.

TO CHARLES LONG *, ESQ.
A CALL AT THE TREASURY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1793.

DEAR Sir, the only time I e'er
Set foot upon the Treas'ry stair,
Was when I went there t'other day,
My compliments to you to pay.
No, it was not exactly so,
For in the Cock-pit years ago,
I heard, in manner clear and terse,
Our minister THE SPEECH rehearse.
Perchance you'll wonder at my rhyme—
You'll know the cause in proper time;
But first permit me just to state,
What odd mischances may await
On those who at the Treas'ry stay,
Unless familiar to the way;
For there at ease you safely post,
Nor know the perils of the coast.

* Now Lord FARNBOROUGH.

R

1

Arriv'd, a set of busy fellows
 Survey'd me with an aspect jealous,
 Fierce as the triple-headed brute,
 Or dragons o'er th' Hesperian fruit.
 Now one advances from the throng,
 "Your bus'ness here, Sir,"—"Mr. Long,"
 With modest accents I reply—
 The man then looks with soften'd eye,
 As if he, in respect to you,
 Thought more civility was due.
 Thus, having learn'd to whom I came,
 "Sir, you must first send in your name,"
 Which I with trembling fingers trace,
 Struck with th' importance of the place.
 He takes the paper, quits his station,
 And I remain for observation.
 Another set of men I see,
 Who seem but strangers there like me;
 Each looks as if he thought I came,
 To interrupt his prior claim,
 Holding, no doubt, the homely saw,
 "First come first serv'd," as moral law.
 The man returns "Sir, please to sit,
 He's now below with Mr. PITT."
 And then I learn I may presume,
 To venture to another room.
 At thought of PITT, with awe profound,
 I cast my eyes upon the ground,
 Revolving o'er his genius great,
 The pride and pillar of the state;
 Then I regard with patriot zeal,
 His labours for the public weal,

And to promote so good an end,
 A helping hand would gladly lend.
 At length my contemplations shift,
 To the snug things within his gift.—
 Well, to the farther room I draw,
 While ev'ry step imparts new awe.
 When there I saunter to and fro,
 But cannot see one soul I know,
 That might my weary spirits cheer,
 Mid anxious turns of hope and fear.
 Now struts along some stately member,
 With face as gloomy as November,
 Who scorns on me a glance to throw,
 As for his notice much too low.
 Behold a clerk now passes by,
 With careless mien, but curious eye,
 Who casts around a busy stare,
 That seems to ask my errand there.
 Then stands with back against the fire,
 As if to bid me come no nigher,
 While secret looks my form survey,
 And thus his satire seems to say,
 "Some hungry author come for cash,
 Too needy else to print his trash;
 I know him by the garb of black,
 That always marks the scribbling pack."
 Others drop in and prate away,
 On topics of the passing day,
 With anecdote, and innuendo,
 On what fair dames, and courtly men do,
 Relating many a clever jest,
 If laughter be allowed a test;

Laughter that but augments my care,
 Denied alas! the joke to share,
 Or any of the tales to hear,
 Which fly in fragments by my ear ;
 While still unknown I beat the hoof,
 Or patient sit, mumchance, aloof ;
 Deem'd an intruder on the place,
 Since none will own my alien face,
 Or mark'd for sly satiric sport,
 As poacher for some new report ;
 The merry group then leave the room,
 Once more a solitary gloom.
 Now Mr. RAMUS comes in view ;
 Happy in seeing one I knew,
 I greet him with familiar pat,
 And try to draw him into chat.
 Short respite from my dire suspense,
 For business quickly calls him thence.
 He answers me in civil style,
 With placid tone, and courteous smile,
 Observing, " Well, Sir, I suppose
 You come to speak with Mr. ROSE."
 " No, Mr. LONG,"—" Oh pray then wait,
 Depend upon't you'll see him strait ";
 Concluding with sagacious leer,
 " I'm very glad to see you *here*."
 In vain I tempt a further stay,
 For chat to business must give way.
 Thus am I left alas! once more
 With anxious step to pace the floor.
 Then ponder I on COWLEY's lines,
 Where the staunch loyal bard repines,

And tells us in but homely verse *,
 How he his foe would choose to curse ;
 Lamenting, while his lot I knew,
 I could not boast his genius too.
 Now on the clock I cast my eye,
 Adjust my watch and heave a sigh,
 Inferring, like a loyal wight,
 That *ev'ry thing* must there *go right*.
 Forbidden then to steal a nap,
 I seek amusement on the map,
 On ev'ry line attentive pore,
 Trace Westminster and London o'er,
 And in my keen researches sally,
 Through ev'ry narrow lane and alley ;
 Cross all the bridges, and pursue
 Old Thames through all his winding clue,
 Reflecting with a patriot pride
 On all the blessings of the tide,
 And on each bard's enthusiast theme,
 In honour of the noble stream,
 Which gave to DENHAM and to POPE
 For patriot pride such ample scope.
 And now the curious well may aim,
 To learn for what indeed I came.
 Was it for favour there to coast,
 And ask you for some vacant post ?
 Or was it to procure a hint,
 For topics for a public print ?
 No—but to put an end to doubt,
 And fairly let the secret out,

* " Were I to curse the man I hate,
 Attendance and dependence be his fate."

I call'd your courtesies to thank,
 And simply ask you for a frank ;
 And as I hence may ask again,
 I greet you with this tedious strain.
 But had I thought that 'twas my fate,
 In dull suspense so long to wait,
 And had not ventur'd to presume
 A speedy summons to your room,
 I should perhaps have slipp'd away,
 And troubled you some other day.
 At length your bland and courteous air,
 Compensated for all my care,
 Nay—made me glad of what had past,
 So kind a welcome found at last.
 Now, Sir, my doggrel Muse shall close,
 Who verse prefers, instead of prose.
 Prose on the mind we faintly trace,
 But verse is apt to *keep its place*.
 A point that in their happy hour,
 Is no bad hint to those in pow'r.
 Besides t' excuse this rhyming sample,
 I can produce a bright example :
 SWIFT very oft would hold a parley
 In verse with his old patron HABLEY,—
 Oh ! could you prove the friend to me,
 That to the merry Dean was he !
 Or that my Muse had equal claim
 To favour, fortune, and to fame !

THE LATE THOMAS TAYLOR, D.D.

RECTOR OF WOTTON, SURREY.

To him whom taste and virtue love,
The good divine of Wotton Grove.

DEAR Sir, to visit Wotton Grove,
A place that monarchs well might love,
(Or better fitted for a sage,
Inclin'd to study Nature's page,)
And not a rhyme or two to start,
Would shew a cold insensate heart.
I like each hill, I like each vale,
Refresh'd by many an od'rous gale :
I like the church, and eke its yard,
Well suited to the pensive bard,
Whose chasten'd spirit could endure
" The simple annals of the poor,"
And kindling with the moral strain,
Told the ambitious and the vain,
Though puff'd with pride or flatt'ry's breath,
That " Glory's but the path to death."
Yes—let me once again declare,
I like the rustic house of pray'r,
And preach'd by you, a wise and firm one,
I doubt not I should like the sermon.
I like the wood, I like the *lawn*—
Say at the sound does fancy dawn,
And Hope's fair visions beaming brighter,
Spread o'er thy brow the future mitre?

Though fill'd to ev'ry virtuous wish up,
 You well might say " I'll be no bishop."
 I like the terrace where the Muse
 Breathes balmy softness o'er the dew,
 And where a tranquil charm is found
 As if it were her fav'rite ground.
 I like the seat you call your sulky ;
 Sly nook for one not over bulky,
 But think you should not it defame
 By such a harsh ill-suited name,
 Since there you never seek for rest,
 But social passions warm your breast.
 I like the vista, where from home
 You peep upon the azure dome,
 And conscious why the place was giv'n,
 Keep at all points your views on Heav'n.
 I like the Master of the scene
 Whose nature's shewn throughout his mien ;
 Whose friendship all who know him boast
 A kind and hospitable host.
 I like that faithful quiet mare
 Who could so bad a rider bear,
 And who without or trip or flurry
 Toil'd with me o'er the steeps of Surrey.
 I like the ambient landscape where
 Nature combines with cultur'd care
 To spread a scene of wealth and show,
 That makes a British bosom glow ;
 And hence, or else I were a clown,
 I like the train of titled Downe,
 And wish I could have stay'd to dine
 With them and Lambeth's great divine,

Who might have been in humour giving,
 And dealt to me a snug lay-living ;
 For as to church good things, alas !
 I am not in the track to pass.
 I like the widow'd dame* who dwells
 Where the bold hill so proudly swells,
 And nectar should I deem the pottage
 Shar'd with her in her pretty cottage ;
 She who can please the mind and sight,
 Worth a whole world of chrysolite,
 A word I take from that poor fellow
 The credulous abus'd OTHELLO.
 In short, I lik'd whate'er I found
 In all the various scenes around,
 And melancholy was the day
 That forc'd me from those scenes away ;
 Forc'd me from peaceful haunts to go
 To this dull sink of vice and woe.
 But hold, without restraint I tell
 What likings in my bosom dwell,
 Heedless, alas ! dear Sir, that you
 Must also have your likings too,
 And may not like to have your time
 Invaded by such idle rhyme ;
 Now then to end at once your pain,
 I close my wild obtrusive strain,—
 Though Mem'ry still would linger o'er
 What Hope has promis'd to restore ;
 Nor Hope nor Fancy can improve
 What I enjoy'd at Wotton Grove.

* The Author's present wife.

A FRIENDLY EXPOSTULATION.

"When Fate contracts the circle of friendship, it should render that circle the more valuable to those who remain within it."

ANON.

WELL might I think 'twas strange and hard,
 So old a friend thou shouldst discard,
 Because he fell a prey
 To one whom all deem'd rich and just,
 While many he ensnar'd to trust,
 And knew he must betray.

For then 'twas sure the time to shew
 Kind sympathy with blameless woe,
 That e'en respect may claim ;
 And 'tis, indeed, no empty plea,
 To say, hadst thou been plac'd like me,
 Thy fate had been the same.

The coldness of the common herd
 No other impulse could have stirr'd
 Than a contemptuous smile,
 But thy desertion hurt me more
 Than all that I had borne before,
 Thou of "THE VALU'D FILE."*

For conscience had sustain'd my heart,
 I fell beneath perfidious art,
 With specious cunning plann'd ;
 I thought I stood on solid ground,
 But, in a fatal moment found,
 That 'twas but treach'rous sand.

* MACBETH.

Our ancient friends are like old wine,
And hence we neither should decline,

But guard each stock with care ;
In each a potent charm we find,
To cheer the body and the mind,
And both the cordial share.

New friends, compared with those of old,
Are tinsel toys to massy gold,

They hardly love or hate :
While yet with novelty they glow
A shining surface they may shew,
But where's the sterling weight !

THOMSON has said, " We die in part "
When friends are sever'd from the heart—

Were all then torn away,
The heart, cold vacancy around,
With gloomy vapours would abound,
And on itself must prey.

I've known thee years full twice a score—
I might, indeed, with truth say more—

And hop'd Time's rip'ning pow'r
Had made our friendship firm as oak,
And might defy Misfortune's stroke,
Till our last awful hour.

For though, by the decree of Fate,
So very diff'rent was our state,

In most things we agreed.
Thou amply bless'd with Fortune's store,
I with " good spirits " *—little more,
" To clothe me and to feed."

* HAMLET.

Perchance when Fate's tremendous doom,
Shall stretch me in the silent tomb,

If not deem'd worth a tear,
Thou'lt say " Poor fellow, he's no more,
His follies and his cares are o'er,
I wish he now were here."

Alas ! I need not dread the blow
That soon or late shall lay me low—

Of all I had bereft—
Ordain'd, while press'd by age and pain,
To struggle with the world again,
Though scarce e'en hope is left.

My friend, this mournful strain excuse,
Wrung from a melancholy Muse,

Perchance her final lay—
Long, long may'st thou life still enjoy,
In happiness without alloy,
When I'm but senseless clay.

Thus to my feelings I give vent,
But not with an unkind intent

To wound an ancient friend ;
My heart retains his kindness past,
The faithful record there will last,
Till life itself shall end.

TO MISS PORDEN*,

ON HER POEM ENTITLED

"THE VEILS, OR THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY."

WHERE'ER we search how rarely shall we find
 Learning enrich, while Genius fires, the mind;
 More rarely we the paths of Science trace,
 And see poetic charms adorn the place;
 Yet rarer still we find in playful youth,
 The glow of fancy with the force of truth:
 But thou canst, ELLEN, in life's vernal hour,
 Combine the whole in one resistless pow'r!
 Yes—thou mayst justly boast, ingenious maid,
 A pow'r that brings all nature to thy aid,
 For thee her various elements conspire,
 Mov'd at the touch of thy commanding lyre.

The bard whose sportive strains so well declare
 BELINDA's graces, and her sever'd hair,
 But ill employ'd his ROSICRUSIAN train,
 Their aims ignoble, and their efforts vain;
 E'en ARIEL shielded not the fated lock,
 Poorly content to be the guard of SHOCK:
 But when directed by thy skill, they trace
 Pursuits more fitting each superior race,
 Gnomes, sylphs, and sprites submit to thy control,
 While ARIEL reigns triumphant o'er the whole.

* This lady was married to Captain FRANKLIN, R.N. the celebrated navigator, and died soon after he departed on his present expedition.

Lo! Chemistry appears at thy command,
 In peopled state, and leads a hostile band,
 While ev'ry substance of insensate kind,
 Flies to her standard, rising into mind,
 To join the direful elemental fray,
 Their pow'rs all marshall'd at thy sov'reign sway;
 And Science wears a more attractive face,
 Adorn'd with beauty, dignity, and grace,
 Imagination still her fond ally,
 As hand in hand through Nature's realms they fly.

Drawn by thy potent wand, whate'er the scene,
 Its touch creates, terrific or serene,
 At once we follow where that points the way,
 Led by a charm our feelings must obey,
 Sooth'd by the beautiful, to soft delight,
 Or rais'd to the sublime's tremendous height.

Nor these alone the triumphs of thy Muse,
 The heart with sympathy the tale pursues,
 Shares all the dangers that thy heroes share,
 Or sighs responsive with each hapless fair.
 Hence, struck with all the wonders of thy lyre,
 Thy fancy, knowledge, energy, and fire,
 Taste, Genius, Learning, Truth, thy vivid work ad-
 mire.

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.

ON HIS SPLENDID CONTRIBUTION OF PICTURES TO THE
 NATIONAL GALLERY.

BEAUMONT, descended from the classic line,
 Of him whose works in scenic annals shine,

From him who flourish'd in that honour'd age,
 When SHAKSPEARE rose to dignify the stage,
 BEAUMONT a stronger title thou may'st claim,
 Than thy great Sire's possessions * and his name.
 In thee is found hereditary force,
 Though now thy genius takes another course :
 He to poetic heights with vigour rose,
 As erst his pen thy potent pencil glows.
 Oh ! could the canvas with an equal pow'r,
 Its hues retain, and with the drama tow'r,
 Then future times thy kindred skill would trace,
 Thy lineal energy, thy lineal grace.
 But since rude Time will cast an envious shade,
 And all thy vivid tints are doom'd to fade,
 Could but thy virtues with thy name descend,
 Thy high repute with ev'ry living friend,
 Then ages hence would in thy conduct find,
 The gentleman in manners and in mind :
 Not the smooth system STANHOPE's † rules detail,
 To spread o'er vicious aims a specious veil,
 But noble feelings that a mien display,
 Like the mild radiance of benignant May.
 Yet of thy merits one will Hist'ry tell,
 And Time will let it on her records dwell ;
 Thy patriot bounty, adding to the store
 Of graphic treasures, that our realm may soar.
 In all that Peace can raise of graceful charms,
 As in the blaze of her triumphant arms,

* Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT inherits an estate that belonged to his dramatic ancestor.

† CHESTERFIELD's Letters.

So Arts shall ripen, so shall Taste refine,
 And Britain's GEORGE like Rome's AUGUSTUS shine.

TO JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ. R.A.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

NORTHCOTE, accept a friendly lay,
 That greets thee on thy natal day,—
 A day, on Nature's gen'ral plan,
 That brings thee to the age of man.
 Though long have pass'd thy youthful days,
 Thy mind exhibits no decays,
 And, viewing all the ills of life,
 Its physical and moral strife,
 No reason hast thou to repine
 That such a length of years is thine,
 Nature in mental gifts was kind,
 With genius she imbu'd thy mind ;
 Nor hast thou suffer'd it to waste,
 But added knowledge, judgment, taste ;
 Such pow'rs as long have rais'd thy name
 High on the rolls of graphic fame ;
 A station it may justly claim.
 Fortune, too oft a fickle jade,
 Was pleas'd what Nature gave to aid,
 And leagu'd with Prudence, plac'd thy state,
 Above dependence on the Great.
 Thy converse, with experience fraught,
 Propt by solidity of thought,

By travel strengthen'd and refin'd,
 With all that marks a well stor'd mind,
 Fits thee, in circles grave or gay,
 Congenial merits to display,
 And it has been thy happy fate
 To mingle with the truly great,—
 A learn'd, enlighten'd, classic band,
 The grace and glory of the land,
 Whom REYNOLDS*, prince of painters here
 Combin'd in one resplendent sphere.
 Since thus has been thy lot, my friend,
 'Tis time all anxious toil should end,
 And thou should'st ease with study blend;
 Then distant still may be the year
 Ere yet thy course is ended here;
 Then on that course may health await,
 Nor quit thee till the call of Fate;—
 And when that call thou must obey,
 May hope impart a cheering ray,
 To light thee to eternal day.

TO FRANCIS CONST, ESQ.

DEAR CONST, to gen'rous actions prone,
 You offer'd me a print, well-known,
 VANDYKE's admir'd design;
 Where BELISARIUS, poor and blind,
 Reliev'd by Cottagers, we find,
 With sympathy benign.

* MR. NORTHCOTE was many years a resident pupil with Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Lo ! where the martial youth surveys
 The vet'ran, with a solemn gaze,
 And mourns the turns of Fate,
 Whence heroes, all their prowess o'er,
 Alas ! may beg from door to door,
 Howe'er they serv'd the state.
 But not the warrior's fate alone,
 Patriots, who prop'd the state or throne,
 In cold neglect decay ;
 While those to pride who basely cow'r,
 The venal instruments of pow'r,
 Can rise to wealth and sway.
 Another print you offer'd too,
 Where EDWARD we triumphant view,
 And Patriots doom'd to die*,
 But where his mild benignant QUEEN,
 With suppliant grace, is kneeling seen,
 To waken Mercy's sigh.
 Her kind appeal the Monarch hears,
 And, soften'd by her streaming tears,
 Recals the stern decree :—
 Oh ! Woman, form'd with potent art
 To smooth, subdue, command, the heart,
 All, all, must yield to thee !
 Last, a much valu'd print, indeed,
 Yourself upon your fav'rite steed,
 Skill'd to controul its flights ;
 Ah ! had I but an equal spell
 To manage Pegasus as well,
 And reach Parnassian heights !

* The Surrender of Calais.

I ask'd not for these gifts you know,
 They sprang from friendship's genuine glow,
 Which all your life has shewn,
 A life that, from your earlier days,
 Has still been mark'd with well earn'd praise,
 As Truth and Justice own.

And oh ! far distant be the day
 When Fate shall call that life away,
 Though joys await on high ;
 For then Distress will lose a friend,
 While Genius o'er your grave shall bend,
 And heave a votive sigh.

TO LADY BATE DUDLEY,

ON HER RETURN TO BRADWELL, ESSEX.

WHEN doom'd to leave the tranquil shade
 Of cultur'd Bradwell's fair domain,
 Thy Muse, in plaintive numbers, paid
 The tribute of a parting strain.
 That Bradwell, where, by skilful toil,
 The wat'ry god was forc'd to yield
 To CERES a luxuriant soil,
 Who soon enrich'd the smiling field.
 But Fortune wears a milder mien,
 And deigns those beauties to restore,
 Which erst endear'd the varied scene,
 And bade thy Muse the loss deplore.

Hence one who read the tender strain,
 And who has known thy merits long,
 With joy invokes thee now to pay
 The tribute of a cheerful song.

Oh ! may it tell that friendly Time
 Preserv'd the scene from careless waste,
 And cherish'd all in Nature's prime,
 Design'd by thy prophetic taste.
 And should the theme thy Muse incite
 To touch the tuneful chords again ;
 Truth, feeling, genius will unite,
 To dignify the glowing strain.

Alas ! Hope's visions now are o'er,
 That cheat so oft our hapless race,
 Thy friend, thy husband, is no more,
 And all that charm'd has left the place.

TO THE LATE GEORGE DANCE, ESQ.

MY dear Mr. DANCE, when you've nothing to do,
 And desire to retreat from the world's busy crew,
 When the weather is bad, and you're fearful of cold,
 Nor trust out a frame neither youthful nor old,
 When Music no longer administers aid,
 And Poetry proves an illnatur'd old maid ;
 When books you resort to in vain for a skreen,
 To keep off that terrible hag Mother SPLEEN,
 When all her blue devils hop over your mind,
 And trample to death ev'ry joy they may find ;

When Mem'ry would fondly recal to your view
 A thousand good actions that mark your life through,
 And is told by stern Conscience, impetuous and bluff,
 Though much good you have done, you have not done
 enough ;

In short when you're hipp'd, and you cannot tell why,
 Alone, and on vacancy bending your eye,—

Then, then, my good friend, take your pencil in hand,
 That pencil which taste and which genius command,
 And copy that spirited sketch of a head

I held, at your wish, in original lead ;

So may you succeed in your excellent art,

And your pencil be always as true as your heart.

'Tis to please a good wife, not myself, that I ask,

A duty at once, and delightful a task,

And as you in kindness have ne'er been found scant,

This favour, I know, you will readily grant.

TO F. F. ESQ.

Though Time now makes me feel his pow'r,
 And Age is in his rear,

I only sigh that not one hour

He brought dame Fortune near.

And vainly I her steps pursue,

For, colder than before,

She seems to vanish from my view,

And bid me hope no more.

Were I with Competence to dwell,
 Within her quiet shed,
 The simplest fair would suit me well,
 And e'en a pallet-bed.

With her declining life to cheer,
 And sooth reflection's pain,
 How dull would splendid pomp appear,
 Fit idol of the vain.

If Fortune then should keep aloof,
 Or cloud my future scene,
 I still, beneath an humble roof,
 Should find its close serene.

Since kindly urg'd at first by thee
 Her wishes to reveal,
 Think not the Muse is now too free,
 Or can distrust thy zeal.

She knows thy heart no spur requires
 In Friendship's gen'rous course,
 Alive to all its noblest fires,
 And firm in all its force.

But mem'ry's frail, and since on thine
 A thousand cares depend,
 I must not hope 'twill oft incline
 To so obscure a friend.

And there's a tide in man's affairs—
 He timely floods should choose ;
 Lest, thrown upon a sea of cares,
 He all his ventures lose.

Thus said our matchless Bard of yore,
 Who, lofty and profound,
 To man's sublimest heights could soar,
 And all his depths could sound.
 But though on life's uncertain sea
 I buffet with the wind,
 I doubt not, piloted by thee,
 A shelt'ring port to find.

TO PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

DEAR friend, what various pow'rs are thine,
 Ordain'd in various ways to shine ;
 To strike the Poet's lyre,
 Or to the pencil force to give,
 And make the canvas seem to live,
 With native truth and fire!
 Nor less thy talents aid the stage,
 With comic whim, or tragic rage,
 Raising the laugh or sigh,
 Yet, mid thy pathos or thy sport,
 To virtue paying still due court,
 Her firm, her fix'd ally.
 Not only prone to moral aims,
 Thy pious zeal Religion claims,
 To simplify her rites ;
 What's wrapt in classic lore explain,
 And hence to teach th' unlearn'd to gain
 Her future pure delights*.

* See a tract entitled "Easter."

This pious zeal thy pen displays,
 Recording GRANVILLE'S * mortal days,
 Who, since his life began,
 Essay'd throughout his earthly course,
 To prove the friend, with all his force,
 Of freedom and of man.

I need not bid thee, Friend, proceed,
 Assur'd through life a lib'ral deed,
 Will mark each future hour ;
 Nature and Fortune well combin'd—
 The first bestow'd a bounteous mind,
 The second ample pow'r.

Long, long may'st thou that pow'r retain,
 Urg'd by no impulse proud or vain,
 But by a gen'rous mind ;
 Intent to soften ev'ry woe,
 That Fate has doom'd to all below,
 Thou friend of human kind.

IMPROMPTU.

TO WILLIAM CURTIS, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, last night, before the green-room fire,
 You offer'd me a portrait of your sire,
 A man whom Britons must with pride behold,
 Since form'd by Nature of true British mould ;
 Whose aim has been, as all who know him own,
 To serve the country and support the throne,

* Life of the late GRANVILLE SHARP, Esq.

Though, that your kindness might not be forgot,
 You took a memorandum on the spot ;
 Yet pardon me for giving you this hint,
 For I shall set much value on the print ;
 And think not that I flatter, for 'tis true,
 Still more shall value as it comes from you,
 Who seem your father's footsteps to pursue.
 And let me hope, a hope you'll not take ill—
 Far distant be the day when you're SIR WILL ;
 For then will Britain lose a steady friend,
 You less enjoy his wealth than mourn his end,
 And prove his virtues with his stores descend.

P. S.

When next you see your lively uncle JAMES *,
 Who from long friendship kind remembrance claims,
 Say I esteem him, though the bant'ring railer
 Hails me, whene'er we meet, with "well, old TAY-
 LOR."

May he in Fortune's, or his brother's, yacht,
 Sail smoothly on with joy at ev'ry knot,
 'Till Fate shall bid his earthly voyage cease,
 And safely moor him in the port of Peace.

* JAMES CURTIS, Esq. a gentleman generally known and respected.

TO
 THE LATE GEORGE HARDINGE, ESQ.
 ON BEING DESIRED TO READ HIS PAMPHLET, ENTITLED
 "THE ESSENCE OF MALONE."

THINK not, good Sir, that I'm so dull,
 Of such a thick incurious scull,
 As not ere now to read with glee,
 Your very pleasant jeu d'esprit.
 Yes, Sir, to all men be it known,
 I've read the "Essence of Malone."
 Along his page you nimbly skim,
 Compressing all with wit and whim;
 Now here, now there, alert and airy,
 Light as the footsteps of a fairy.
 Touching all points with skill and luck,
 With all the playfulness of PUCK.
 Yes, Sir, you're with your pen as handy,
 As sportive YORICK with his SHANDY.
 You bid me secret keep your name,
 Alas! dear Sir, you've lost your aim;
 There has already been a hint,
 A pretty strong one too in print,
 And howsoe'er you fret and frown,
 GEORGE HARDINGE rings through all the town.
 As to the praises you bestow
 On the Old Butler's* rhymes, they shew

* The tales of the rhyming butler in the play of "Lovers' Vows", written by the author, by desire of the late Mrs. INCHBALD, who wrote the play.

" Your goodness more than my desert,"
 I held those verses cheap as dirt ;
 But now I must not be so vain,
 As to behold them with disdain,
 For prais'd by such a man as thou,
 They must be good, by GEORGE, I vow.
 Still may your Muse and you jog gaily
 Through this strange medley world, so Vale.

P. S.

I lately met in Stratford Place
 A lady mark'd by placid grace,
 With manners gentle, accents sweet,
 A character that seem'd complete,
 Indeed a treasure well worth guarding—
 Dame COSWAY said 'twas MRS. HARDINGE.

TO A LADY WITH A PAINTED ROSE.

ACCEPT, my Fair, this mimic flow'r,
 A simple pledge of friendship's pow'r,
 And though no perfumes it exhales
 Like those which scent the vernal gales,
 No richly-mingled beauties shews,
 Like those which blooming Spring bestows,
 Yet Fancy, with delusions kind,
 Shall spread fair visions o'er thy mind,
 And fondly picture to thy view
 O'er ev'ry leaf, a brighter hue

Than in the lap of fragrant May
The pride of Nature could display.

When wintry clouds deform the year,
In vivid prime shall this appear ;
Still image to thy raptur'd eyes
Such glowing tints as shame the skies.
Ah say, does wand'ring Fancy guide,
Can Friendship's pow'r so far preside,
Can it with magic force impart
Such sweet illusions to the heart ?
Oh ! yes, by Friendship's skill divine
All scenes delight, all seasons shine,
That, when the storms of winter roll,
With constant spring can charm the soul,
And bid the rose of pleasure blow
'Mid poverty's surrounding snow.

Since thus its pow'r can sooth the soul,
And all the rage of Fate controul,
Our hearts shall own its gentle sway
Till fleeting life's remotest day :
While as a pledge of the soft chain
This flow'r shall still with thee remain ;
Protected by thy tender care
All change of seasons it shall bear ;
If Summer's fierce effulgence reign,
Or frowning Winter blast the plain ;
And like our friendship still defy
Time's chilling force to bid it die.

TO MISS ROBINSON.

WITH HODGES'S VIEWS IN INDIA.

WHEN Genius, proud such worth to aid,
 Inspires thy beauteous hand to trace
 These scenes, a master's hand pourtray'd,
 And lend to all an added grace :

Ah ! then, dear maid, a moment pause,
 And heed the moralizing Muse ;
 She with unerring pencil draws,
 And paints to Hope sublimer views.

The scenes that Asia spreads so fair,
 And cloudless suns have deck'd so bright,
 With transient kindness Time shall spare,
 And whelm those suns in endless night :

But Virtue all his rage defies,
 Exempt from Nature's earthly doom,
 With loveliest charm of radiant dies,
 That flourish in eternal bloom.

 L I N E S

ADDRESSED

TO THE LATE PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

ON HIS ODES TO THOMAS PAINE.

PETER, 'tis said thy coat is turn'd,
 Because thy Muse indignant spurn'd
 A theoretic elf,

Who ranc'rous urg'd his rebel pen
On false Utopian rights of men,
For mischief and for pelf.

But sure thou but appear'st in this
A zealous friend of scial bliss
And England's constitution ;
Averse to all th' insidious prate
Design'd to overturn the state,
In form of revolution.

Yet since thy Muse so well can feel
The blessings of the public weal,
And dares its worth defend,
Why waspish would'st thou wound the man
Ordain'd to head the useful plan,
And ratify its end ?

Too long hast thou with giddy ire
On gracious GEORGE engag'd thy lyre,
With fables weak and vain ;
Oh ! let his mild and virtuous fame
Thy wild unbridled satire tame,
And lure the plausible strain.

Then nobly rise, facetious bard,
Disloyal spleen at once discard,
And gen'ral subjects chuse ;
Fruitful in vice, this iron age
May well employ thy biting rage,
And justify the Muse.

TO DR. WOLCOT*.

WOLCOT, art thou so dead to fame,
 Content that thy poetic name,
 So long in high renown,
 A dull lampooner shall purloin,
 And pass base metal for thy coin,
 In hopes to cheat the town?

'Tis said, old Bard, that thou art blind,
 But that thy visual power of mind
 Still clear and bright appears;
 That still thy Muse, as strong and gay,
 With satire, humour, wit, can play,
 As in thy earlier years.

'Tis said, besides, far better praise,
 The subject of her former lays
 She long has ceas'd to sing;
 And, while a different course she steers,
 She mourns the sufferings, and reveres
 The virtues of her king.

If so,—arise, and dash to shame
 Th' usurper of thy Theban name,
 By all with scorn decried;
 His daring impudence expose,
 And, changing into friends thy foes,
 Come forth in loyal pride.

* These lines were addressed to the late Dr. Wolcot, olim PETER PINDAR, Esq. a wretched scribbler having assumed his poetical designation.

TO MRS. MERRY,
LATE MISS BRUNTON,
ON THE REPORT OF HER INTENDED MARRIAGE WITH
MR. MERRY.

DEAR BRUNTON, how oft, by the hand of Report,
Have thy beauties been led to the church,
Where still the old gossip, in mischievous sport,
Has left thee as oft in the lurch.

At first the dame whisper'd, that HOLMAN, the smart,
Flew to thee from the bachelor's spleen ;
Yet it soon was confess'd he but acted a part,
And was merely the spouse of the scene.

Then MORTON, the airy, a wit of the town,
Was supposed thy affections to draw ;
But he was soon caught by a barrister's gown,
And would only be wedded to law.

Next REYNOLDS, a whimsical good-humour'd wight,
Was to open the conjugal page ;
But it quickly appear'd he lov'd only to write,
And to nothing would fix but the stage.

Last MERRY, the tuneful, 'tis said is the man
Thy worth is to lead to the shrine ;
But the rogue is too fond of the libertine plan,
And of nymphs is devoted to nine.

Whilst thou, my dear BRUNTON, averse to the chain,
Thy husbands can'st lose without sorrow ;
For thou know'st that Report, in her good natur'd vein,
Will provide thee another to-morrow.

IMPROMPTU.

TO A LADY.

FAIR WOODFORD, always promptly kind,
 Gave me a dainty foreign pie,
 But when to taste it I inclin'd
 An insect there I chanc'd to spy.
 White, like a Druid, it appear'd,
 Or like a hermit in his cave,
 It look'd as instant death it fear'd,
 And pardon humbly seem'd to crave.
 Methought the culprit rear'd its head,
 And softly whisper'd, with a sigh,
 " Know I in WOODFORD's pie was bred,
 And for her sake I should not die."
 Wond'ring I heard the spoiler's plea,
 And Pity strait possess'd my mind,
 For I example took from thee,
 Fair WOODFORD, always promptly kind.

IMPROMPTU.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

DEAR NANCY, as this is the day of thy birth,
 May it pass off with peace, if not heighten'd by mirth,
 And I heartily hope each return of the day
 May find thee still prosperous, healthy, and gay.

SPRING reigns above, around, beneath,
 Makes fancy flourish on a heath,
 And prompts thy animating lyre
 To tune her charms with truth and fire—
 No—Spring can boast no triumph here,
 Thy fancy blossoms through the year.

TIME TO MISS SPENCE,

ON HER WORK ENTITLED "OLD STORIES."

I HAVE read your "Old Stories" with pleasure, Miss
 SPENCE,

Expecting to find tales of yore,
 But your work shews such novelty, pathos, and sense,
 As seldom I've witness'd before.

'Tis said that my nature is prone to destroy ;
 The charge, I acknowledge, is true,
 But now let not terror your bosom annoy—
 I'll certainly take care of you :

For to spread moral worth has been always your aim,
 Your counsels are solid and sage,
 Hence you'll have my support and the sanction of
 Fame,

Since Virtue approves of your page.

TO THE LATE FRANCIS NEWBERY, ESQ.

ON HIS IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

THANKS for the present of thy lays,
 Good classic friend of Paul's Church-Yard,
 Whose hand in Britain plants the bays
 Rais'd by the famous Roman bard.
 Yet thou to praise hast small pretence—
 Let Nature urge her just appeal,
 Who gave thee kindred taste and sense,
 Like Horace thus to think and feel.

TO MRS. RICHARDSON*,

ON HER POEMS FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH.

Too humbly has thy Muse declar'd,
 That she for youth alone prepar'd
 Her pure instructive page;
 Since all who read that page will find
 It guides and elevates the mind,
 With counsels just and sage.—
 Yes—all, whate'er their years, will gain
 Advantage from a moral strain,
 Where various charms combine;
 Where vivid painting, playful ease,
 Where knowledge, spirit, fancy, please,
 And such a strain is thine.

* Widow of the late JOSEPH RICHARDSON, Esq. M.P. barrister-at-law, author of the comedy of "The Fugitive", and one of the writers of "The Rolliad", "Probationary Odes", &c. &c.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER "HISTORY OF THE BIBLE," IN VERSE.

THY version of the sacred page,
 The page of awful truth,
 The balmy source of hope to age,
 The safest guide to youth,
 Affords thy Muse a nobler claim
 Than earth-born themes bestow,
 And ev'ry reader feels the flame
 That makes her bosom glow.
 Proceed in thy sublime career,
 Recording Heav'nly love,
 And if by Fortune slighted here,
 Thy meed is sure above.

TO W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM ENTITLED "THE BATTLE OF THE NILE."

DEAR friend, thy animated strain
 Fights Nile's proud conquest o'er again
 With so much force and fire,
 We glow and think th' exulting Muse
 Herself records the wond'rous news
 To send it to her sire.—

Yet when, perchance, the Thund'rer reads
 Thy fervid lays on Nelson's deeds,
 He'll swear—so vast the glory—
 Mars and Dan Phœbus stole below,
 That one might crush Britannia's foe,
 And t'other tell the story.

TO THE SAME,

ON HEARING HIM SPEAK AN ADDRESS, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,
AT THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE LITERARY FUND,
AFTER DECLARING THAT HE SHOULD NO LONGER SUPPLY
HIS POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS ON SUCH OCCASIONS.

AND so, friend Fitz, thy lib'ral Muse
Resolv'd unkindly to refuse
Her tributary lay;
Content that thou, so oft her boast,
Shouldst merely put around the toast,
And thy subscription pay !
The thought of such a churlish part,
Proves man but little knows his heart ;
Thou quench the Muse's fire !
No—when thy heart is dead to fame,
It still at suff'ring merit's claim
Will animate thy lyre.

ON THE PICTURE

REPRESENTING

CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALENE AFTER
HIS RESURRECTION,

PAINTED BY RICHARD WESTALL, ESQ. R.A.

WESTALL, thy vivid pencil Genius guides,
But now Devotion o'er thy work presides ;

An animating impulse both impart,
And mingling graces consecrate thine art.

The SAVIOUR mild and dignified appears,
Whilst MARY kneels, impress'd with pious fears ;
Emblems of Innocence, the lambs are seen,
In gentle groups, amid the distant green ;
And solemn grandeur seems o'er all to reign,
As if Religion hallow'd the domain.

Such is thy work—a subject thus sublime,
Ordain'd to reach beyond the bounds of time,
Not to a private spot should be assign'd,
But deck some sacred dome, to strike mankind.

TO BENJAMIN OAKLEY, ESQ *.

THANKS for thy work, ingenious Friend,
Where graphic skill, and moral grace,
To ev'ry nobler impulse tend,
And where we worth and genius trace.

The nuptial, the parental, glow,
And Friendship, animate the page ;
With ease thy thoughts and feelings flow,
And hence our sympathy engage.

* These Stanzas were suggested by a volume of Letters, on Miscellaneous Subjects, written by this gentleman, and presented to a few of his select friends, in which are introduced lithographic portraits of the several branches of his family from drawings by himself.

Each branch of the connubial tree
 We view with pleasure, and with hope
 That all may flourish long with thee,
 And rip'ning fruit have ample scope.

Well hast thou to thy wedded dame
 Address'd these tributes of the heart,—
 Whose conduct, warm'd by Virtue's flame,
 A pattern to her sex impart.

TO MRS. HEMANS,

ON HER "STANZAS TO THE IVY".

FAIR HEMANS, Ivy now may raise
 Its simple head on high,
 And, honour'd by thy Muse's praise,
 With bay and laurel vie.

The bay adorns thy tuneful lyre,
 And, such thy potent strain,
 We kindle with heroic fire,
 And laurels pant to gain.

Nor less thy pow'r on softer themes
 Our sympathy to move ;
 With fancy now thy genius beams,
 Now soothes with gentle love.

Fair Dame, thy Muse alone I know,
 Yet o'er thy vivid lays
 A stranger's bosom well may glow,
 And Taste and Virtue praise.

TO MISS EMMA KENDRICK,

ON HER

MINIATURE COPY

OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S

PICTURE OF "THE NYMPH AND PIPING BOY."

FAIR EMMA, well known for thy genius and taste,
 This copy from REYNOLDS must add to thy fame,
 With the painter's original charms it is grac'd,
 Though diff'rent in size, yet in beauty the same.

Nay it e'en might be thought that great REYNOLDS'S
 shade,

The work to complete, had thy hand hover'd o'er,
 But that talents like thine have no need of his aid,
 Since Nature had made thee congenial before.

TO MISS PORTER.

WITH thee at "The Pastor's" *, or any "Fire-side",
 Ah ! who would not wish for a place ;
 There Genius and Virtue are sure to reside,
 Good-humour, Benevolence, Grace.
 A sister congenial, a mother rever'd—
 What happiness falls to thy lot !
 And each so to each by affection endear'd,
 A palace might envy thy cot.

TO SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY,

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF MRS. BRAHAM.

ARTIST, thy genius we admire,
 Which not alone the form can trace,
 But still with judgment, taste, and fire,
 Delineates well each mental grace.
 We here those lovely features view
 Which Virtue's genuine impulse show,
 To all domestic feelings true
 That on thy faithful canvas glow.
 And who can think that former days,
 When rival females charm'd the throne,
 Could boast a beauty worthier praise,
 Or with so pure a lustre shone ?

* Vide "The Pastor's Fire-Side", written by this lady.

Artist, proceed and hence display
 Beauties who vie with those of yore,
 Make GEORGE's equal CHARLES's day,
 And be what LELY was before.

TO JOHN SOANE, ESQ.

ON HIS ANONYMOUS ASSAILANTS.

SOANE, deck'd with well-won honours, ne'er repine
 That Merit's usual fate at length is thine;
 That Ignorance and Envy should bewail
 When Genius triumphs, is a common tale:
 Nature bestow'd on thee a pregnant mind,
 And Fortune to its aims has still been kind,
 Enough, the rage of Malice to provoke,
 And tempt the public or the secret stroke:
 But whilst thy labours studiously explore
 The mighty Grecian and the Roman store,
 Blending their charms to grace thy native land,
 Aloof from Envy thou shalt firmly stand.
 Besides thy Sov'reign of thy work approves*,
 Whom Taste embellishes, and Science loves.
 And since thy life is mark'd by actions kind,
 Diffusing riches with a bounteous mind,
 Fame shall secure thee lasting honours here,
 And Virtue raise thee to a happier sphere.

* All Mr. SOANE's recent alterations, we understand, were submitted to the inspection, and obtained the approbation, of his MAJESTY.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS CENOTAPH TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
 RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT,
 FORMING THE ENTRANCE INTO THE OFFICE FOR THE
 REDEMPTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

THINK not the world thou canst outwit,
 No—it perceives thy scheme, friend SOANE,
 Since honours here design'd for PITT
 Are shrewdly blended with thine own.

Yet rightly all thy skill was tried,
 The subject is a nation's care,
 A nation warm with grateful pride
 That once it boasted worth so rare.

The Cenotaph, we must allow,
 Like him for whom the work was plann'd—
 Him to whose memory all should bow—
 Is simple, solemn, classic, grand.

But where's the marble form of PITT*,
 To animate the votive dome;
 And seem with patriot care to sit,
 Still Guardian of his British home?

That will complete the just design,
 And sanction thy aspiring aim,
 With PITT, illustrious PITT! to shine,
 And live with him in endless fame.

* The Statue has since been placed, and does honour to the talents of Mr. WESTMACOTT, R.A.

And such a union well may stand,
 For there we kindred merits trace ;
 His wisdom has secured the land—
 Thy genius gives it added grace.

TO MR. JACKSON, R.A.

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS CONST, ESQ.

CHAIRMAN OF THE SESSIONS FOR THE
 COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

ARTIST, thy work with just applause we view,
 And own the portrait, vivid, firm, and true ;
 Thy picture shews its subject sage, sedate,
 Such as we see him in official state,
 When truth detecting, and expounding law,
 As guilt before him stands in silent awe,
 Conscious that crime no artifice can hide,
 Howe'er the judge may lean to mercy's side.

But Friendship bids thee try thy skill again,
 And paint that subject in his social vein,
 With knowledge, sense, and humour amply stor'd,
 Which always zest his hospitable board,
 And mark a mind well qualified to blend
 The wit, the scholar, magistrate, and friend.

TO MRS. CARPENTER,
ON HER TWO BEAUTIFUL PICTURES, DEVOTION AND
CHEERFULNESS.

FAIR artist, when these works we see,
A pleasure passing sight we feel ;
They gently lead the thoughts to thee,
And seem thy nature to reveal.

To Heav'n Devotion lifts his eyes,
Meek Hope illumines his hallow'd face,
And Cheerfulness, in fond surprise,
Appears with youth's endearing grace :

Hence then we think a pious flame
Enlightens genius through thine art,
While conscious Virtue's purest aim
With vivid spirit glads thy heart.

Proceed, and shine thy sex's pride,
In this bright track, ingenious Dame.
So Taste shall Fashion justly guide
To crown thee with the wreath of Fame.

TO A LADY,
ON EXCHANGING PENCIL-CASES.

THANKS for your pretty pencil-case
Bestow'd with so much gentle grace.—
" To change is not to rob " you said ;
But for this change you're ill repaid ;

And though I own the saying true,
 I feel I'm really robbing you.
 And you, indeed, might well complain,
 For you've the loss, and I the gain;
 But that your liberal heart will burn
 A favour always to return.

Glad that my trifle you would take,
 I wish'd you no return would make:
 Mine, a poor bit of silver ore,
 Contain'd a pencil, and no more;—
 Yours, form'd upon an ampler plan,
 Comprizes useful things for man:
 A tooth-pick, pencil, pen, and knife;—
 And though these articles are rife,
 Yet so compact the shape and size,
 The whole may well be deem'd a prize.

Time of some teeth has me bereft,
 But he has not one colt's-tooth left.
 The little instrument is neat,
 I hope 'twill serve on many a treat.

I'll ne'er the pen or pencil use,
 But some good counsels to diffuse.

The knife, whate'er it cuts beside,
 Our friendship never can divide;
 For none your merits can transcend,
 As daughter, sister, wife, and friend;
 And since those merits will endure,
 As firm a friendship they secure.
 Long as shall last my earthly race,
 I'll 'midst what most I value place—
 Pen, pencil, tooth-pick, knife, and case.

ON THE MINIATURE PORTRAITS,

PAINTED BY MISS E. E. KENDRICK.

FAIR ARTIST, thou canst beauty shew
 With ev'ry varying trace,
 Canst give Expression's vivid glow,
 Or Pity's softest grace.
 Couldst thou, with equal skill, display
 The features of the mind,
 And on thine own that skill essay,
 More beauties we should find.
 For then embodied we should see
 Genius and Worth appear,
 And view each mental charm in thee,
 To Taste and Virtue dear.
 And then, thou know'st, thy sister's mind
 Would well demand thine art,
 For each with kindred pow'rs design'd,
 Have each a kindred heart.

 TO THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL,

ON HIS LATE MARRIAGE.

WELL hast thou sought, to ease the cares of State,
 The soothing solace of a nuptial Mate,
 Yet from those cares, ah! be not charm'd aside,
 But still remain thy country's prop and guide.

As Britain's Guardian, in the Statesman's part,
 The patriot fervour glowing at thy heart,
 Not Britain only, Europe hast thou sav'd,
 By Tyranny's oppressive chain enslav'd.

Hence may'st thou gain an empire of thine own,
 And gentle cares of a domestic throne;
 While, as Prime Minister, thy Consort still
 Yields fond submission to thy sov'reign will;
 Or, rather, both in just accordance draw,
 With equal pow'r, like MARY and NASSAU;
 May Fortune smile on this united sway,
 And servant-subjects joyfully obey.
 May sapient Worthies grace thy future line,
 Like thee, on hist'ry's fairest page to shine;
 And while the Port shall stand that bears thy name,
 Coeval be thy race, with patriot aim,
 By Britain honour'd, and adorn'd by Fame.

TO GEORGE CHALMERS, ESQ.*

THE POSSESSOR OF A TABLE AND WINE-GLASSES
 WHICH BELONGED TO
 THOMSON THE POET.

FRIEND CHALMERS, 'tis a noble treat
 At THOMSON's hallow'd board to meet—
 The Bard of Nature's sphere—
 The Bard who, long as ages roll,
 And Nature animates the whole,
 Taste, Virtue, will revere.

* Since deceased.

'Tis surely form'd of Britain's oak,
 That bears her thunder's dreadful stroke
 O'er all her subject main;—
 For, lo! Britannia's* sacred laws,
 And Liberty's* congenial cause,
 Inspir'd his patriot strain.

Not ARTHUR's, with his knights around,
 By fond tradition long renown'd,
 Should equal thine in fame;
 Nor that where plates the Trojans ate,
 Portentous of a happier fate,
 Though grac'd with VIRGIL's name.

The Poet's goblets, too, are thine—
 With votive bumpers let them shine,
 In THOMSON's praise to ring,
 Whose works through Summer's parching glow,
 Sear'd Autumn, Winter's blighting snow,
 Will bloom in endless Spring.

TO MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ. R.A.

ON RE-PERUSING HIS POEM, ENTITLED
 "ELEMENTS OF ART."

To thee, my friend, was potent Nature kind—
 She gave creative Genius, strength of mind:
 Approving her design, the tuneful train
 Thy pencil guided, and inspir'd thy strain:

* Poems by THOMSON.

Taught thee to shew what Sculpture was of yore,
 Which to sublimest heights of Art could soar;
 Lo! PHÆBUS brought in lofty verse to view,
 Watching the shaft when he the Python slew;
 The VENUS bending with a modest charm,
 As if the passing Zephyr rais'd alarm;
 The vast ALCIDES too, with toil opprest,
 Yielding his mighty form to balmy rest;
 The writhing SONS and agonizing SIRE*,
 Struggling amid the Serpents' dreadful ire;
 All, all, thy Muse has touch'd such force displays
 As marks a mind warm with congenial rays,
 While from thy precepts deep instruction flows,
 And Genius through the whole intensely glows.

Nor this alone thy praise, for we revere
 Thy moral worth in life's domestic sphere:
 There, as the husband, parent, and the friend,
 In thee their various merits nobly blend,
 And still an added dignity we find
 In the pure impulse of thy patriot mind,
 Expanding in its zeal for all mankind.

* LAOCOON and his SONS.

THE last time that the author had the pleasure of seeing the late Mr. SHERIDAN, the former was going to pass an evening with the ingenious artist, and, overtaking Mr. S. on his way, pressed him to join the party. "Tell him," said Mr. S. that "I am unluckily engaged, and add, that I esteem him as a friend, I honour him as a poet, and I love him as a country-man."

TO THE SAME,

ON SITTING TO HIM FOR A PORTRAIT.

WHILE Fashion, hand in hand with Taste,
 An union that we rarely see,
 To court thy classic pencil haste,
 How kind to proffer it to me !
 Yet though I sit, no pride I feel,
 Or impulse of a vain self-love,
 But a few hours from care would steal,
 And by thy various pow'rs improve.
 For all who know thy merits find
 The poet's fire, the painter's art,
 The vigour of a manly mind,
 The spirit of an honest heart.
 Hence well might those be proud indeed
 At whom such pow'rs direct their aim,
 Since to thy genius 'tis decreed
 To give at once and gather fame.

TO MISS MITFORD,

ON HER POEMS "ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER."

THY tale of BLANCH, ingenious fair,
 Describes a mind so rich and rare,
 It seems an obvious sign,
 That all the virtues in her breast
 Are with such vivid truth exprest
 Because they glow in thine.

But, though in virtues both agree,
 Oh ! may her fate be far from thee,
 Of death th' untimely prey :—
 Long may'st thou live to strike the lyre,
 Not more to charm an anxious sire,
 Than all who read thy lay.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

'Tis said, from much refining care,
 Thy cautious Muse, too slow,
 No dubious beauty deigns to spare,
 But damps the kindling glow.
 Yet excellence by toil we gain,
 Retouching o'er and o'er,
 And Taste, with Judgment, should restrain
 What vivid Fancy bore.
 Regard not, Friend, such envious spleen,
 But Nature still pursue,
 For where her nobler works are seen,
 With gradual force they grew.
 Lo ! from an acorn's tiny size,
 The monarch oak expands,
 Exalts his branches to the skies,
 And firm for ages stands.
 But Poesy disdaining Time,
 With Nature holds her sway ;
 With her will soar to tracks sublime,
 With her alone decay.

Still heed what Nature then ordains,
 As shewn by all the past,
 With patient care correct thy strains,
 That will with Nature last.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

DEAR Charles, I lamented to hear thee declare
 Thy mind is so prone to be clouded with care ;
 That, whether thy benches* are empty or full,
 Is of little importance, for still thou art dull ;
 That solitude only affords thee relief,
 And only can soften thy gloom or thy grief.
 Rouse, rouse, my good friend, look around thee and
 see,

How few in enjoyments are equal to thee.
 Reflect thou art still in the prime of thy life,
 Thou art bless'd with a son, and an amiable wife,
 The last as companion to cheer thy fire-side,
 And t'other for talents a parent's just pride.
 Thy Gall'ry† exhibits full proof of thy taste,
 And though much was expended, there's no mark of
 waste.

How strange that with genius the world to delight,
 Thou should'st sicken with fame, and prosperity slight.
 How different thy lot is, compare it with mine,
 Yet thou seest, my good friend, that I do not repine :

* At the Theatre.

† Collection of Theatrical Portraits, &c.

In its noon is thy life; I, like SHAKSPEARE's poor
black,

"In the vale am of years," yet I'm cheerful in clack;
Thou, the fruits of thy talents, with plenty art fraught,
While I to distress was by perfidy brought;
Independence I toil'd for, no hope to obtain,
And the world, in old age, to begin o'er again;
Yet spite of Adversity's venomous dart,
The "*mens conscia recti*" enlivens my heart.
Then, Charles, rouse thy spirits, and happiness still
Shall cheer thy abode at the foot of the hill*.

TO APICIUS REDIVIVUS†.

APICIUS, hail! not he of ancient days,
Who gain'd by luxury disgraceful praise,
Who wrote the pamper'd appetite to please,
And hence in ev'ry dish prescrib'd disease,
Who shorten'd life with his destructive code,
Or made it drag in pain a ling'ring load.
No—hail th' APICIUS of the passing time,
Intent that health may animate our clime,
Whose rules, though simple, such a feast prepare,
As e'en LUCULLUS might be proud to share,
Form'd on a plan sagacious, learned, kind,
To prop the body and preserve the mind—

* Highgate Hill.

† Dr. KITCHENER published a work under this title.

But why add REDIVIVUS to thy name,
 Born to create a new and nobler fame,
 Sent by HYGEIA, as her Priest below,
 To make mankind with cheerful vigour glow?

TO THE LATE EDWARD COXE, ESQ.

OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

A POET send an invitation !
 None will believe it through the nation.
 And though I saw the thing before,
 I must attend one wonder more,
 To be convinc'd 'twas not a gleam
 Of Fancy, in a pleasing dream.
 Spirits of DRYDEN, BUTLER, OTWAY,
 Alas! too seldom in the pot-way;
 Spirit of CHATTERTON or ROWLEY,
 Ordain'd to find the cash come slowly,
 And keep the critics in a pother,
 To find if thou wert one or t'other,
 On Wednesday to the Heath take flight,
 To witness this surprising sight;
 And though that food denied to chew,
 Which you on earth so rarely knew,
 You'll find such intellectual fare
 As each will be right glad to share;
 On Wednesday then to Hampstead haste,
 To feast on friendship, wit, and taste.

TO MISS RENNIE *.

THANKS, gentle RENNIE, for thy lines,
 They shew a gen'rous mind,
 Through all the purest friendship shines,
 Endearing, moral, kind.

'Tis just to me thou shouldst believe,
 That honour rules my heart,
 That heart, dear maid, will none deceive,
 But spurns all selfish art.

Misfortune may my days assail,
 And bring my spirit down,
 But conscious Guilt ne'er make me pale,
 Nor Virtue on me frown.

With pleasure Mem'ry now reviews
 That calm yet cheerful night,
 When thou, thy sisters, and thy Muse,
 First gave me such delight.

We were as frank as if we knew
 Each other many a year,
 As if to early friendship true,
 Nor could its ending fear.

And when again, by Fate's decree,
 Thou seek'st thy native shore,
 I hope full many a night to see
 As happy as before.

* This lady has published many beautiful poems under the name of "GERTRUDE."

TO MISS A——.

I'm told that thou, accomplish'd Fair,
 Hast wish'd for lines in my hand-writing,
 Wert thou the subject, I declare
 I could not find one more inviting,

And were I wealthy, young, and single,
 Handsome, intelligent, to boot,
 At such a hint my heart would tingle,
 And soon should I prefer my suit.

But all with thee would not avail,
 And fruitless still would be my sighs,
 If I in moral worth should fail,
 And not be good as well as wise.

What to this trifle can I add,
 To recompense thy loss of time,
 That may with reason make thee glad,
 And give some value to the rhyme?

I'll add, what's news to thee alone,
 A truth 'twould be unjust to smother,
 Thou'rt lov'd, admir'd, where'er thou'rt known,
 As well as by a worthy mother.

IMPROMPTU.

TO W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

IN RETURN FOR THE PRESENT OF AN OPERA-GLASS.

DEAR FITZ, tho' the glass does not quite suit my eye,
 By its pow'r through the surface of things I can spy,
 And, superior to DOLLOND's in optical art,
 It enables me clearly to see your whole heart.
 Hence a gift of this kind you may make without fear,
 Since the closer you're seen, you the fairer appear ;
 As a pledge of our friendship it shall, as you say,
 Be carefully kept 'till my last awful day.
 Let me trust, the fond hope that my mind it will aid,
 Through the various disguises of life to pervade,
 To detect the sly knave through professions and show,
 To descry modest merit, and delicate woe,
 To find the bright regions where Genius is seen,
 And mark its career void of envy or spleen,
 Yes—Genius superior to Envy I view,
 And the proof is I feel a pure friendship for you.

 TO THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS, ESQ.

ON HIS "LIFE OF GRAY."

THOUGH thou "Virgilium vide!" canst not say,
 Breathing thy homage at the shrine of GRAY,
 MATHIAS I have seen, his worth I know,
 His classic elegance, his moral glow,
 And all must own that none more aptly blend
 The poet, scholar, gentleman, and friend.

TO THOMAS PHILLIPS, ESQ. R.A.

ON HIS APPOINTMENT OF PROFESSOR OF PAINTING TO
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THY lectures, Friend, will doubtless shew
A shrewd, instructive, mind,
Thy page will like thy canvas glow,
Both vig'rous and refin'd.
Then heed not thou shouldst critic spleen,
Assail with rival spite,
Since in thy *practice* well is seen,
Thy *theory* is right.

TO MR. SHERIFF,

THE ARTIST,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

ARTIST, why from Albion's shore
Wilt thou eager bend thy way?
If to gain the tempting ore,
British taste will bid thee stay.
Seek'st thou beauty? surely here
Venus and the Loves reside,
British damsels need not fear,
Charms o'er all the world beside.

Worth heroic to descry
 Wouldst thou cross the troublous main?
 Proudly turn thy patriot eye
 On thy country's warring train.

Lo! among the band appear,
 Men who Greece and Rome excel,
 Fam'd for deeds to Honour dear,
 Deeds that Hist'ry pants to tell.

Wheresoe'er thy bark may coast,
 Think not o'er the globe to find
 Worth transcending Britain's boast,
 Grace of form, or force of mind.

Yet to India, Artist sail,
 And if judgment there abide,
 India will thy talents hail,
 Cheering thee with bounteous pride.

Nor dost thou by parts alone,
 Strive for favour, wealth, and fame,
 Wheresoe'er thy heart is known
 Virtue will support thy claim.

Then adieu, ingenious Friend,
 And if rough old Ocean prove,
 Doubt not Fortune will attend
 Him whom Taste and Virtue love.

TO MRS. SIDDONS,
ON HEARING THAT SHE INTENDED TO PERFORM THE
CHARACTER OF MILLWOOD.

SIDDONS, with all thy wond'rous skill,
 In vain hast thou design'd
 To paint the dread extreme of ill
 That marks a MILLWOOD's mind.
 E'en by thy magic pencil drest,
 We know thy worth too well,
 To think that Vice will touch that breast
 Where all the Virtues dwell.
 But should thy rash attempt succeed,
 What mischiefs may await!
 Our feelings MILLWOOD's charms may plead,
 Nor heed poor BARNWELL's fate.
 Then SIDDONS, sov'reign of the heart,
 Which moves by thy decrees,
 Ah! fear to try the dang'rous art
 Of teaching Guilt to please.

TO THE SAME,
ON RECEIVING HER BUST FROM A MODEL BY HERSELF.

THY likeness, and form'd by thyself, dearest Friend,
 A charm more refin'd than to sight can impart,
 And think not, while o'er it admiring I bend,
 I view it alone as a treasure of art:

For though 'tis a work to be lauded by Fame,
 As records of Genius she marks on her page,
 To me 'tis enough that from SIDDONS it came,
 From SIDDONS the tender, the noble, the sage.

And hence in the bust, as thy features I trace,
 And think on the donor so fair and so kind,
 While I pause o'er the beauties that dwell in thy face,
 I may glow with the virtues that rule o'er thy mind.

TO THE SAME,

ON HEARING THAT SHE INTENDED TO PERFORM LADY
 RANDOLPH TO HER SON'S DOUGLAS.

A STRANGER, SIDDONS, for thy DOUGLAS take,
 To shew the force of thy transcendent art;
 For else MATILDA'S woes will only wake
 The native glow of thy maternal heart.

To prove, indeed, thy wond'rous pow'r to feign,
 Most adverse to thyself that pow'r employ,
 As in the ruthless partner of the Thane*,
 Whose horrid fancy could her child destroy.

Yet let thy son the gallant youth display,
 For truth, not fiction, then the heart will move,
 And sympathy her tend'rest tribute pay
 To filial duty and parental love.

* MACBETH.

TO THE SAME,
ON HER PERFORMANCE OF ELVIRA, IN THE PLAY
OF "PIZARRO."

WHEN Britain's bard, with happy art,
The German's boasted work improv'd,
His taste refin'd ELVIRA's heart,
That with too coarse a passion lov'd.
Yet shewn by thee, such pow'rs we find,
Our feelings less can trust the tale,
Or deem that o'er so bright a mind
A ruthless tyrant could prevail.
Besides, when to thy form we turn,
And such a store of beauties see,
E'en he, we think, his guilt would spurn,
And only live to love and thee.

TO THE SAME,
ON HER RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE.

THE world must still delighted view
Thy heart-commanding face,
Its dignity, expression true,
Its spirit, beauty, grace.
E'en Time, as struck by charms so rare,
Or some resistless spell,
Seems proud the noble work to spare
That Nature form'd so well.

Ah ! why then from the world retire,
 And cloud the scenic day,
 Since Time and Nature thus conspire
 To guard thee from decay !
 Return, return, transcendant fair,
 Resume thy tragic throne,
 Truth, Reason, Genius, Taste, declare
 'Tis thine, and thine alone.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER HASTY DEPARTURE FROM THE STAGE.

AH ! SIDDONS, why so soon retire—
 The glory of the stage—
 Possessing still the vivid fire
 That warm'd thy earlier age ?
 Still matchless is thy scenic skill,
 Still beauteous is thy face,
 Thy form majestic, action still
 All dignity and grace.
 If past is the meridian hour,
 Yet bright is thy decline ;—
 As Phœbus when, with softer pow'r,
 His beams autumnal shine.
 Then aid what Nature well design'd,
 Her bounties to requite,
 Who fashion'd thus thy form and mind
 To give the world delight.

TO JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ. R.A.
ON HIS PICTURES OF THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

NORTHCOTE, esteem'd for just design,
For classic taste and skilful hand,
Why thus the human form decline,
Absorb'd amid a savage band ?
Dost thou, with misanthropic eye
Deeply explore Man's wily heart,
And hence to honest Nature fly
From those disguis'd by baneful art ?
Alas ! Experience must declare
That Truth will justify thy plan,
And bids us most of man beware,—
For where's the monster fell as man !
To their own tribes e'en brutes are kind,
And Nature's wise behests obey ;
But men, degen'rate-men, we find,
Delighted on each other prey !

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.
ON HIS PORTRAIT OF KEMBLE IN "CORIOLANUS."

LAWRENCE, thy pencil well has shewn
The Roman hero, nobly proud,
From his ungrateful country thrown,
The victim of the senseless crowd.

But not th' historian's awful page,
 Nor e'en the poet's lofty thought
 Could touch thee with the sacred rage
 From glowing inspiration caught.
 No—Nature's potent skill alone
 Could form the model for thy art,
 And all her genuine force we own,
 When KEMBLE animates the part.

TO MARA,

ON HER BEING PUBLICLY INSULTED.

LAMENT not, MARA, that a ruffian throng
 With brutal outrage paid thy magic song ;
 They whose low minds could triumph in thy pain,
 Knew not the merit of thy matchless strain.
 Such were the rout, as ancient bards relate,
 Who hurl'd the hapless ORPHEUS to his fate—
 He whose melodious song could brutes subdue,
 In vain implor'd a fiercer human crew.

TO MISS CHESTER,

ON HER PERFORMANCE OF VIOLANTE, IN THE COMEDY OF

" THE WONDER."

With charms like thine, a wedded dame,
 No jealousy could sway,
 Proud to believe her husband's flame
 Would but in death decay.

Hence OAKLEY's tyrant, on the stage,
 Whene'er thy beauties grace,
 Surpris'd, indeed, we see thy rage,
 With such a form and face.

No—OAKLEY rather should be found
 With pangs of jealous strife,
 Lest crowds of lovers should surround
 His all-delighting wife.

But when thy VIOLANTE charms,
 Yet signs of guilt appear,
 No wonder FELIX feels alarms,
 And all a lover's fear :

For jealousy may well arise
 When Beauty joins with Art
 At once to captivate the eyes,
 And agitate the heart.

TO MISS CAREW,
 (NOW MRS. EDWARD LAFOREST),
 LATE OF THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THY namesake BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW,
 Of beggars was the king,
 Yet not from such his blood he drew,
 But from a noble spring*.

Beggars are not content to ask,
 'Tis said, and claims belief,
 For begging oft is but a mask
 To hide a subtle thief.

* Lord FALKLAND's family.

Hence from his race, we may surmise,
 You gain'd alluring arts,
 But you disdain the beggar's guise,
 And steal at once our hearts.

Hence too we all may well beware,
 Since could we 'scape thy face,
 Thy voice, thy talents, would ensnare,
 And mild endearing grace.

Still stronger is thy potent spell
 The captive heart to bind,
 For all admire, who know thee well,
 The merits of thy mind.

There Virtue holds her gentle sway,
 Good sense and modest pride,
 A temper with discretion gay,
 And ev'ry charm beside.

Then who that lost his heart to you
 Would of the theft complain?
 Or strive his passion to subdue?
 No—glory in his chain!

TO MISS S. BOOTH.

AH! BOOTH, forgetful truant, say,
 Why thus so long in Erin stay,
 Forgetful of the place that rear'd
 And first thy genius fondly cheer'd.
 THALIA in thy absence pines,
 So much, indeed, to grief inclines,

That, judging by her sighs and tears,
 Her tragic sister she appears.
 Though wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam
 Thy worth must find a welcome home,
 Yet England boasts the highest claim
 To deck thee with the wreath of fame.
 Erin no longer then detain
 The pride of all the comic train,
 Whose private merits more engage
 Than e'en her pow'r to grace the stage :
 For all the warm affections blend
 In her, as daughter, sister, friend ;
 In these she acts no borrow'd part,
 But breathes each impulse of her heart.

TO MISS CLARA FISHER.

CLARA, sportive, charming child,
 On whose birth THALIA smil'd,
 Skill'd beyond thine early age,
 As by Instinct render'd sage ;
 Gifted with a pleasing face,
 Where a mind mature we trace,
 Expressing too a feeling heart ;
 And though fam'd for scenic art,
 Free from vanity and pride,
 Free from ev'ry fault beside :
 May thy heart remain the same,
 Kind, and still unspoil'd by fame ;

May'st thou 'scape from Envy's rage,
Through life, as on its mimic stage ;
May Fortune amply favours pour,
And Prudence guard thy well-earn'd store !

If the Muse may trust her pow'r,
To mark thee through thy future hour,
She sees, when infant years are o'er,
To nobler flights thy genius soar,
In parts where truth and beauty shine,
Which SHAKSPEARE only could design :
To ROSALIND give courtly grace,
And BEATRICE with spirit trace ;
With various others that require
Congenial humour, taste, and fire.

Nor bounded by THALIA's art,
But with pathos touch the heart—
Not with fierce and lofty aims,
Where hatred or ambition flames,
As with the terrors that await
The murd'rous Thane's horrific mate,—
But where the scenes such woes supply
As wake the sympathetic sigh ;
With IMOGEN's pure faith engage,
Or strive to sooth OTHELLO's rage,
With love-lorn "fair OPHELIA" plain,
Neglected by the Princely Dane ;
In JULIET many a swain subdue,
Who, realizing MONTAGUE,
Like him would "twenty swords"* defy,
And see "more peril in thine eye."

* ROMEO.

The Muse, dear CLARA, thus foresees
 Thy rip'ning talents change with ease,
 From blithe to sad alternate veer,
 And prompt alike the smile and tear;
 In all with native humour glow,
 Or strike with moralizing woe,
 While o'er the gay or plaintive scene,
 The Public shall proclaim thee queen.

TO MISS KELLY,

ON HER RETURN TO THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

THREE months*, dear FANNY! oh! how short
 Thy merits to display!
 Since thou, with pathos or with sport,
 The heart canst always sway.

For when thy magic pow'rs appear,
 In scenes of mirth or woe,
 We shed the sympathetic tear,
 Or else delighted glow.

The Sister Scenic Muses bear
 In thee an equal part,
 Content that both thy genius share,
 While Virtue claims thy heart.

* The brief duration of Mr. ARNOLD's Annual License for the English Opera House.

Then, DRURY, hail! though thou too soon
 Dost ARNOLD's Dome invade,
 Exult that Fortune's lib'ral boon
 Restores this charming maid.

TO THE SAME,

ON THE REPORT OF HER INTENDED RETIREMENT
 FROM THE STAGE.

KELLY, of scenic pow'rs possest
 That form a union rare,
 And skill'd alike to cheer the breast,
 Or thrill it with despair;
 Ah! think not, ere resistless Time
 Shall bid those pow'rs decay,
 While still in youth's endearing prime
 From public life to stray.
 We must confess thy bounded art
 With Guilt can ne'er appal,
 For since we know thy blameless heart
 'Twould seem but fiction all.
 Yet the pathetic and the gay
 Thy talents well can trace,
 With truth and spirit each display,
 And Nature's genuine grace.
 Too much we then on thee delight,
 Too much we all admire,
 To let thy Genius wing its flight
 Ere Reason says "retire."

Should languor chill thy pow'rs awhile,
 As clouds o'ercast the day,
 Lo! Sol again makes Nature smile
 And seem more richly gay.
 So may, by various toils opprest,
 Some calm recess be thine,
 And may'st thou, cheer'd by balmy rest,
 With added lustre shine.
 Then KELLY, yet in youthful bloom,
 Indulge our fond desire,
 Repose,—but still the Stage resume
 'Till Time shall say “retire.”

TO MISS CLARA MATILDA HAMILTON,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

FEBRUARY 14, 1827.

CLARA, I send this simple lay
 To greet thee on thy natal day,
 A day that makes thee just *sixteen*,
 Pleasing in figure, face and mien.
 May Time, pursuing his career,
 Improve thy beauties every year,
 And Fortune all the bliss bestow
 Awarded to the Good below,
 Among whose number, I presage,
 Thou wilt be found whate'er thine age.
 No better pattern wilt thou find
 To guide and regulate thy mind,

Than in thy Mother's* course through life,
 As duteous daughter, parent, wife,
 And happy then will be thy fate,
 If high or low be hence thy state.

Long may thy Grandsire† live to see
 His warmest hopes fulfill'd in thee ;
 In thee and in thy Sisters fair,
 Who amply his affection share,
 Indeed for all his kindred race,
 His gen'rous heart reserves a place.
 Farewell, accept this gift of mine,
 An off'ring pure at Friendship's shrine,
 The Muse's simple Valentine.

* MRS. HAMILTON.

† JAMES HEATH, Esq. A.R.A.

END OF VOL. I.





1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1801. It is a very important document, as it is the first time that the President has addressed the Congress since the establishment of the new government. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it contains many important points. The President begins by expressing his gratitude to the Congress for the honor of electing him to the office of President. He then goes on to discuss the state of the Union, and the progress of the new government. He mentions the many difficulties that have been overcome, and the many successes that have been achieved. He also mentions the many challenges that still remain, and the need for the Congress to continue to support the President in his efforts to govern the country.

2. The second part of the document is a letter from the Vice President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1801. It is also a very important document, as it is the first time that the Vice President has addressed the Congress. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it contains many important points. The Vice President begins by expressing his gratitude to the Congress for the honor of electing him to the office of Vice President. He then goes on to discuss the state of the Union, and the progress of the new government. He mentions the many difficulties that have been overcome, and the many successes that have been achieved. He also mentions the many challenges that still remain, and the need for the Congress to continue to support the Vice President in his efforts to govern the country.

3. The third part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1801. It is also a very important document, as it is the first time that the Secretary has addressed the Congress. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it contains many important points. The Secretary begins by expressing his gratitude to the Congress for the honor of electing him to the office of Secretary. He then goes on to discuss the state of the Union, and the progress of the new government. He mentions the many difficulties that have been overcome, and the many successes that have been achieved. He also mentions the many challenges that still remain, and the need for the Congress to continue to support the Secretary in his efforts to govern the country.

4. The fourth part of the document is a letter from the Attorney General of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1801. It is also a very important document, as it is the first time that the Attorney General has addressed the Congress. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it contains many important points. The Attorney General begins by expressing his gratitude to the Congress for the honor of electing him to the office of Attorney General. He then goes on to discuss the state of the Union, and the progress of the new government. He mentions the many difficulties that have been overcome, and the many successes that have been achieved. He also mentions the many challenges that still remain, and the need for the Congress to continue to support the Attorney General in his efforts to govern the country.

5. The fifth part of the document is a letter from the Chief Justice of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1801. It is also a very important document, as it is the first time that the Chief Justice has addressed the Congress. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it contains many important points. The Chief Justice begins by expressing his gratitude to the Congress for the honor of electing him to the office of Chief Justice. He then goes on to discuss the state of the Union, and the progress of the new government. He mentions the many difficulties that have been overcome, and the many successes that have been achieved. He also mentions the many challenges that still remain, and the need for the Congress to continue to support the Chief Justice in his efforts to govern the country.

6. The sixth part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1801. It is a very important document, as it is the first time that the President has addressed the Congress since the establishment of the new government. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it contains many important points. The President begins by expressing his gratitude to the Congress for the honor of electing him to the office of President. He then goes on to discuss the state of the Union, and the progress of the new government. He mentions the many difficulties that have been overcome, and the many successes that have been achieved. He also mentions the many challenges that still remain, and the need for the Congress to continue to support the President in his efforts to govern the country.

